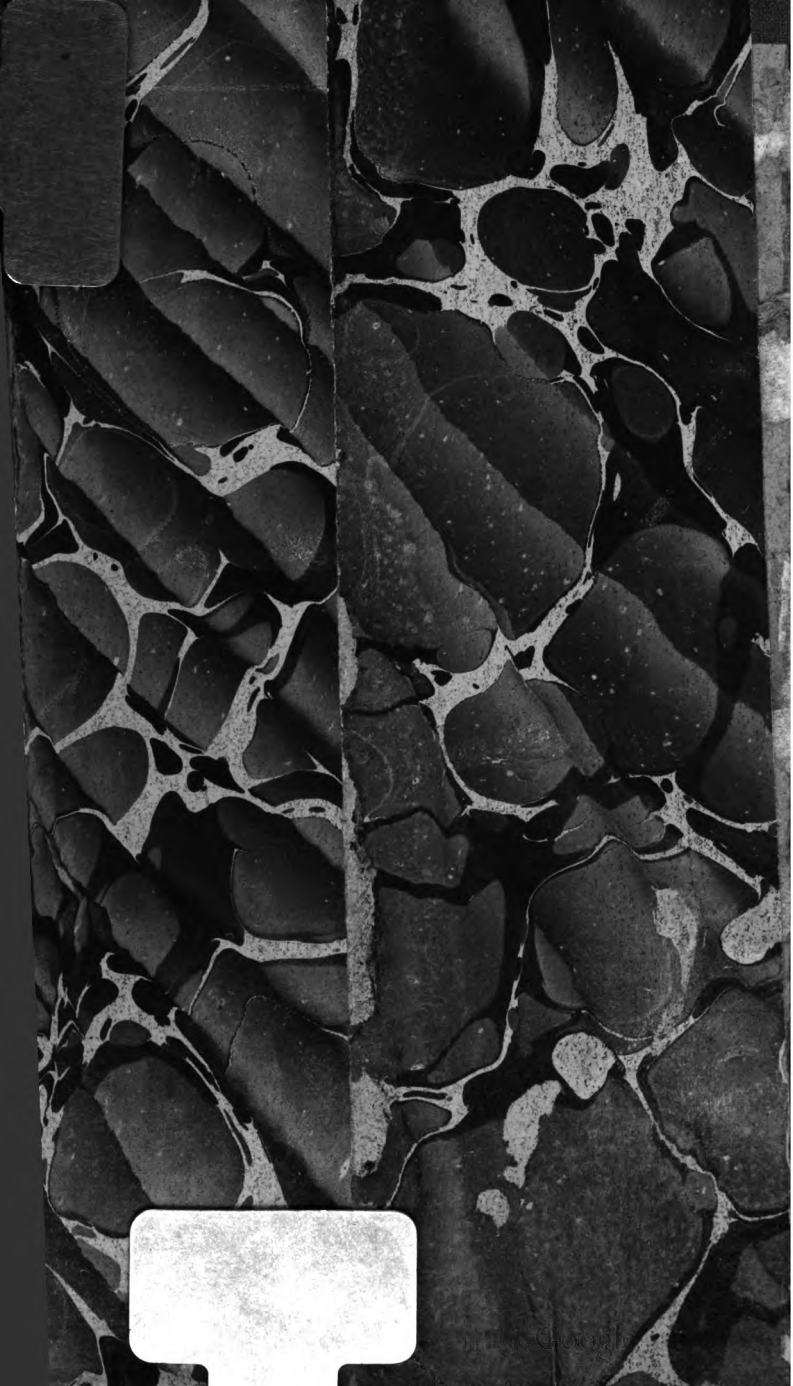


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# POETRY FOR SCHOOLS:

DESIGNED FOR

READING AND RECITATION.

THE

WHOLE SELECTED FROM THE BEST POETS

IN THE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

BY AUTHOR OF

"AMERICAN POPULAR LESSONS," "PRIMARY DICTIONARY,"  
"BIOGRAPHY FOR SCHOOLS," "TALES FROM AMERICAN HISTORY,"  
"ENGLISH HISTORY," "GRECIAN HISTORY,"  
&c., &c., &c.

*Eliza Robinson*

Not marble nor the gilded monuments  
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme.  
*Shakespeare.*

NEW YORK:

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.....

1842.

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## PREFACE.

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THE superfluity of school-books which already exists, seems to make any further multiplication of them absurd, unless new ones should be better than the old; and it is somewhat presumptuous to suppose that a better than so many existing compilations can be furnished—but as an instructor of young persons, I have felt the want of elementary books different from those in common use, and therefore I have composed them.

All that is new to a pupil stands in need of illustration, for without it his mind is rather overburthened than enriched by his acquirements. Oral instruction may furnish an enlightened commentary upon what is contained in school-books; still it would diminish the labour of instruction if school-books themselves should not only afford the principal matter of instruction, but lead the young to enquiry, and supply the helps which the understanding needs in order to make the finest writers intelligible; and it appears to me that ordinary school-books are wholly deficient in this respect.

It is a matter of self-gratulation to many, that they were early made acquainted with the finest passages of English poetry, that these passages were safely stored in the memory before the imagination or the heart could be affected by their beauty, and that, in after life, when the higher powers have been cultivated they could discover

their inspiration and enjoyments to have grown not only from nature but knowledge.

This is certainly true of many who have read Shakspeare and Milton as *tasks*, or because they loved the *sound of their words*—and that this fondness for the *sound* of poetry or eloquence does exist in young minds, before the subjects of either can be comprehended, may sometimes be observed. The writer has seen a boy of seven years listen to the pages of Burke with fixed and delighted attention, and has known a little girl, four years younger, as much excited and gratified by the reading of fine poetry—yet in both instances it was not a genuine comprehension of beauty, but an influence of sympathetic affection. A parent's tastes, and animated pleasure, imparted this lively interest to the full-toned periods of the orator, and the magic numbers of the poet—and these early indications of taste and enthusiasm are rare. The greater part of young persons do not love literature, because they do not understand it—do not *begin at the beginning*. In our common schools we make our children read disputes upon the comparative excellence of Reason and Revelation,\* and require them to recite Pope's Messiah, the Dialogue between Brutus and Cassius, and a multitude more of difficult passages from the poets. I never knew a boy who could explain the first lines of the Messiah, or who could tell the matter of dispute between the complotters of Cæsar's death—and only because boys are not instructed in elementary facts in relation in those pieces, or any others of this character. How repugnant this mode of cultivating literary taste is to some highly endowed minds, is happily expressed by one whose memory, and whose genius in its creations, will endure for ever.

\* See English Reader, Dialogue between Lock and Bayle.

\* \* \* \* \* "I abhorred  
 Too much, to conquer for the poet's sake,  
 The drilled dull lessons, forced down word by word  
 In my repugnant youth, with pleasure to record.

Aught that recalls the daily drug which turned  
 My sickening memory ; and though Time hath taught  
 My mind to meditate what then it learned,  
 Yet such the fixed inveteracy wrought  
 By the impatience of my early thought  
 That, with the freshness wearing out before  
 My mind could relish what it might have sought  
 If free to choose, I cannot now restore  
 Its health ; but what it then detested, still abhor."

In a note upon these lines this high authority expresses all that I would say upon this subject. "I wish," says Lord Byron, "to express that we become tired of the task before we can comprehend the beauty ; that we learn by rote before we can get by heart ; that the freshness is worn away, and the future pleasure and advantage deadened and destroyed, by the didactic anticipation, at an age when we can neither feel nor understand the compositions which it requires an acquaintance with life, as well as Latin and Greek, to relish, or to reason upon. For the same reason we never can be aware of the fulness of some of the finest passages of Shakspeare, ('To be or not to be,' for instance,) from the habit of having them hammered into us at eight years old, as an exercise, not of mind but memory : so that when we are old enough to enjoy them, the taste is gone, and the appetite palled. In some parts of the Continent, young persons are taught from more common authors, and do not read the best classics till their maturity."

In conformity to these views, and my own experience in relation to education, I have endeavoured to prepare a school-book ; and in order to compose it, I resorted to the

purest fountains of English verse, and took what I found suitable to my humble purpose. I left the more elevated and sublime portions of the poets who supplied me, and appropriated to my selection, such passages only as I believed would, with a little exposition, be useful and agreeable to young readers. As a bird does not lead her new-fledged offspring to the skies in her first flight with them, so I would dictate short excursions to the unformed faculties of the human mind, that young readers, feeling their own power and felicity as they proceed, may at length be able and willing, without assistance, to ascend "the brightest heaven of invention."

In the modes of education in present fashion, civil and political history is presented to young minds at an early period of study, but literary history—the peaceful influence of mind upon mind—is wholly neglected; and those who are initiated in the most remarkable passages of Shakespeare, Milton, and other great authors, are taught nothing at school of these memorable men and their contemporaries. It is a debt which posterity owes to genius, to attach the memory of the man to his works, and to keep him and his contemporaries in the view of succeeding ages. I had only sufficient space simply to introduce authors and their relations to contemporary society, but I intended to suggest this relation, to awaken inquiry, to give my readers some acquaintance with the history of English poets and poetry, and also to show them the relations of English poetry to the rest of their intellectual pursuits. I hope my purpose will be effected, and that Poetry for Schools will be acceptable to teachers and pupils.

The preceding remarks were introductory to the former editions of this book, but they are as applicable to the education of the present as to any that of former time.

*New-York, July, 1842.*

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# POETRY FOR SCHOOLS.

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## NATURE OF POETRY.

WHATEVER exists is divided into *mind* and *matter*. Philosophers do not accurately define the difference of mind and matter, but the body of animals, or living beings, which appears to die, and the "insensible clod" that we tread upon, are composed of *matter*. Every creature possessed of animal life, is, in some degree, "instinct with spirit"—endowed with some consciousness of wants, and some sense of supply and of enjoyment—this is *intelligence*. Intelligence in *man*, is called Mind.

The minds of men are very different—some are wise, and others are foolish—some minds acquire great knowledge, and others only understood a few facts. Boys at school call others who are easily puzzled in arithmetic, or who are incapable of learning long lessons, *dunces*. Those who are capable of thinking with attention, who acquire knowledge readily, and who accurately remember what they have learned, are said to possess *abilities*; and one, who besides learning his tasks with facility, can compose verses, or write a story of his own invention, possesses *genius*. Some *men* excel others as the *boy* of genius excels the dunce. The genius and the dunce grow to be men, but they always remain the *genius* and the *dunce*.

*Genius* is, properly, the talent of discovery—the talent in one mind of conceiving, and of displaying to others something previously unthought of. *Genius* is a capability to produce much advantage and pleasure to mankind. *Genius* may be very differently employed by different individuals. Columbus was a man of genius. He manifested his genius when he meditated in one hemisphere of our globe upon another which had never been explored, when he devised means to navigate unknown seas, and when he persevered in his great enterprise till he had accomplished it. Mr. Fulton, the mechanician, who applied the steam engine to navigation, was a man of genius. Benjamin West, the painter,

was a man of genius. He painted many fine pictures, and among others, the subjects of which were taken from the gospel, "Christ healing the sick." In this picture, Mr. West represented in his gracious countenance the benevolence of Jesus ; a variety of diseases in those who surrounded him ; and the emotions of desire, hope, and gratitude in those who expected to be, or who had been restored to health. The power to do all this so much surpasses the powers of common men that it serves for a clear illustration of *genius*.

Bonaparte, who conquered in many battles ; who, by his power of controlling other men, obtained the first magistracy in France ; who, after dethroning kings in Europe, gave their kingdoms to his brothers ; and who, having slain his thousands and tens of thousands, devised and effected practical improvements in the condition of living men, was eminently a man of genius—though he is only to be admired and imitated so far as he effected or intended good to mankind.—But there is another order of genius—men, who having ceased to live still speak—who are known and honoured for their thoughts when their actions are forgotten, and with whom we may be familiar though we can never see them. These are the authors of books, who have recorded their beautiful ideas that others may be better, and wiser, and happier, than they could be without the intelligence supplied from these divine minds. Shakspeare, who wrote the plays which almost every reader of the English language possesses, and Milton, the author of *Paradise Lost*, were men of this class of genius.

We should be thankful to God that such men have ever lived ; they exalt our nature, and procure for us pleasures which we could not enjoy if some minds did not differ from others in glory.—If we could not enrich our understandings with the thoughts of others, we should be like savages in ignorance—or like bees and beavers : men of no age would be more cultivated or improved than their ancestors who lived centuries before them.

---

The body has different functions : eyes for seeing, ears for hearing, &c. The mind also has its different operations. After we have been instructed in the nature of different objects, and have been taught their names, and the proper use of our senses, we learn to distinguish one substance from another, and we remember the qualities of these various substances ; thus, if a lighted *lamp* and a *rose* are set before us, we instantly comprehend that the *lamp* is an invention of art, and the *rose* a produc-

tion of nature ; that the *lamp* is for use, and the *rose* for ornament ; that the *lamp flames* diffuses light and heat, and that the *rose* delights us by its beauty and its fragrance.

The different properties of these objects, though they were first perceived by the senses of sight and smell, are comprehended by the *mind*. This consciousness of the presence of the *lamp* and the *rose*, given to the mind by sight and smell, is called a *perception*. We receive from the presence of these objects a certain feeling that they indeed exist, and are before us. This exhibition to our minds of the *lamp* and the *rose* we call a *demonstration*, or *certainty*. We understand that the lamp and the rose are not alike—we then *distinguish* or *compare* them, and comprehend the different qualities of the two things. When we reflect, as we must, upon the different properties of these objects, we exert the power of comparing things, which is *judgment*.

But suppose we did not *see* either of these objects, and, should read the following passages of poetry :

“ How far the little candle throws its beams !”

*Shakspeare.*

And,

“ I will show you what is beautiful : it is a rose fully blown. See how she sits upon her mossy stem, like the queen of all the flowers. Her leaves glow like fire, and the air is filled with her sweet odour.”—*Barbauld*.

In reading the former passage, we should immediately remember, that in some dark night, while we were yet far from a house we clearly perceived the light of a candle, and we knew the light to have proceeded from that candle to our eyes. We first knew this by a *perception* of the light, and we comprehend that the light was a candle flame, and not another thing, by our *judgment*. When we *read* of the extended reach of the candle beams, we know that the fact mentioned is true, because it has been *demonstrated* to us at a former time. The present certainty of formerly acquired knowledge is the *memory* of that knowledge.

As we know *how far the little candle throws its beams*, so we also know that the properties of the *rose* are well described. With our eyes shut, and far from the *candle* or the *rose*, we comprehend the properties of both objects—we perceive them with the “ mind’s eye,” as Shakspeare says. This *mind’s eye* is the *imagination*. Before the imagination can be employed upon absent objects, that is, before we can think about, or reflect upon absent objects, we must exert the powers of Perception, Judgment and Memory.

It is, then, by an effort of *memory* and of *imagination* that we

form an idea of absent objects ; and by *imagination* we comprehend what is written in books, or represented in pictures which exhibit beautiful *images*. The imagination of an ignorant person is not powerful—he thinks almost always of objects before his eyes, but the imagination of a fine poet is a noble faculty. The poet, or the artist, comprehends and feels more than other men, and he makes others feel, in some measure, as he feels. The imagination of him who writes a fine poem, or a tale, produces *invention*, or the combination and composition of something new.

The imagination of a well instructed person, who perhaps can invent nothing, produces *taste*. Taste is the power of taking pleasure in something beautiful and elegant that may be presented to us. The same *taste*, or enjoyment of the beautiful, must exist in the mind of the writer of a poem or tale, or in the mind of an artist, as in that of a person who delights in reading a poem, or beholding a good picture. The *sympathy of taste* makes the poet write—he expects to be admired, and the same sympathy makes other persons admire and enjoy the works of genius.

All that is written in books is *literature*. Literature is written language : it is divided into *prose* and *poetry*. *Quadrupeds have four feet*, is a prose sentence.

“ Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert air,”

is *poetry*. Poetry is generally written in *versè*. Verse is a certain measure or quantity of sound, expressed in words, at regular times, during the whole of a poem. This measure, or metre, consists of a certain number of syllables in the printed lines of a poem.

“ Heroic metre, which is the most usual kind, consists of lines of ten syllables. Pope’s and Milton’s works are chiefly written in this metre ; but Pope wrote in rhyme, and Milton principally in blank verse :—

“ Soft as the wily fox is seen to creep,  
Where bask on sunny banks the simple sheep.”—*Pope*.

Each of these lines consist of ten syllables ; and the last words of each of them, ‘ *creep*’ and ‘ *sheep*,’ rhyme to each other, that is, they resemble each other in sound.

“ Ye mists and exhalations that now rise  
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,  
Till the sun paints your fleecy skirts with gold.”—*Milton*.

Each of these lines also consist of ten syllables ; but though they are not in rhyme we easily distinguish them from prose. The difference consists in the choice of words, and in their *arrangement*, as may be perceived by reading the same words in an order different from that in which they are at present placed.

All verses are not written in lines of ten syllables ; some are written in eight, and some few in twelve ; indeed we meet with lines in poetry of every number of syllables from three to fourteen.

In poetry words are not used *literally*, as for the most part, in prose. *Snow is white*, expresses what is *literally true*.—The words, *snow is white*, exactly express what we know to be true ; but, *the golden sun diffuses his beams over the face of nature*, is an expression altogether *figurative*. We understand not that the sun is gold, but that his yellow lustre resembles the appearance of gold. These words only signify that the sun shines upon the surface of the earth, and the objects which are upon the earth.

*Truth* describes something which really exists, as *God made the world*. *Fiction* describes something which might exist, or has been supposed to exist, yet is not now really in existence.

One of Gay's Fables begins,

“ Remote from cities lived a swain,”

and proceeds to relate the conversation of a shepherd and a philosopher. There have been many shepherds and philosophers ; but probably none in particular even met, and held the conversation which Gay describes, yet a shepherd and philosopher *might* talk together in that manner. Gay's Shepherd and Philosopher is a *Fable* or *Fiction*. It is proper to distinguish between *fiction* and a *lie*. A *fiction* is an *avowed invention* ; a *Lie* is a false declaration intended to deceive.

---

English poetry includes the inventions of English poets, and their translations from other languages ; from Greek and Latin, and from the modern languages of Europe, besides a few from the oriental, or Asiatic languages. Our poetry, (for whatever is written in the English language properly belongs to the Americans who speak it,) is divided into many kinds : the *Sacred*, *Classical*, *Romantic*, *Dramatic*, &c. *Sacred Poetry* relates to serious subjects ; to the scriptures, and to the praise of God. Milton's *Paradise Lost*, and Watts's *Hymns*, are *sacred poetry*, and so are many parts of the Old Testament. *Classical poetry* is that which has been translated from Greek and Latin. Pope's

translation of Homer's Iliad, and Dryden's translation of Virgil, are *classical Poetry*. *Romantic Poetry*, or *metrical romance*, relates a tale in verse : as the Lady of the Lake, by Sir Walter Scott. *Dramatic poetry* is composed of poems in Dialogue, or discourse of persons which relates a story : Shakspeare's Lear and the tragedy of Douglas, are of this class.

In order to understand the greater part of poetry it is necessary to know something of Mythology and Classical Fable. A young reader may get this information from the Classical Dictionary, a book in very common use. Poetry which relates to fictions taken from the north of Europe alludes often to *Scandinavian Mythology*, or to the superstitions of the more northern nations of Europe. The writers of Romantic poetry often supply notes to their works, which make their *text* very clear.

The Epic poem relates a long history of some great event. It has what is called the beginning, middle, and end of the action. The *beginning* is the cause of what follows ; the *middle* relates the progress or carrying-on of the action ; the *end* is its *catastrophe*, or finishing. Homer's Iliad is an Epic poem—the story related in it is a war between the Princes of Greece and those of Troy. The *cause* of the war was the elopement of Helen, a Grecian princess, with a young Trojan. The war itself consisted of a series of engagements, or battles, between the Greeks and Trojans, which are described by Homer in many successive books of the Iliad ; and the *catastrophe*, or end of the poem, is the death of Hector, the Trojan prince who alone could defend Troy. The destruction of that city by the Greeks must be supposed immediately to follow.

The Ode was perhaps originally designed to be sung. It is a poem usually addressed to some real or ideal personage, or it celebrates some distinguished individual. Gray's Ode to Spring is addressed to the season of Spring, upon the supposition that she is a female, endowed with the capacity of knowing what is addressed to her, and of answering the prayer of the poet. Dryden's Alexander's Feast is an ode which celebrates the music of the ancients, but it was first written to be recited or sung on St. Cecilia's Day.

The Elegy is a melancholy poem written upon some subject which of itself excites the feeling of sadness. The most popular and most beautiful elegy in our language is Gray's, upon a country churchyard.

The Ballad is a narrative song. Ballads are usually composed among a rude people in the early ages of society, and after society becomes more highly civilized, some writers imitate the old

ballads ; but in highly polished communities ballads are too simple to please as new and original,—to be interesting, they must, refer to the manners of a past age. The Children in the Wood is a pretty ballad, and well known.

The Eclogue is a narrative, or descriptive poem, meant to exhibit the particular manners of some few individuals in a country. The Eclogue is often a conversation. One of Collins' Eclogues, Hassan the Camel Driver, will be found in this collection.

Satire, in its best character, is a moral lecture in verse—a censure upon something which is respected without deserving to be so—of some *person* who is generally approved, or of some prevailing *conduct* which is allowed without much blame. Satire endeavours to make its subject, whatever it is, contemptible. Satire is sometimes wholesome correction of what is wrong, and sometimes it is mean malignity ; the spirit which a writer of talents expresses against some person whom he unworthily hates. Juvenal's Satires from the Latin are translated into the English—they describe the corrupt manners of the people in Rome during the reigns of the emperors, Nero, Domitian, and Trajan. In English poetry Pope's and Young's Satires are of this description—they attack follies and persons ridiculous in their time. Satire is like a caricature ; it diverts when first known, but unless it is very just and happy it soon ceases to give pleasure.

The Epitaph is designed for a memorial of the dead, and is generally a few verses inscribed upon a tombstone. The following has been much admired.

“ ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE.

“ Underneath this marble hearse  
Lies the subject of all verse.  
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.  
Death, ere thou hast killed another,  
Fair, and learned, and good as she,  
Time shall throw a dart at thee.”—*Ben Johnson*.

This epitaph expresses very high praise. Before another so exalted by all merit as this lady was, should die, Death himself would cease to number his victims, for she surpassed all who should live after her. But this is *hyperbole*, or exaggeration. These lines are pretty, and *epigrammatic*, that is, the words have a variety of meaning, unexpectedly and happily presented to the mind of the reader ; but they are wanting in *simplicity*. Simplicity is a single purpose.—The epitaph not only praises Lady Pembroke, it intimates the dignity of her brother, Sir Philip Sidney, and of her son, the earl of Pembroke, and it disparages the

rest of her sex by comparison with her;—still it is,—(as we sometimes apply this word to expressive language,) *very happy*; it conveys much in a few words. One of Mr. Pope's epitaphs is a very pure and beautiful tribute to a good woman.

“ EPITAPH ON MRS. CORBET.

“ Here rests a woman good without pretence,  
 Blest with plain reason, and with sober sense,  
 No conquest she but o'er herself desired,  
 No art essayed, but not to be admired.  
 Passion and pride were to her soul unknown,  
 Convinced that virtue only is our own,  
 So unaffected, so composed a mind,  
 So firm, yet soft, so strong, yet so refin'd,  
 Heaven, as its purest gold, by tortures tried—  
 The saint sustained it, but the *woman* died.”

The *simplicity* of this epitaph is perfectly obvious.

The Epigram is a few verses expressing a perspicuous and pointed meaning, and it usually conveys a brief satire. *Mild* William Clarke, grandfather to Dr. Clarke the traveller, composed an epigram on seeing the inscription which is engraved over the family tomb of the Dukes of Richmond.—The inscription is *Domus ultima*—in English, the *last house*, and the *epigram*, the following :—

“ Did he who thus inscribed the wall  
 Not read or not believe Saint Paul,  
 Who says there is, where'er it stands,  
*Another house* not made with hands—  
 Or may we gather from these words,  
 That house is not a *house of Lords* ?”

The writer here intimates that something which suggests the idea of eternal life ought to be written over the place of the body's interment. St. Paul says, in the New Testament, and alluding to the immortality of the soul, there is “ a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.” Our Saviour says, “ in my father's house are many mansions,”—many places suitable to be assigned to my followers in a future state of existence. Mr. Clarke, who was a christian, on seeing the tomb of the Lords of Richmond instantly thought of those other mansions of the dead; and because this noble race thus appeared to regard the grave as their last rest, he meant at once to satirize and reprove their seeming unbelief, by insinuating, that perhaps the heavenly habitation mentioned by Paul would not suit the pride of Lords; or



that Lords, though they enjoy high honours on earth, might be excluded from an inheritance in heaven.

Besides, the kinds of poetry, that have been mentioned, there are the *mock-heroic*, and the *pastoral*. The *mock-heroic* gives a fanciful importance to trivial things. The commencement of Cowper's *Task* is *mock-heroic*. The poet describes the progressive elegance of *seats* at different times in Britain. The whole passage is sprightly and amusing.

“Time was, when clothing sumptuous or for use,  
Save their own painted skins, our sires had none.  
As yet black breeches were not ; satin smooth,  
Or velvet soft, or plush with shaggy pile :  
The hardy chief upon the rugged rock  
Washed by the sea, or on the gravelly bank  
Thrown up by wintry torrents roaring loud,  
Fearless of wrong, reposed his weary strength.  
Those barbarous ages past, succeeded next  
The birthday of invention ; weak at first,  
Dull in design, and clumsy to perform.  
Joint stools were then created ; on three legs  
Upborne they stood. Three legs upholding firm  
A massy slab, in fashion square or round.  
On such a stool immortal Alfred sat,  
And swayed the sceptre of his infant realms :  
And such in ancient halls and mansions drear  
May still be seen ; but perforated sore,  
And drilled in holes, the solid oak is found,  
By worms voracious eating through and through.

At length a generation more refined  
Improved the simple plan ; made three legs four,  
Gave them a twisted form vermicular,  
And o'er the seat with plenteous wadding stuffed,  
Induced a splendid cover, green and blue,  
Yellow and red, of tapestry richly wrought  
And woven close, or needlework sublime.  
There might you see the piony spread wide,  
The full-blown rose, the shepherd and his lass,  
Lapdog and lambkin with black staring eyes,  
And parrots with twin cherries in their beak.  
Now came the cane from India smooth and bright  
With Nature's varnish ; severed into stripes,  
That interlaced each other, these supplied  
Of texture firm, a lattice work, that braced  
The new machine, and it became a chair.

But restless was the chair ; the back erect  
Distress'd the weary loins, that felt no ease ;  
The slippery seat betrayed the sliding part  
That pressed it, and the feet hung dangling down,  
Anxious in vain to find the distant floor.

These for the rich : the rest, whom Fate had placed  
In modest mediocrity content

With base materials, sat on well tanned hides,  
Obdurate and unyielding, glassy smooth,  
With here and there a tuft of crimson yarn,  
Or scarlet crewel, in the cushion fixed,  
If cushion might be call'd, what harder seemed  
Than the firm oak of which the frame was formed.

No want of timber then was felt or feared  
In Albion's happy isle. The lumber stood  
Ponderous and fix'd by its own massy weight.  
But elbows still were wanting ; these, some say,  
An alderman of Cripplegate contrived ;  
And some ascribe the invention to a priest,  
Burly and big and studious of his ease.  
But rude at first, and not with easy slope  
Receding wide, they pressed against the ribs,  
And bruised the side ; and, elevated high,  
Taught the raised shoulders to invade the ears.

Long time elapsed or ere our rugged sires  
Complained, though incommodiously pent in,  
And ill at ease behind. The ladies first  
'Gan murmur, as became the softer sex ;  
Ingenuous Fancy, never better pleased  
Than when employed to accommodate the fair,  
Heard the sweet moan with pity, and devised  
The soft settee ; one elbow at each end,  
And in the midst an elbow it received,  
United yet divided, twain at once.  
So sit two kings of Brentford on one throne ;  
And so two citizens, who take the air,  
Close packed and smiling, in a chaise and one.  
But relaxation of the languid frame,  
By soft recumbency of outstretched limbs,  
Was bliss reserved for happier days. So slow  
The growth of what is excellent ; so hard  
To attain perfection in this nether world.  
Thus first Necessity invented stools,  
Convenience next suggested elbow-chairs,  
And Luxury the accomplished sofa last."

*Pastoral poetry*, as the name indicates, describes the shepherd's life, and indeed many modes of rural occupation and pleasure. In America we have no persons professedly devoted to the care of flocks, but in Asia and Europe, from time immemorial, this mode of life has been followed by considerable numbers. It is necessarily lonely and quiet, and disposes the mind to reflection. When Moses was a shepherd in Midian he saw the vision of God ; when the shepherds mentioned by St. Luke were " keeping watch over their flocks by night, the glory of the Lord shone round about them."

There is something peculiarly innocent and interesting in the occupation of shepherds ; and the state of their minds, detached from the common business of life, may be supposed to be highly favourable to poetic thought ; but notwithstanding this presumption, *Pastoral Poetry* is out of date—little read, and, at present, not at all written. Many English poets from Chaucer to Shensstone have written Pastorals. Ambrose Phillips, a contemporary of Pope, wrote pastorals better than he wrote any thing else. As a specimen of this species of poetry, an extract from Phillips' Pastorals is subjoined. Two shepherds meet annually to bewail the loss of one of their young compeers ; one of them, Angelot, here rehearses the praises of the dead Albino :

" Thus yearly circling, by-past times return ;  
And yearly, thus, Albino's death we mourn.  
Sent into life, alas ! how short thy stay :  
How sweet the rose ! how speedy to decay !  
Can we forget, Albino dear, thy knell,  
Sad-sounding wide from every village bell ;  
Can we forget how sorely Albion moaned,  
That hills, and dales, and rocks, in echo groaned,  
Pressaging future wo, when for our crimes,  
We lost Albino, pledge of peaceful times,  
Fair boast of this fair island, darling joy  
Of nobles high, and every shepherd boy ?

No joyous pipe was heard, no flocks were seen,  
Nor shepherds found upon the grassy green,  
No cattle grazed the field, nor drank the flood,  
No birds were heard to warble through the wood.  
In yonder gloomy grove outstretched he lay  
His lovely limbs upon the dampy clay ;  
On his cold cheek the rosy hue decayed  
And o'er his lips the deadly blue displayed :  
Bleating around him lie his plaintive sheep,  
And mourning shepherds come in crowds to weep.

Young Buckhurst comes : and is there no redress ?  
As if the grave regarded our distress ?  
The tender virgins come, to tears yet new,  
And give, aloud, the lamentations due.  
The pious mother comes, with grief oppress :  
Ye trees and conscious fountains, can attest  
With what sad accents and what piercing cries  
She filled the grove, and importuned the skies,  
And every star upbraided with his death,  
When in her widowed arms, devoid of breath,  
She clasped her son : nor did the nymph, for this,  
Place in her darling's welfare all her bliss,  
Him teaching, young, the harmless crook to wield  
And rule the peaceful empire of the field.

As milk-white swans on streams of silver show,  
And silvery streams to grace the meadows flow,  
As corn the vales, and trees the hills adorn,  
So thou, to thine, an ornament wast born.  
Since thou, delicious youth, didst quit the plains,  
Th' ungrateful ground we till with fruitless pains,  
In laboured furrows sow the choice of wheat,  
And over empty sheaves in harvest sweat ;  
A thin increase our fleecy cattle yield ;  
And thorns, and thistles, overspread the field.  
How all our hope is fled like morning-dew !  
And scarce did we thy dawn of manhood view.

Who now shall teach the pointed spear to throw,  
To whirl the sling, and bend the stubborn bow,  
To toss the quoit with steady aim, and far,  
With sinewy force to pitch the massy bar :  
Nor dost thou live to bless thy mother's days,  
To share her triumphs, and to feel her praise,  
In foreign realms to purchase early fame,  
And add new glories to the British name.  
O, peaceful may thy gentle spirit rest ;  
The flowery turf lie light upon thy breast ;  
Nor shrieking owl, nor bat, thy tomb fly round,  
Nor midnight goblins revel o'er the ground !"

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Poetry is *descriptive* when it exhibits the appearances of nature,—*humorous* when it would excite laughter,—*pathetic* when it induces the feelings of sadness and pity. When humorous

poetry excites contempt for any object by assuming dignity of style in representing it, we call it *burlesque*.

It may be remarked that poetry does not consist merely of *measured words*, but of *poetic ideas*. Common business, whatever relates to gaining money, and to supplying the mere wants of the body, is not poetical. What ever employs the imagination without regard to bodily wants—God and his works, the mind and its pleasures, great actions of good men, the appearance of the heavens and the beauty of the earth, and the hopes and probable enjoyments of another life, are poetical subjects. There is a proper manner or style of writing upon these subjects, more dignified and more refined than that which we use in ordinary writing: this is the *poetic style*, and it admits of ornaments which are explained by Rhetoric. *Grammar* informs us how to speak and write with *propriety*, *Rhetoric* instructs us to do both with *elegance*.

Rules do not convey exact ideas of a just and beautiful style of writing; they are useful, but not sufficient. Good examples set before a writer, and good sense and good taste on his part, are necessary to make him write well; and the careful and intelligent reading of the best books in his own language, is the best help which any young person can find to exalt and multiply his own ideas, or to create the power of expressing them with effect upon others.

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The *genius* of a man determines whether he shall be a fine poet, an original artist, or an eloquent orator; but *genius* does not determine whether whatever he does shall be done well, or ill; his education, his habits, and his own will determine that. Industry and application of mind, are the means of improving all the faculties. Taste consists in the knowledge of what is beautiful and proper, and in the love of it. If a young person be careless how he speaks and writes, if his desire of excellence be no higher than to *spell well*, and to be amused by books, he has no chance of any high enjoyments derived from literature. A person really accomplished, capable of sustaining any eminence with honour, must know how to converse and to write well, and to form a correct judgment of the abilities of others in these respects.

Perhaps there is no mortification more frequently felt than that of an embarrassed speech, a want of self-satisfying power to give ready utterance of one's thoughts. This may be obviated by careful and early study, and by a habit of committing our ideas to writing. We ought to know what terms are suitable to ordinary discourse. A person who reads much becomes

*pedantic* or *bombastical*, if he does not learn that the subjects and language of his books are somewhat distinct from the topics which spring up in common conversation ; but his conversation will be corrupted if he does not bear in mind the corrections which vulgar speech may take from an intimacy with good authors ; and his written compositions will not attain their suitable elegance unless he *knows what is proper*.

*What is proper*, is the style which the best writers have agreed to consider proper. The *models* of what is proper must be known—we must read poetry and prose in order to know them. We are not obliged exactly to imitate any style of writing. If we understand and love what we read, our minds will be conformed to the spirit of our reading ; and if we have judgment and the desire of excelling in whatever we do we may improve upon the manner of others. No artist could have formed the statue of a *god* who had never seen a *man* ; but having seen and studied the human figure, images far surpassing the beauty of any individual man have been formed. Books are in every house ; instruction lifts up her voice every where ; we have nothing to do but to read, to listen, to think of these things, and to elevate ourselves above “the vulgar flight of low desire,” to be all that we ought to be.

Poetry is so happily adapted to our faculties that its construction catches the ear instantly, it fastens upon the mind, assimilates our thoughts to its suggestions, and is held more tenaciously in the memory than any other part of our knowledge which is not connected with the mere preservation of life. The pleasure it affords as a luxury of imagination is incalculable, and, as a purifying influence upon the heart and life, its moral benefit is beyond estimation. We cannot love things high and holy, and things mean and unworthy, at the same time. Poetry utters the oracles of God ; she is the voice of wisdom : let us seek for instruction from her inspiration. She is the handmaid of religion, her flights are upward, and her dwelling place is Heaven : let us follow whither she will lead us—there is the throne of the Almighty, and there is the intelligence of angels ; there will be the last growth of our minds ; and there the highest felicity of our nature.

## FIGURES OF SPEECH.

Figures of speech are properly ornaments of written language, embellishments of thought, and illustrations of fact ; *associated ideas* brought before the mind of a writer or speaker, and exhibited to other minds, in order to set off or adorn some primary object of thought : thus,

"The rose, with feeble streak  
So *slightly tinged* the maiden's cheek,  
'That you had said her hue was pale," &c.

*Rokeby, Canto iv.*

The *primary*, or first idea in this example, is the delicate glow of Matilda's cheek ; the *associated idea* is the pale red of a faintly coloured rose. The idea of the rose serves to convey to the mind of a reader the idea of the tint of Matilda's cheek, by *inducing a comparison* between the two objects—that is, by making him think of both at the same time. Figures of speech are very impressive illustrations of ideas, when the figure is suitable to the *primary* idea. From the print of an elephant, as he may sometimes be seen in books, one who had never seen an elephant could not form a just notion of his size ; but if the figure of a *man*, in proper proportion, should be placed near that of the elephant the greater magnitude of the latter would be obvious ; and by comparing the two objects a tolerably correct notion of their relative bulk might be formed. The figure of the man serves for an illustration of that of the elephant. In a similar way the image or thought presented to the mind by a figure of speech *illustrates*, or makes plain, some original or fore-mentioned idea.

A *simile*, or comparison, is a figure of speech. It shows one thing, or circumstance, to be like another. The latter subject of the comparison, illustrates the former part. Here is a simile taken from Parnell's Hermit :—

"Then pleased and thankful from the porch *they go*,  
And, but the landlord, none had cause of wo :  
His cup was vanished : for in secret guise,  
The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,  
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,  
Disordered stops to shun the danger near,  
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear—  
So seemed the sire, when, far upon the road,  
The shining spoil his wily partner showed."

The propriety of this *simile*, detached from the story to which it belongs, is not quite clear. *From the porch they go*—who go ? An old hermit, and a young man, his companion, who are travelling on foot. 'The time is morning, and they have just left the hospitable mansion of a rich man to whom they were strangers, but in whose house they had fared sumptuously the night before. Wine was presented to them in a valuable silver cup, which the

younger, at his departure, stole, and soon after showed to the hermit. The virtuous old man, struck with the dishonesty and ingratitude of the youth, regards him with the horror he would have felt at the sight of a venomous snake, suddenly discovered in his path. The danger of being attended by a wicked companion, and the detestation felt by the good at a treacherous action, are forcibly suggested by the image of the danger and terror which any person would be in at the sudden appearance of so frightful a reptile.

A *Metaphor* is an expression used as a simile ; but it substitutes one thing for another, and speaks of the illustration as being the thing compared with it : thus—*God is the rock of ages*, is a Metaphor. The meaning of this is, *God is like a rock*—a firm immoveable foundation for human trust in every age. We readily understand this species of comparison. Here is a fine metaphor from the poetry of Thomas Moore :

\* \* \* “ The fresh buoyant sense of being  
That bounds in youth’s yet careless breast,  
Itself a star not borrowing light  
But in its own glad essence bright.”

*Metonymy* is a figure in which one name is put for another, on account of some relation between the thing *named*, and that *understood* ; or some resemblance between the original implied and the individual whose name is substituted for his : as, we call a wise man, a Franklin, and a base one, a Catiline. Such a Metonymy as this, is a sort of comparison. When the *name* of a *place* is used to convey the idea of its inhabitants, the expression is Metonymy : as when we say “ the resources of Britain are immense,” we mean, the resources of the people of Britain.

A *Synecdoche* puts the whole for a part, or a part for the whole, as,

“ Thy growing virtues justified my cares,  
And promised comfort to my silver hairs.”

Pope’s Homer.

The *silver hairs* signify the *old age* of the speaker.

An *Hyperbole* is a figure that goes beyond the bounds of strict truth, and represents things as much greater, better, or worse, than they really are.

Sir Walter Scott says of Ellen, in the *Lady of the Lake* ;

“ E’en the light hare-bell lifts its head  
Elastic from her airy tread.”



This is Hyperbole. Ellen was lively and light, but her foot-prints must have broken the tender herb. However, we understand this to be *poetic license*, and admire the delicate illustration of her slight form and animated motion. Poetic license signifies the liberty permitted to poets to exceed the literal limits of truth.

*Irony* is common to poetry and prose—it is an expression of one idea, when we would convey the idea of its opposite extreme: thus, in common conversation, in order to ridicule his choice, we say, when we think a friend has preferred an inferior to a better thing “*I admire your taste.*” In Scott’s *Rokeby* two assassins are described watching their intended victims; one of them approaches a young man whom he fears, and when he discovers who he is, suddenly withdraws; upon this his companion *laughs grimly*, and says,

“*A trusty mate art thou, to fear  
A single arm, and aid so near.*”

*Interrogation* is asking a question. When the interrogation is made in writing, or public speaking, no reply is expected. It is used to induce the hearer to reflect with attention, and answer to his own reason if the speaker’s argument be not just and forcible.

When Habakkuk, the Hebrew prophet, forewarns his countrymen of God’s *vindictive justice*, that is, his punishment of their sins, which had been revealed to him, and of which he speaks as if it were past, he says:

“*Was the Lord displeased against the rivers?  
Was thy wrath against the sea?*”

An obvious answer would be, No. God is not displeased with the *rivers*, nor angry against the *sea*; but he wounds the head of the wicked, and as a whirlwind, he scatters the nations that offend.

*Exclamation* is little more than a cry—a sudden, broken expression of surprise, pleasure, contempt, indignation, or pain. The Duke, in Shakspeare’s *Twelfth Night*, relieving his melancholy with music, exclaims:

“*That strain again! it had a dying fall!  
Oh, it came o’er my ear like the sweet south,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odour.*”

This example of *exclamation* from Shakspeare, expresses *rapture*—unexpected, lively delight.

*Climax* is the enumeration of many particulars in one period or whole sense, intended to produce one effect of persuasion or conviction in the minds to which it is addressed. In *climax* or *gradation* the most important idea of the whole assemblage is the last mentioned. From the beginning to the end of the climax it is proper that each particular enumerated should rise in dignity of sense above the preceding.

Mr. Walker in his Rhetorical Grammar gives an example of Climax from the Spectator :

“ Mr Addison has a beautiful climax of circumstances arising one above another, when he is describing the treatment of Negroes in the West Indies, who sometimes, upon the death of their masters, or upon changing their service, hang themselves upon the next tree.

“ Who can forbear admiring their fidelity, though it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner? What might not that savage greatness of soul, which appears in these poor wretches on many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? and what colour of excuse can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species? That we should not put them upon the common foot of humanity; that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them, nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?”

Here Mr. Addison first mentions the virtues of the poor negroes, and then contrasts the cruel treatment of white men with their deserts. This cruel treatment in fact is this: *We*—Mr. Addison meant the Europeans, but his remarks apply to some Americans of the present age—*We*, says he in *effect*, deny them to possess the understandings of men; we consider them brute animals; we do not punish their murderers; and we not only deprive them of liberty and the sympathies that exist between man and man in this world, but we refuse to consider them as immortal beings, and withhold from them the knowledge necessary to their salvation.—It is very plain that the last articles of this passage—the *immortal soul*, and its final happiness in heaven—are considerations of greater magnitude, in regard to the negro character, the abuse it has suffered, and the redress that the author here claims for it, than any he had previously detailed.

This example is not taken from poetry, but Climax is a figure which occurs in poetry. *Anticlimax* is often used as to denote a foolish representation of facts, which exaggerates the unim-

portant, and gives the least regard to the more important particulars under consideration.

*Apostrophe* is an abrupt address to the absent. It sometimes partakes of the character of personification : as St. Paul, in holy rapture, exclaims.

"Oh Grave ! where is thy victory ? Oh Death ! where is thy sting ?"

The Minstrel in Scott's Lay, breaks out, at the thought of his beloved country, into this apostrophe :

"O Caledonia, stern and wild,  
Meet nurse for a poetic child !  
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
Land of the mountain and the flood,  
Land of my sires ! what mortal hand  
Can e'er untie the filial band  
That knits me to thy rugged strand !"

*Personification* is the investing of qualities, or things inanimate, with the character of persons, or the introducing of dead or absent persons as if they were alive and present.

The following example of the figure of personification is from Milton's *Comus*. The poet personifies Virtue, Wisdom, and Contemplation :

"Virtue could see to do what virtue would  
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon  
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self  
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude,  
Where with her best nurse, Contemplation,  
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,  
That in the various bustle of resort  
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired."

Cowper has personified *Winter*, as the

———"King of intimate delights,  
Fire-side enjoyments, homeborn happiness"—

and has introduced him in a very picturesque description : thus,

"O Winter, ruler of the inverted year,  
Thy scattered hair with sleet like ashes filled,  
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks  
Fringed with a beard made white with other snows  
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapped in clouds,  
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne  
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,

But urged by storms along its slippery way,—  
 I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,  
 And dreaded as thou art !”

*Allegory* is a prolonged use of figures, so connected in sense as to form a parable or fable. Gray's Ode to Adversity is an allegory.

“ODE TO ADVERSITY.

“ Daughter of Jove, relentless power,  
 Thou tamer of the human breast,  
 Whose iron scourge and torturing hour  
 The bad affright, afflict the best !  
 Bound in thy adamantine chain,  
 The proud are taught to taste of pain,  
 And purple tyrants vainly groan  
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth  
 Virtue, his darling child, designed,  
 To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,  
 And bade to form her infant mind.  
 Stern rugged nurse ! thy rigid lore  
 With patience many a year she bore :  
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,  
 And from her own she learned to melt at others' wo.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly  
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,  
 Wild laughter, noise, and thoughtless joy,  
 And leave us leisure to be good.  
 Light they disperse ; and with them go  
 The summer friend, the flattering foe ;  
 By vain prosperity received,  
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb arrayed,  
 Immersed in rapturous thought profound,  
 And Melancholy, silent maid,  
 With leaden eye that loves the ground,  
 Still on thy solemn steps attend :  
 Warm Charity, the general friend,  
 With Justice, to herself severe,  
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,  
 Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand !  
 Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,  
 Not circled with the vengeful band  
 (As by the impious thou art seen)  
 With thundering voice, and threatening mien,  
 With screaming horror's funeral cry,  
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty :

Thy form benign, oh Goddess ! wear,  
 Thy milder influence impart,  
 Thy philosophic train be there  
 To soften, not to wound my heart.  
 The generous spark extinct revive,  
 Teach me to love, and to forgive,  
 Exact my own defects to scan,  
 What others are to feel, and know myself a man."

Mr. Gray has thus personified Misfortune or Adversity. He has represented her as the daughter of the supreme Deity, but employed to affright the bad, and afflict the best men—"Whom he loveth, he chasteneth," or purifieth, say the Hebrew Scriptures. Perhaps this excellent poet had this passage in his mind when he wrote this stanza. "Sweet are the uses of adversity," says Shakspeare, and so has Gray represented them.—"By the sadness of the countenance, the heart is made better," says Solomon. Taught by our sufferings, we learn to pity others ; we abandon our follies, and gain leisure to be good. When we are in affliction, the sordid, and the frivolous, who shared the pleasures of our prosperity, forsake us ; but our virtues—wisdom, meditation, charity, justice, and pity, remain with us, and console us. The poet, having asserted this, changes the form of his verses to *apostrophe*, and entreats the goddess, as he terms Adversity, to spare him from the severest inflictions of her hand, and to purify and exalt his heart. Young persons should commit these fine verses to memory.

*Antithesis* is a figure by which words and ideas very different, or contrary, are placed together, in *contrast* or *opposition*, that they may mutually set off and illustrate each other.

In Blair's Sermon on Gentleness the annexed example of Antithesis may be found :

"As there is a worldly *happiness* which God perceives to be no more than disguised *misery* ; as there are worldly *honours* which in his estimation are *reproach* : so there is a worldly wis-

*dom* which in his sight is *foolishness*. Of this worldly wisdom the characters are given in the Scriptures, and placed in contrast with those of the wisdom which is from above. The one is the wisdom of the *crafty*; the other that of the *upright*: the one terminates in *selfishness*; the other in *charity*: the one is full of *strife and bitter envyings*; the other of *mercy and of good fruits*."

The antithetical words of this passage are printed in italics—*Happiness* and *misery*, *honour* and *reproach*, *wisdom* and *foolishness*, are ideas in direct opposition—and the remaining antitheses of the period are, it is presumed, quite as clear.

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The preceding definitions are not as full as might be, but they are simple, and necessary to be understood in order to read poetry with satisfaction and good taste.

## HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY.

Young persons at all instructed in modern history know, that the English language is formed from several more ancient languages. The Romans carried the Latin into Britain half a century before the birth of Christ. About four hundred years after, the Saxons, a warlike people from Germany, succeeded the Romans as masters of England, and, with their dominion, introduced and established their speech. The language of England for several centuries was what is called the Anglo-Saxon, but this was superseded, in great measure, by the Norman French.

In 1066, William, Duke of Normandy, in France, conquered England, and established his power in the country. He brought with him a multitude of followers whom he distributed over the kingdom, and caused the ministration of religion and the laws to be announced in the Norman French. This language gradually combined itself with the previous dialect of England, and our English language, by slow degrees, has been drawn from these sources.

The Anglo-Saxons were not wholly without literature; they had wandering minstrels who sung verses, and in their convents some of the priests composed in rhyme. The Normans brought to England their own poetry, which consisted chiefly of songs, satires, morality, and rhyming chronicles. But in the twelfth century, the Crusades, or religious wars, carried on by the Europeans in Palestine, furnished romantic adventures which the poets rehearsed in verse; and at the same time, narrative poems from scripture, and classical subjects began to appear in England. In the thirteenth century it became customary for the minstrels to "sing devotional strains to the harp on Sundays, for the edification of the people, instead of the verses on gayer subjects which were sung at public entertainments."

The first original poem of any extent in the English language is ascribed to Robert Langlande, a priest. It describes the Christian life, and the abuses of religion under the authority of the Pope. It is to the honour of poetry that among the first efforts of her power over a partially civilized people she should fearlessly utter the dictates of truth, undismayed by arbitrary princes, and selfish priests. "The mind," says Mr. Campbell, speaking of Langlande, "is struck with his rude voice, proclaiming independent and popular sentiments, from an age of slavery and superstition, and thundering a prediction in the ear

of papacy ; which was doomed to be literally fulfilled at the distance of nearly two hundred years. His allusions to contemporary life afford some amusing glimpses of its manners."

The earliest English poet whose remains are still preserved to popular readers is Geoffrey Chaucer. He died in 1400. It would not be suitable to the design of this little sketch to descant upon a poet whose works few young persons would have the patience to read. But, with a little pains, matured readers may make the obsolete language of Chaucer intelligible. The very lively pictures which his writings afford of the manners and sentiments peculiar to his time, are interesting to those that love to look far back into the dim region of the past, and behold there stars of mind which shine for ever and ever.

During almost two centuries after the death of Chaucer civil wars and religious persecutions silenced the muse in England. Some obscure names of this period attached to poetry may be drawn from oblivion by the antiquaries, but the poetical feeling and genius of England are regarded by Mr. Campbell to have been at that time almost extinct.

In the fifteenth century printing was introduced into Britain. The desire of knowledge is excited in the public mind by the means of obtaining it, and it would seem that Divine Providence has adjusted the productiveness of genius to the estimation in which it is held. Whenever the people become eager for instruction, or for entertainment, Wisdom is heard crying in the streets, and the sweet strains of Poetry seem to mingle in the common air that we breathe. In the sixteenth century the Scriptures were given to the people of England, learning was cultivated, and poetry revived ; and as society was improved genius was developed and honoured. Of this influence of society upon poetic genius, Mr. Campbell says :

"Poets may be indebted to the learning and philosophy of their age, without being themselves men of erudition or philosophers. When the fine spirit of truth has gone abroad, it passes insensibly from mind to mind, independent of its direct transmissions from books : and it comes home in a more welcome shape to the poet, when caught from his social intercourse with his species, than from solitary study."

Lord Surrey lived in the reign of Henry VIII, and was the inventor of *blank verse*. In the reign of queen Elizabeth, and of her successors, James I, lived Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, and Spenser. Spenser, the author of the *Fairy Queen*, is now very much praised, and very little read. His subjects are partly allegorical, and partly in representation of persons of his own



age ; and on account of this confusion and obscurity in his poetry, it may be, that Spenser is more studied by poets than by general readers. Jonson is hardly more popular, but "every body's Shakspeare" now in universal estimation, wears, and will wear in the eyes of all posterity, his laurels fresh and green as ever. Shakspeare's appearance as a dramatist can be traced back to 1589, and the *Fairy Queen* was published in 1590.

English Poetry comprehends the Drama. Mysteries, Moralities, and Interludes, are names of the dramatic representations : known in England previous to Shakspeare's time. The Mysteries were religious shows exhibited to the people under the sanction of the ministers of religion. The Resurrection of Lazarus, and the Sepulture of our Lord, were among these representations. They were in fashion in England during four hundred years, and went out of vogue in the middle of the sixteenth century.

The Moralists dramatized moral subjects, and sometimes represented discoveries in science. An Interlude on the nature of the four elements, and The Tracts of America lately discovered, and the manners of the natives, is recorded among the last of these entertainments. It is obvious that when men could not read, generally, these representations might have been very instructive.

Greek and Latin tragedies were translated into English as early as 1566. During the last twenty years of the sixteenth century, play-writers by profession were common, but their names and works have now, for the most part, become insignificant. Ben Jonson's plays exhibit much learning and wit—they are still read, but are not exhibited upon the stage. Among his works are specimens of that poetic and tasteful drama, the Masque. Milton's *Comus* is a masque, and Percy's Masque, by Mr. Hillhouse, which was written about 1820 in America, is a masque.

Poetic translation commenced in England about 1560. The poetry of Virgil, Ovid, and soon afterwards of Homer, was translated into English verse near this time. Dr. Johnson commences his *Lives of the Poets* with the life of Cowley, and classes him with Donne, Waller, and some other poets who had lived during the preceding century : these were the *metaphysical poets*. Their works exist in old books, but they are only known to curious readers.

Shakspeare stands at the head of English poets, and next in eminence is the divine Milton : Milton died in 1674, at the age of 62. In his early life Milton felt that he was born for posterity and all time, and in the consciousness of his endowments his elevated mind was little disturbed by the neglect of his contemporaries.

For almost a century after the publication of his minor works they were little known ; and *Paradisè Lost*, which appeared in print in 1669, after its author had become blind to external things, attracted little of the admiration which it has since called forth.

Among British poets next to Milton in the order of time comes Dryden. Gray describes Milton and Dryden in these lines :

\* \* \* "He, that rode sublime  
Upon the seraph wings of Ecstasy,  
The secrets of th' Abyss to spy.  
He passed the flaming bounds of Place and Time,  
The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,  
Where Angels tremble while they gaze,  
He saw ; but, blasted with excess of light,  
Closed his eyes in endless night.—  
Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car  
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear  
Two coursers of etherial race,  
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.  
Hark, his hands the lyre explore !  
Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,  
Scatters from her pictured urn  
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn."

Dryden's plays and poems are not much read, though Alexander's Feast still retains its popularity, and almost every school-boy can repeat it. Dryden died in 1690.

Pope died in 1744. For a whole century Mr. Pope was perhaps the most popular of English poets ; and though his moral and religious sentiments were censured by the rigidly righteous, still they have passed into the principles and common talk of most readers. "As Pope says," is a phrase which is often prefixed in conversation to a multitude of pointed remarks that are found in Mr. Pope's writings, and readily applied by almost every mind to the practical wisdom of daily life.

"Whate'er by nature is in *worth* denied  
She gives in large recruits of needful pride.  
"Trust not thyself—thy own defects to know  
Make use of every friend, and every foe.  
"True wit is nature to advantage dressed—  
That oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.  
" 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,  
But the joint force and full result of *all*.

"Man, like the generous vine, supported, lives—  
The strength he gains is from the embrace he gives.

"Reason's whole pleasures, all the joys of sense,  
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence."

Such are a few of those couplets which are become almost common-place, but which express important principles with admirable simplicity and plainness.

Among the contemporaries of Pope were several poets much in fashion during their lives, and of whose works some are yet popular. Of these Addison, Swift, Gay, and Parnell deserve to be mentioned. The respective characters of these writers, and their works, may be learned from sources more ample than this brief notice of English poetry and poets.

After the death of Pope—Thomson, Collins, Shenstone, Aken-side, Gray, and Goldsmith, were much and deservedly admired as English poets. Goldsmith, the last in the order in which they are mentioned, died in 1774. The genius of each, differing, as they do, from one another in glory, is "essentially immortal," still exerts its sweet influence, and gathers increase of honours from successive years.

Cowper died in 1800. His poetry is in every house. It is without spot or blemish—inspired by the genius of Christianity—full of humanity and piety—tender and holy as the writer's heart, and beautiful as the rural sights and sounds which delighted his pure nature. Since Cowper—Rogers, Walter Scott, Southey, Crabbe, Campbell, Byron, Wordsworth and Moore have appeared in the world. In no period since the existence of our language has such extended homage been paid to living poets as in the present century. The legends of Scotland are made familiar and inexpressibly interesting, all over the world, by the minstrelsy of Scott—the valleys of America are brought out of obscurity by the genius of Campbell—the "gorgeous east" glitters in the pictured pages of Moore—

"Woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep,  
Isles that crown the Egean deep,  
Fields that cool Illysus laves,"

have again breathed their inspiration, and the British name of Byron is now associated with the birth place of all the muses. The talent of Southey has celebrated the chivalry of Spain; and the rural life of England, in all its forms of good and evil, has been recorded for ever by the masterly hands of Crabbe and Wordsworth.

Nothing like criticism upon the several works of these authors, can be useful to young readers. Read first, judge afterwards. All that is contained in this volume, is collected to inspire love for the pursuit of literature, and to make it agreeable by making it intelligible. Young persons are here introduced to a community of the most venerable and gifted minds that ever lived, and they are invited to assimilate their moral nature, by purity of heart and of thought, to this goodly fellowship ;—and to the repositories of their heavenly fancies, repairing “ as to their fountain,” thence to draw light that shall not grow dim with age, but shine brighter and brighter to the perfect day of their intellectual progress.

Various changes that the language has undergone are exhibited by English poetry. Our language has not always been written as it now is. English grammars and dictionaries were not in general use till the latter half of the last century ; before that time, however, good English writers *nearly agreed* in their orthography and grammatical construction, and from their practice, in respect to orthography and grammar, our rules are principally taken.

Here follow four specimens of English poetry, written at different times. The first is from Chaucer :—

———“ Emilie, that fayrer was to sene  
Then is the lilie upon his stalk grene,  
And fresher than the May with fiqures, newe,  
(For with the rose colour strof hire hewe,  
I n’ot which was the finer of hem two.)  
Ere it was day, as she was wont to do,  
She was arisen, and all redy dight :  
For May wol have no slogardie a-night.  
The season priketh every gentil herte,  
And maketh him out of his sleep to sterte,  
And sayth, arise, and do thin observance.”

*Chaucer’s Knight’s Tale, verses 1037—1048.*

If a school boy of the present time should alter these verses after his own habits, and preserve the words as nearly as possible, he would write them thus :

——— Emilie, that fairer was to see  
Than is the lily upon his stalk green,  
And fresher than the May with flowers new,  
(For with the rose colour strove her hue,  
I know not which was finer of them two.)  
Ere it was day, as she was wont to do,  
She was arisen, and already drest :

For May will have no sluggishness of night.  
 The season pricketh every gentle heart,  
 And maketh him out of his sleep to start,  
 And saith, arise, and do thine observance.

Spenser published the *Faery Queene* in 1570—one hundred and seventy years after Chaucer died. The following description of a fine lady's ornaments and equipage is taken from the *Faery Queene* :

“Hee had a faire companion of his way,  
 A goodly lady clad in *scarlet* red,  
 Purfled with gold and pearle of rich essay ;  
 And like a Persian mitre on her head  
 She wore with crowns and owches garnished ;  
 The which her lavish lovers to her gave.  
 The wanton palfrey all way overspread  
 With tinsel trappings woven like a wave,  
 Whose bridle hung with golden bells and bosses brave.”  
*Faery Queene, Canto II., verse 13.*

This is not so simple a description, not so easy to be understood, nor does it present so beautiful an image, as that of the sweet *Emilie*—rising with the dawn, and going forth among the flowers in May,—“herself the fairest flower,” as the poet *Milton* afterwards said of *Eve* in *Paradise*. Chaucer's lady is lovely in herself, but Spenser's fair one is thought much less of than the splendour with which she is attired and mounted. A fine woman dressed in a robe of *scarlet*, adorned with pearls and gold richly wrought, wearing a splendid crown, and governing a noble horse, himself covered with cloth of silver, and reined with a glittering and tinkling bridle, may be looked at for a moment with pleasure ; but not with the same satisfaction as she must be regarded, whose beauty is the expression of gracefulness, modesty, and kindness.

The next specimen shows the progress of our language, and teaches the very lesson that a moral comparison between the preceding ones may do. It was written but a few years after that of Spenser. The author, *Ben Johnson*, died 1616.

“Give me a look, give me a face  
 That make simplicity a grace.  
 Robes loosely flowing, hair as free :  
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me  
 Than all the adulteries of art,—  
 They strike my eyes and not my heart.”

The following specimen, written in 1821, is like the orthography of that which preceded it two hundred years :

"'Tis eve, the soft, the purple hour,  
The dew is glistening on the bower ;  
The lily droops its silver head,  
The violet slumbers on its bed ;  
Heavy with sleep the leaflets close,  
Veiling thy bloom, enchanting rose,  
Still gazing on the western ray  
The last sweet worshipper of day."—*Croly*.

English poetry is not confined to the *British dominions*—our western world has produced poets whose memory will be proof "Gainst death, and all oblivious enmity"—whose verses embellish these pages, and whose talents we should cherish with sentiments of pride and pleasure.

#### EDMUND SPENSER.

Spenser is the earliest English poet whose writings afford any specimens suitable to this collection. English History furnishes an interesting and useful subject of study to the young scholar, if it afford him just views of English *mind*. If history describes those only who have conquered certain armies, who have devastated countries, or who have built towns and forts, it informs us of little that is useful and improving. But it is delightful to learn from history that wise men have arisen in a nation after long periods of general ignorance—delightful to read the works which during centuries have made one generation of men after another, wiser and better,—delightful to turn from the barbarous triumphs of mad ambition and physical force to the dominion of intellect, and to enrich the understanding by the genius of others, who have refined and exalted society ever since they came into being.

Queen Elizabeth succeeded to the throne of Britain in 1558. Elizabeth was attached to the Protestant faith, made it the national religion, cultivated learning herself, and cherished genius in others. Shakspeare lived in her reign, and paid homage to this maiden queen. He styles her, "a fair star, throned in the west ;" and makes one, speaking of her infancy, say,

————— "Sheba was never  
More covetous of wisdom, and fair virtue,  
Than this pure soul shall be —————  
————— Truth shall nurse her ;  
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her."

"In the reign of Elizabeth," says Campbell, "the English mind put forth its energies in every direction, exalted by a purer religion, and enlarged by new views of truth. This was an age of royalty, adventure, and generous emulation. The chivalrous character was softened by intellectual pursuits, while the genius of chivalry itself still lingered, as if unwilling to depart, and paid his last homage to a warlike and female reign. A degree of romantic fancy remained in the manners and superstitions of the people; and allegory might be said to parade the streets in their public pageants and festivals. Quaint and pedantic as those allegorical exhibitions might often be, they were nevertheless more expressive of erudition, ingenuity, and moral meaning, than they had been in former times.

"The philosophy of the highest minds still partook of a visionary character. A poetical spirit infused itself into the practical heroism of the age; and some of the worthies of that period seem less like ordinary men, than like beings called forth out of fiction, and arrayed in the brightness of her dreams. They had 'High thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy.' The life of Sir Philip Sidney was poetry put into action."

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Three very memorable individuals adorned the age of Elizabeth, Spenser, Sir Philip Sidney, and Sir Walter Raleigh. The latter two are more properly *subjects of verse* than poets, though their verses are found in collections of English poetry, but Spenser stands without a rival in his own style of poetic invention.

Edmund Spenser was born in London about the middle of the sixteenth century. After leaving the university of Cambridge, where he was educated, he passed some time in a state of rustic obscurity in the North of England, and there his mind was furnished with those natural images that abound in his works. He was afterwards introduced to Sir Philip Sidney, and once resided with him at Penshurst in Kent. By the influence of Sidney, Spenser procured the place of Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and subsequently, a grant from the Queen, of land in that country, in which he remained for several years.

"Spenser's residence at Kilcolman, an ancient castle of the earls Desmond, commanded a view of above half the breadth of Ireland, and must have been a most romantic and pleasant situation. The river Mulla which Spenser has so often celebrated, ran through his grounds. In this retreat he was visited by Sir Walter Raleigh, at that time a captain in the Queen's army. His

visit occasioned the resolution of Spenser to prepare the first books of the *Faery Queen* for immediate publication. Spenser has commemorated this interview, and the inspiring influence of Raleigh's praise, under the figurative description of two shepherds turning their pipes, beneath the alders of the *Mulla*;—a fiction with which the mind, perhaps, will be much less satisfied, than by recalling the scene as it really existed.

"When we conceive of Spenser reciting his compositions to Raleigh, is a scene so beautifully appropriate, the mind casts a pleasing retrospect over that influence which the *enterprise* of the discoverer of Virginia, and the *genius* of the author of the *Faery Queen*, have respectively produced on the fortune and language of England. The fancy might even be pardoned for a momentary superstition, that the Genius of their country hovered unseen over their meeting, casting her first look of regard on the poet, that was destined to inspire her future Milton, and the other on the maritime hero, who paved the way for colonizing distant regions of the earth, where the language of England was to be spoken, and the poetry of Spenser to be admired."

In 1597, a rebellion against the British government broke out in Ireland, and occasioned the precipitate flight of Spenser with his family to England. He died at London, January, 1599. He was buried, according to his own desire, near the tomb of Chaucer; and "the most celebrated poets of the time" says Mr. Campbell,—"*Shakspeare* was probably of the number, followed his hearse, and threw tributary verses into his grave."

#### SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

Sir Philip Sidney was the most celebrated man of his age.—The question immediately occurs—for what?—"Traits of character will distinguish great men independent of their pens or their swords," remarks Mr. Campbell. "The contemporaries of Sidney knew the man: and foreigners, no less than his own countrymen, seem to have felt, from his personal influence and conversation, a homage for him, that could only be paid to a commanding intellect guiding the principles of a noble heart."

He spent part of his short life in the court of Queen Elizabeth, and another very brilliant portion of it in military service upon the continent. As a courtier, a scholar, and a soldier, he commanded the admiration of Europe, and all England wore mourning at his death. This event happened in 1580, when he was only 32 years of age. His writings are obsolete, but we sometimes hear of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*. This is an incom-



plete romance which he left. Miss Lucy Aikin says of the Arcadia, that "fervour of eloquence," "nice discrimination of character," and "purity of thought," "stamp it for the offspring of a noble mind."

"His death," continues Miss Aikin, "was worthy of the best parts of his life : he showed himself to the last devout, courageous, and serene. His wife, the beautiful daughter of Walsingham ; his brother Robert, to whom he had performed the part rather of an anxious and indulgent parent than of a brother ; and many sorrowing friends, surrounded his bed. Their grief was, beyond a doubt, sincere and poignant, as well as that of the many persons of letters and of worth who gloried in his friendship, and flourished by his bountiful patronage."

Such a man's name and example should still serve to kindle in the bosom of youth the animating glow of virtuous emulation. Lord Thurlow, a late Lord Chancellor of England, wrote a pretty sonnet on Sidney's picture :

"The man that looks, sweet Sidney, in thy face,  
Beholding there love's truest majesty,  
And the soft image of departed grace,  
Shall fill his mind with magnanimity :  
There may he read unfeigned humility,  
And golden pity, born of heavenly brood,  
Unsullied thoughts of immortality,  
And musing virtue, prodigal of blood :  
Yes in this map of what is fair and good,  
This glorious index of a heavenly book ;  
Not seldom, as in youthful years he stood,  
Divinest Spenser would admiring look ;  
And, framing thence high wit and pure desire,  
Imagined deeds that set the world on fire !"

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SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Sir Walter Raleigh was born at Hayes Farm in Devonshire, 1552, and was beheaded in London, 1618. He is memorable for his understanding, his knowledge, and his enterprising spirit. During the reign of Elizabeth, Raleigh performed many honorable services in the British navy, and fitted out, and sometimes accompanied, ships of discovery which explored the coasts of North and South America. After the accession of James II,

Elizabeth's successor, Raleigh was indicted and tried for treason, upon the charge of attempting to place Lady Arabella Stuart on the throne of England ; and though he was not condemned, he suffered fifteen years of imprisonment.

When Raleigh was liberated, he obtained a commission from the King, and commanded an expedition against Guiana, in South America. In this enterprise he was unsuccessful, though he committed some depredations upon the Spaniards who were in possession of the country. On his return to England he was tried upon the former accusation, and sentenced to death. The sentence was immediately executed, and a life of singular vicissitudes, in which the prosperity was adorned by eminent accomplishments, and the adversity sustained by admirable fortitude, was thus cruelly terminated.

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S P E N S E R.

UNA AND THE REDCROSS KNIGHT.

“ ‘The heavenly Una and her milk-white lamb.’—*Wordsworth*.

“ A gentle knight was pricking\* on the plain,  
 Yclad† in mighty arms and silver shield,  
 Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,  
 ‘The cruel marks of many a bloody field ;  
 Yet arms till that time did he never wield ;  
 His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,  
 As much disdain to the curb to yield :  
 ‘Full jolly knight he seemed, and fair did sit,  
 As one for knightly jousts‡ and fierce encounters fit.

But on his breast a bloody cross he bore,  
 ‘The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,  
 For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,  
 And dead (as living) ever him adored :  
 Upon his shield the like was also scored,§  
 For sovereign hope, which in his help he had :  
 Right faithful true he was in deed and word ;  
 But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad :  
 Yet nothing did he dread ; but ever was ydrad.||

\* Riding.

† Attired.

‡ Contests of skill and arms.

§ Engraved.

|| Dreaded.

Upon a great adventure he was bound,  
 'That greatest Gloriana to him gave,  
 'That greatest glorious queen of fairy lond,  
 To win him worship, and her grace to have,  
 Which of all earthly things he most did crave ;  
 And ever as he rode his heart did yearn  
 To prove his puissance in battle brave  
 Upon his foe, and his new force to learn ;  
 Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stern.

A lovely lady rode him fair beside,  
 Upon a lowly ass more white than snow ;  
 Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide  
 Under a veil, that wimpled\* was full low,  
 And over all a black stole† she did throw,  
 As one that inly mourned ; so was she sad,  
 And heavy sat upon her palfrey slow ;  
 Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,  
 And by her in a line a milk-white lamb she led.

So pure an innocent, as that same lamb,  
 She was in life and every virtuous lore,  
 And by descent from royal lineage came  
 Of ancient kings and queens, that had of yore  
 Their sceptres stretcht from east to western shore,  
 And all the world in their subjection held ;  
 Till that infernal fiend with foul uproar  
 Forewasted all their land and them expelled :  
 Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far compelled.

Behind her far away a dwarf did lag,  
 That lazy seemed in being ever last,  
 Or wearied with bearing of her bag  
 Of needments at his back. Thus as they past  
 The day with clouds was sudden overcast,  
 And angry Jove an hideous storm of rain  
 Did pour into his leman's lap so fast,  
 That every wight to shroud it did constrain,  
 And this fair couple eke to shroud themselves were fain."

Enforced to seek some covert nigh at hand,  
 A shady grove not far away they spied,  
 That promised aid the tempest to withstand ;  
 Whose lofty trees, yclad with summer's pride,

\* Drawn closely.

† Robe.

Did spread so broad, they heaven's light did hide,  
 Not pierceable with power of any star :  
 And all within were paths and alleys wide,  
 With footing worn, and leading inward far :  
 Fair harbour, that them seems ; so in they entred are.

And forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,  
 Joying to hear the bird's sweet harmony,  
 Which therein shrouded from the tempest's dread,  
 Seemed in their song to scorn the cruel sky.  
 Much can they praise the trees so straight and high,  
 The sailing Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,  
 The vine-prop Elm, the Poplar never dry,  
 'The builder Oak, sole king of forests all,  
 The Aspen good for staves, the Cypress funeral.

The Laurel, meed of mighty conquerors  
 And poets sage, the Fir that weepeth still,  
 The Willow, worn of forlorn paramours,  
 The Yew, obedient to the bender's will,  
 The Birch for shafts, the Swallow for the mill,  
 The Myrrh sweet bleeding in the bitter wound,  
 The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,  
 The fruitful Olive, and the Plantain round,  
 The carver Holme, the Maple seldom inward sound :

Led with delight they thus beguile the way,  
 Until the blustering storm is overblown,  
 When, weening\* to return, whence they did stray,  
 They cannot find that path which first was shown,  
 But wander to and fro in ways unknown,  
 Furthest from end then, when they nearest ween,  
 That makes them doubt their wits be not their own :  
 So many paths, so many turnings seen.  
 That which of them to take, in divers doubts they been.

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These verses are easily comprehended. Every young person should know something of Chivalry. That institution had once great influence upon the manners and happiness of Europe. The situation of Una, and the nature of her protector's character and office, will not be understood without some acquaintance with the meaning of chivalry.

\* Presuming.

## CHIVALRY.

The origin of Chivalry was briefly this :—France, Spain, England, Germany, Italy and Holland, once belonged to the Roman Empire ; but armies from the North of Europe invaded these more southern countries, overthrew the Roman power, and at different times took possession of the places they conquered. When they had made themselves masters of a country, the great leaders of the armies took large tracts of land ; and their followers, that is the soldiers they commanded, together with such of the original inhabitants of the countries as they permitted to live, became the *vassals* of these great men.

These subject people were not acquainted with the useful arts or comforts of life which we enjoy, but they could take care of cattle, cultivate the soil in a rude and imperfect manner, could help to erect the castle and church of their master, and could follow him to battle. This latter service, together with a great part of the cattle and corn which they could procure from the cultivation of the soil, they gave to their lords. The lords always kept many of their vassals in their houses or castles, and usually went out with a considerable number of them as attendants. This was partly for show, and partly for safety. These followers were called *Retainers*, and when they went abroad with their masters formed his *Retinue*. The more people a great lord had about his person, the better was he guarded, and the more was he feared.

In the present happier age of the world, when every man has his own business, and property, and leisure, and enjoyments, no great man has any right to the services of so many of his fellow-men ; nor has he any need of them, for he has nothing to fear from the violence of others—he is protected by the laws of his country, and what is better, by the humanity of all men, who have learned in some measure, to respect one another's lives and property, and to know, in order that all may be happy, all must be safe, and protected by each other.

But a thousand years ago men lived very differently. The owners of property which lay together often claimed the same ; and as there were not courts of justice to inquire into and settle their rights, they and their vassals fought about them. Many of the richer and more powerful lords, wanting to become still more rich and powerful, and having no sense of religion, of justice, or mercy—none of the fear of God or love of man—murdered their neighbours, set fire to their houses, carried off their

property, and claimed their lands : on these occasions the ladies were often treated in a barbarous manner.

A remarkable instance of this may be found in Shakspeare's Tragedy of Macbeth. Macbeth, a Scottish nobleman, invited Duncan, king of Scotland, to his castle, and there murdered him, that he might be king instead of Duncan. On the murder of the king, his two sons fled from Scotland in fear of their lives. Macduff, a Scottish lord, followed Malcolm, one of the young princes, into England ; upon which the usurper Macbeth was so enraged that he vowed to revenge himself upon Macduff for his desertion. In order to do this, Macbeth resolved upon killing Macduff's innocent family, which he had left behind, and he accordingly gave orders for this cruel act. When the bloody work was done, Rosse, a friend of the unfortunate family, escaped into England to inform Macduff of it. He found him talking to Malcolm, and after preparing his mind, relates the event.

" *Rosse.* Your castle is surprised, your wife and babes savagely slaughtered !

*Malcolm.* Merciful heaven !

*Macduff.* My children too ?

*Rosse.* Wife, children, servants, all  
That could be found.

*Macd.* And I must be from thence !—  
My wife kill'd too ?

*Rosse.* I have said.

*Mal.* Let us make *medicine of our great revenge*,  
To cure this deadly grief.

*Macd.* He has no children !—All my pretty ones ?—  
Did you say all ?

*Rosse.* All.

*Macd.* What, all my pretty chickens and their dam ?"

*Macbeth, Act IV., Scene 3.*

Malcolm, it may be observed, proposes to make amends for this cruel injury by some " great revenge," that is, by some act of equal cruelty to the murderers of Macduff's wife and children. This was the way in which people at that time usually endeavoured to satisfy themselves, but they only continued a strife which the descendants of both parties felt bound never to forget nor forgive ; and which, many long years after the first offence was given, caused fresh quarrels, murders, and destruction of property.

In this state of violence and danger many people lived in constant and great fear, and were always prepared to expect, and to

defend themselves against an enemy. The rich lived in strong castles, surrounded by walls and gates, a watch was kept to look out for the approach of their foes ; and, before the discovery of gunpowder and the use of fire arms, the knights—that is, the gentlemen soldiers—used generally to wear *armour*.

Then, as at all times, there were good men—some who were not weak and timid, or ferocious and cruel, who could not see the acts of these barbarians without indignation against them, and compassion for the unfortunate victims of their cruelty. The distress of the ladies, above all, inspired the just and the generous with a desire to serve them, and to save them from the dreadful calamities to which they were exposed. Many noblemen and brave soldiers devoted themselves to the redress of injuries inflicted upon all good persons, and particularly upon the young and the beautiful of the female sex. These formed what is called the order of Chivalry.

The young men who composed the order of Chivalry could not be admitted into it unless they possessed strength and courage, and were distinguished by truth and honour ; and this being known, made ambitious youths desirous to be so distinguished, that they might be worthy to assert justice, and to defend innocence ; that they might become objects of admiration and praise, and form at once the protectors and ornaments of society. To be all this it was necessary that they should not only be fearless and powerful, but that they should also be pleasing and interesting ; that they should perfectly understand the use of arms to prevail over their enemies, and be masters of every graceful accomplishment to inspire the affection of their friends.

Many arts of little use at this time, were *then necessary*, and these arts exhibited much grace and skill. The management of fiery horses, the throwing of the pike, (a sharp instrument used in ancient warfare,) and the exercise of the bow, were taught to young men with as much, and more pains than dancing, fencing, and music now require. Horsemanship, archery, &c. require great presence of mind and strength of body, and show elegance of person and quickness of thought to the utmost advantage.

For a long time Chivalry did much good, but at length it went out of use, because laws were made and enforced that compelled people to live peaceably together, so that the arts that belonged to Chivalry only served for amusement, and Knights or Champions used to practise a sort of mock fighting, as a mere trial of strength and skill, not intending to kill one another, but to spare the life of him who should be proved the weakest ; and the most

beautiful lady present at the encounter, used to give a prize to the victorious knight. These public spectacles were at last given up, but not all at once, for so late as the year 1600, and afterwards, we read of young gentlemen who were taught all the exercises of Chivalry.

These remarks do not refer exclusively to the preceding extract from Spenser, but they also serve to explain other pieces in this collection. The distressed condition of Una exemplifies the sufferings to which the young and beautiful were exposed in a rude age, and the devotedness of her attendant is a further illustration of the sentiments and services of a disinterested knight-errant in behalf of endangered innocence.

#### FABLE OF THE OAK AND THE BRIAR.

“ There grew an aged tree on the green,  
A goodly Oak sometime had it been,  
With arms full strong and largely displayed,  
But of their leaves they were disarrayed :  
The body big and mightily pight,  
Thoroughly rooted, and of wondrous height ;  
Whilom\* had been the king of the field,  
And mochel mast† to the husband did yield,  
And with his nuts larded many swine,  
But now the gray moss marred his rine,  
His bared boughs were beaten with storms,  
His top was bald, and wasted with worms,  
His honour decayed, his braunches sere.‡

Hard by his side grew a bragging Breere,  
Which protidly thrust into th’ element,  
And seemed to threat the firmament :  
It was imbellisht with blossoms fair,  
And thereto age wonted to repair ;  
The shepherd’s daughters to gather flowres,  
To paint their garlands with his colowres ;  
And in his small bushes used to shroud,  
The sweet nightingale singing so loud,  
Which made this foolish Breere wax so bold,  
That on a time he cast him to scold,  
And sneb the good Oak, for he was old.

“ Why stand’st there (quoth he) thou brutish block ?  
Nor for fruit nor for shadow serves thy stock ;

\* Formerly.

† Many acorns.

‡ Dry.



Seest how fresh my flowers been spread,  
 Died in lily white and crimson red,  
 With leaves engrained in lusty green,  
 Colours meet to cloath a maiden queen ?  
 Thy waste bigness but cumberes the ground,  
 And dirks the beauty of my blossoms round :  
 The mouldy moss, which thee accloyeth,  
 My cinnamon smell too much annoyeth :  
 Wherefore soon I rede\* thee hence remove,  
 Lest thou the price of my displeasure prove."

So spake this bold Breere with great disdain,  
 Little him answered the Oak again,  
 But yielded, with shame and grief adawed,†  
 That of a weed he was over-crawed.‡

It chaunced after upon a day,  
 The husband-man's self to come that way,  
 Of custom to surviue his ground,  
 And his trees of state in compass round :  
 Him when the spiteful Breere had espyed,  
 He causeless complained, and loudly cried  
 Unto his lord, stirring up stern strife :

O my liege Lord ! the god of my life,  
 Please you pondŕ your suppliant's plaint,  
 Caused of wrong and cruel constraint,  
 Which I your poor vassal daily endure ;  
 And but your goodness the same recure,  
 Am like for desperate dole|| to die,  
 Through felonous force of mine enemy.

Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,  
 Him rested the good man on the lea.  
 And bad the Breere in his plaint proceed.  
 With painted words then gan this proud weed  
 (As most used ambitions folk)  
 His coloured crime with craft to cloke.

Ah, my Sovereign ! lord of creatures all,  
 Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,  
 Was not I planted of thine own hand,  
 To be the primrose of all thy land,  
 With flowering blossoms to furnish the prime,  
 And scarlet berries in sommer-time ?  
 How falls it then that this faded Oak,

\* Advise.

† Dejected.

‡ Triumphed over

§ Consider.

|| Grief.

Whose body is sere, whose branches broke,  
 Whose naked arms stretch unto the fire,  
 Unto such tyranny doth aspire,  
 Hindering with his shade my lovely light,  
 And robbing me of the sweet sun's sight ?  
 So beat his old boughs my tender side,  
 That oft the bloud springeth from woundes wide ;  
 Untimely my flowers forced to fall,  
 That been the honour of your coronal ;\*  
 And oft he lets his canker-worms light  
 Upon my branches, to work me more spight,  
 And of his hoary locks doth cast,  
 Wherewith my fresh flowerets been defast :  
 For this, and many more such outrage,  
 Craving your godlyhead to assuage  
 The rancorous rigour of his might ;  
 Nought ask I, but onely to hold my right,  
 Submitting me to your good sufferance,  
 And praying to be guarded from grievance.

To this the Oak cast him to reply  
 Well as he couth ; but his enemy  
 Had kindled such coles of displeasure,  
 That the good man nould† stay his leisure,  
 But home him hasted with furious heat,  
 Encreasing his wrath with many a threat ;  
 His harmful hatchet he hent‡ in hand,  
 (Alas ! that it so ready should stand !)  
 And to the field alone he speedeth,  
 (Aye little help to harm there needeth)  
 Anger nould let him speak to the tree,  
 Enaunter his rage mought cooled be,  
 But to the root bent his sturdy stroke,  
 And made many wounds in the waste Oak.

The axe's edge did oft turn again,  
 As half unwilling to cut the grain,  
 Seemed the senseless iron did fear,  
 Or to wrong holy eld did forbear ;  
 For it had been an antient tree,  
 Sacred with many a mystery.  
 And often crost with the priests's crew,  
 And often hallowed with holy water dew ;  
 But like fancies weren foolery.

\* Wreath of flowers, chaplet.

† Would not.

‡ Took !

And brought the Oak to this misery ;  
 For nought might they quitten him from decay,  
 For fiercely the good man at him did lay.  
 The block\* oft groaned under his blow,  
 And sighed to see his near overthrow.  
 In fine, the steel had pierced his pith,  
 'Then down to the ground he fell forthwith.  
 His wondrous weight made the ground to quake,  
 'Th' earth sunk under him, and seem'd to shake :  
 There lieth the Oak pitied of none.

Now stands the Breere like a lord alone,  
 Puff'd up with pride and vain pleasance ;  
 But all this glee had no continuance :  
 For eftsoons† winter 'gan to approach,  
 The blustering Boreas did encroach,  
 And beat upon this solitary Breere,  
 For now no succour was seen him neere.  
 Now 'gan he repent his pride too late,  
 For naked left and disconsolate,  
 The biting frost nipt his stalk dead,  
 The watry wet weighed down his head,  
 And heaped snow burdened him so sore,  
 'That now upright he can stand no more ;  
 And being down is trod in the durt  
 Of cattle, and brouzed, and sorely hurt.  
 Such was th' end of this ambitious Breere,  
 For scorning eld ——"

*Spenser.*

#### SHAKSPEARE.

O youths and virgins : O declining old :  
 Oh pale misfortune's slaves : O ye who dwell  
 Unknown with humble quiet : ye who wait  
 In courts, or fill the golden seat of kings :  
 O sons of sport and pleasure : O thou wretch  
 That weep'st for jealous love, or the sore wounds  
 Of conscious guilt, or Death's rapacious hand  
 Which left thee void of hope : O ye who roam  
 In exile ; ye who through the embattled field  
 Seek bright renown, or who for noble palms  
 Contend, the leaders of a public cause ;

\* Trunk.

† Not long after.

Approach : behold this marble, know ye not  
 The features ? Hath not oft his faithful tongue  
 Told you the fashion of your own estate,  
 The secrets of your bosom ? Here then, round  
 His monument, with reverence while you stand,  
 Say to each other, " This was Shakspeare's form :  
 Who walked in every path of human life ;  
 Felt every passion, and to all mankind  
 Doth now, will ever, that experience yield  
 Which only his own genius could acquire."

*Inscription from a bust of Shakspeare.—Akenside.*

This dramatic poet is justly esteemed by those who speak the English language, as the most interesting writer in the world. There are few so highly endowed as to be able to comprehend the wealth and magnitude of Shakspeare's genius in all its variety and comprehensiveness, but there are none perhaps within even the remotest influence of English literature, that have not felt the power of this mighty master in some of those numerous passages of his works which have passed into the popular mind. The best furnished and most profound intellects meet with congenial thoughts in Shakspeare ; and all human experience, from the monarch's to the labourer's lot, is recorded and expressed by his immortal muse, so that every mind may find its own feelings and circumstances somewhere illustrated by his inspiration.

From the accounts which are preserved of Shakspeare's early life it appears that he had few advantages of direct instruction, though the knowledge contained in books popular at that time in England, lent him its little light ; and the talent " that Nature did him give," supplied in him every defect of human learning, and enabled him to leave an inheritance of thought to future ages, which nothing but the dissolution of " the great globe itself " can annihilate.

Dryden says of him, " He was a man who, of all modern and, perhaps, ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily. When he describes any thing, you more than see it, you feel it too. He needed not the spectacles of books to read nature ; he looked inwards and found her there." But,

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"Tis wonderful,  
 That an invisible instinct should frame him  
 To poetry *unlearned* ; honour *untaught* ;

Civility not seen in other ; knowledge  
 'That wildly grew in him, yet yielded crops  
 As though it had been sown.

Shakspeare was born at Stratford upon Avon in Warwickshire, 1564. The documents of his life are very imperfect. Rowe, the poet, published a memoir of him a century after his death. From this it appears that Shakspeare removed himself to London, and that he was an actor as well as a writer of plays. Shakspeare however returned to Stratford, purchased a house there, and died in that town. In the church of Stratford, a monument to his memory still remains.—The following inscription on this monument is engraved beneath a bust of Shakspeare :

“ Stay, passenger, why goest thou so fast ?  
 Read, if thou can'st whom envious death has placed  
 Within this monument—Shakspeare : with whom  
 Quick nature died ; whose *name* doth deck this tomb  
 Far more than cost ; since all that he hath writ  
 Leaves living art, but art to serve his wit.

Obit A. D. 1616—Ætatis 53. die 23 April.”

Shakspeare's thirty-five plays were first collected and published in 1623, in folio. The title page of this folio was embellished by an engraving, which was said to be a likeness of the author, and attached to it were these lines by Ben Johnson, addressed to the reader :

“ This figure that thou seest here put,  
 It was for gentle Shakspeare cut,  
 Wherein the graver had a strife  
 With nature to outdo the life :  
 O, could he but have drawn his wit  
 As well in brass, as he hath hit  
 His face ; the print would then surpass  
 All that was ever writ in brass.  
 But since he cannot—reader, look  
 Not on his picture, but his book.”

From 1709, when Rowe published Shakspeare's plays, to the present time, (1842,) they have been often published, and are disseminated throughout the reading world of our language ; and the more they are studied, the more are they admired and enjoyed. The fine arts have derived important aid from Shakspeare. The stage has been exalted, literature has been illustrated and adorned by him, his scenes have been delineated an infinite num-

ber of times by the pencil, and they embellish almost every house and every library.

Milton's Sonnet to Shakspeare is among the most interesting tributes to his memory :

“ What needs my Shakspeare for his honoured bones  
The labour of an age in piled stones,  
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid  
Under a star-y-pointing pyramid ?  
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame  
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name ?  
Thou in our wonder and astonishment  
Has built thyself a live-long monument.  
For whilst to the shame of slow endeavouring art  
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart  
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book  
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took ;  
Then thou our fancy of itself bereaving,  
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving ;  
And so sepulchered, in such pomp dost lie,  
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.”

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English, Roman, and Grecian History, furnish part of the subjects of Shakspeare's plays ; and some of his plots are taken from Italian romances that had been translated into English ; but upon what foundation soever he built, the superstructure is original and beautiful.

“ Though Shakspeare's poetry is the delight and pride of all who speak our language, it is in general too abstruse and difficult for foreigners and young persons,” says Mr. Edgworth, “ It exhibits the most lively pictures of external nature, and the most perfect representations of human passions. But his language is frequently obscure, from its containing many words and phrases which are now out of common use ; besides, his writings relate so much to the passions of men, and the concerns of princes and politicians, that a person must have what is called a knowledge of the world, and must have had some experience of the effects of human passions, before he can perceive the beauties, or have a relish for the excellencies of Shakspeare.” Parts of King John, of Henry IV. and of Cymbeline, are in some measure free from these difficulties ; and are selected for the purpose of introducing Shakspeare to young readers.

Shakspeare wrote dramatic pieces upon the history of England ;

they are now called *plays*, though formerly they were called *histories*; each of them takes in several years; and they carry the imagination of the spectator from England to France, and back again, many times in the space of one night. King John is one of these dramas.

## KING JOHN.

John, surnamed *Sans Terre*, or *Lackland*, was the fourth son of Henry II., King of England. John succeeded to the throne upon the death of his brother, Richard I. Arthur, Duke of Brittany, was the son of Geoffrey, John's elder brother; and, according to the laws of England, the legal successor of his uncle Richard. The unfortunate Arthur, it is supposed, was murdered by the command of John, but the manner of his death is unknown.—Philip, King of France, was Arthur's maternal uncle, and publicly accused John of murdering his nephew; but John declared that Arthur fell from the walls of a castle where he was confined, into a river which flowed beneath, and thus lost his life. Shakspeare has made a most affecting scene of John's cruelty to the poor youth. That and the subsequent passages from Shakspeare's play of King John which complete Arthur's history, follow in this place.

## KING JOHN, ACT IV., SCENE I.

HUBERT, *the assassin, employed to put out the young prince's eyes.* ARTHUR, and attendants. Scene, a room in the Castle.

Hubert. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand  
Within the arras: when I strike my foot  
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,  
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,  
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

1. *Attend.* I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to't.—

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

*Enter ARTHUR.*

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title  
To be more prince,) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

*Arth.* Mercy on me !

Methinks, no body should be sad but I :  
 Yet, I remember, when I was in France,  
 Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,  
 Only for wantonness. By my christendom,  
 So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,  
 I should be as merry as the day is long ;  
 And so I would be here, but that I doubt  
 My uncle practises more harm to me :  
 He is afraid of me, and I of him :  
 Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's son ?  
 No, indeed, is't not : And I would to heaven,  
 I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

*Hub.* If I talk to him, with his innocent prate  
 He will awake my mercy, which lies dead :  
 Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch. [*Aside.*]

*Arth.* Are you sick, Hubert ? you look pale to-day :  
 In sooth, I would you were a little sick,  
 That I might sit all night, and watch with you :  
 I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

*Hub.* His words do take possession of my bosom.—  
 Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing the paper.*] How  
 now, foolish rheum ! [*Aside.*]

Turning spiteous torture out of door !  
 I must be brief ; lest resolution drop  
 Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—  
 Can you not read it ? is it not fair writ ?

*Arth.* Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect :  
 Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes ?

*Hub.* Young boy, I must.

*Arth.* And will you ?

*Hub.* And I will.

*Arth.* Have you the heart ? When your head did but ache,  
 I knit my handkerchief about your brows,  
 (The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)  
 And I did never ask it you again :  
 And with my hand at midnight held your head ;  
 And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,  
 Still and anon cheered up the heavy time ;  
 Saying, What lack you ? and, where lies your grief ?  
 Or, What good love may I perform for you ?  
 Many a poor man's son would have lain still,  
 And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you ;  
 But you at your sick service had a prince.



Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,  
 And call it cunning; Do, an if you will:  
 If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,  
 Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?  
 These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,  
 So much as frown on you?

*Hub.* I have sworn to do it;  
 And with hot irons must I burn them out.

*Arth.* Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!  
 The iron of itself, though *heat* red hot,  
 Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,  
 And quench his fiery indignation,  
 Even in the matter of mine innocence  
 Nay, after that, consume away in rust,  
 But for containing fire to harm mine eye.  
 Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?  
 And if an angel should have come to me,  
 And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,  
 I would not have believed no tongue, but Hubert's.

*Hub.* Come forth. Do, as I bid you do. [*Stamps.*

*Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c.*

*Arth.* O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,  
 Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men,

*Hub.* Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

*Arth.* Alas, what need you be so boisterous rough?  
 I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.  
 For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!  
 Nay, here me, Hubert! drive these men away,  
 As I will sit as quiet as a lamb;  
 I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,  
 Nor look upon the iron angrily;  
 Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,  
 Whatever torment you do put me to.

*Hub.* Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

*1 At.* I am best pleased to be from such a deed. [*Exeunt.*

*Arth.* Alas, I then have chid away my friend;  
 He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:—  
 Let him come back, that his compassion may  
 Give life to yours.

*Hub.* Come, boy, prepare yourself.

*Arth.* Is there no remedy?

*Hub.* None, but to lose your eyes.

*Arth.* O heaven!—that there were but a mote in yours,

A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,  
Any annoyance in that precious sense !  
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,  
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

*Hub.* Is this your promise ? go to, hold your tongue.

*Arth.* Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues  
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :  
Let me not hold my tongue ; let me not, Hubert !  
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,  
So I may keep mine eyes ; O, spare mine eyes ;  
Though to no use, but still to look on you !  
Lo by my troth, the instrument is cold,  
And would not harm me.

*Hub.* I can heat it, boy.

*Arth.* No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with grief,  
Being create for comfort, to be used  
In undeserved extremes : See else yourself ;  
There is no malice in this burning coal ;  
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,  
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

*Hub.* But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

*Arth.* And if you do, you will but make it blush,  
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert :  
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes ;  
And, like a dog, that is compelled to fight,  
Snatch at his master that doth *tarre* him on.  
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,  
Deny their office : only you do lack  
That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,  
Creatures of note, for mercy-lacking uses.

*Hub.* Well, see to live : I will not touch thine eyes  
For all the treasure that thine uncle owns :  
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,  
With this same very iron to burn them out.

*Arth.* O, now you look like Hubert ! all this while  
You were disguised.

*Hub.* Peace : no more, Adieu ;  
Your uncle must not know but you are dead :  
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.  
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,  
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,  
Will not offend thee.

*Arth.* O heaven !—I thank you, Hubert.

*Hub.* Silence ; no more : Go closely in with me ;  
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.

*I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.* I hope you act in this bloody business, by some higher authority than your own cruelty or selfishness. It is necessary that poor men in the service of arbitrary princes, should act their wicked wills. If you do as you are commanded, you are not so guilty as if you devised of your own heart such horrible deeds; but if you do this without some such justification—dread the punishment due to your cruelty. All this is *implied* in this passage.

*Heat.*—*Heated* is the modern participle. “The participle *heat*, though now obsolete, was in use in our author’s time. So in the sacred writings: ‘He commanded that they should heat the furnace one seven times more than it was wont to be *heat*.’ *Dan.* iii. 19.”

*Tarre.*—To stimulate, to set on.

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SCENE III. ARTHUR *on the castle wall.*

*Arth.* The wall is high; and yet will I leap down:  
 Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!—  
 There’s few, or none, do know me; if they did,  
 This ship-boy’s semblance hath disguised me quite.  
 I am afraid; and yet I’ll venture it.  
 If I get down, and do not break my limbs,  
 I’ll find a thousand shifts to get away:  
 As good to die and go, as die and stay.  
 Oh me! my uncle’s spirit is in these stones:—  
 Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones!

*Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and BIGOD.*

*Sal.* This is the prison: What is he lies here?

[*Seeing ARTHUR.*

*Pem.* O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!  
 The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.

*Sal.* Murder, as hating what himself hath done,  
 Doth lay it open, to urge on revenge.

*Big.* Or, when he doomed this beauty to a grave,  
 Found it too precious princely for a grave.

*Sal.* Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,  
 Or have you read, or heard? or could you think?  
 Or do you almost think, although you see,  
 That you do see? could thought, without this object,  
 Form such another? This is the very top,  
 The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,

Of murder's arms ; this is the bloodiest shame,  
The wildest savag'ry, the vilest stroke,  
That ever wall-eyed wrath, or staring rage,  
Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

*Pem.* All murders past do stand excused in this.—  
It is a bloody work ;  
The graceless action of a heavy hand,  
If that it be the work of any hand.

*Sal.* If that it be the work of any hand ?—  
We had a kind of light, what would ensue.  
It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand ;  
The practice, and the purpose, of the king :—  
From whose obedience I forbid my soul,  
Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,  
And breathing to his breathless excellence  
The incense of a *vow*, a *holy vow* ;  
Never to taste the pleasures of the world,  
Never to be infected with delight,  
Nor conversant with ease and idleness,  
Till I have set a glory to this head,  
By giving it the *worship of revenge*.

*Pem. Big.* Our souls religiously confirm thy words.

*Revenge*, to a certain extent, is the love of justice. It has been shown in the brief sketch which was given of the origin and principal objects of Chivalry, that its purpose was not only to defend innocence, but to punish those who should injure the weak and unprotected. The knights of that age not only made a vow to serve God and the interests of humanity, when they were *initiated*, but, on setting out upon a special enterprise, solemnly devoted themselves to the work before them.—In conformity to this practice, Salisbury kneels beside the dead body of Arthur, and vows never to take pleasure or rest till he has punished the wretches who wrought his death.

#### HENRY IV.

Henry, Duke of Lancaster, surnamed Bolingbroke, was son of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, third son of Edward III., king of England. Richard II. was the predecessor of Henry IV. Richard was the rightful king, but he had no talent for government, and during his reign all England was in a state of confusion and civil warfare. In consequence of his mis-government,

Richard was deposed and thrown into prison. He was a son of Edward, called from the black armour which he wore, the Black Prince. The Black Prince was the eldest son of Edward III., the duke of Clarence was his second son, and John of Gaunt the third. When Richard was deposed, a descendant of the duke of Clarence, was the legal successor to the throne, but Henry Bolingbroke set aside his claim, and caused himself to be crowned King. Henry IV. died March, 1413, in the 14th year of his reign.

At the age of twenty-five Henry V. succeeded his father. During his short reign of nine years he exhibited such qualities as are much admired in a rude age. He possessed great personal courage, a spirit of military enterprise, talent for command, and patient perseverance in the accomplishment of his purposes. According to history his deportment was singularly graceful and dignified, and his power of self-government even more extraordinary than his control of other men.

Shakspeare, in the last act of Henry IV. has given a very touching scene—it is the closing one of the king's life, in which he gives his latest counsel to the Prince of Wales. The king being ill, has his crown displaced from his head, and falls asleep. At this moment the prince enters the apartment of his father, and perceiving his condition, tenderly laments it, but removes the crown, and swears to maintain his right to it. The king awakes, eagerly demands who has taken away the crown, and seeing prince Henry, requests to be left alone with him; they then confer together thus :

#### HENRY IV. and PRINCE HENRY.

*K. Hen.* Come hither to me, Harry.

*P. Hen.* I never thought to hear you speak again.

*K. Hen.* Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought ;

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,

That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours

Before thy hour be ripe ? O foolish youth !

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.

Stay but a little ; for my cloud of dignity

Is held from falling with so weak a wind,

That it will quickly drop ; my day is dim.

Thou hast stolen that, which, after some few hours,

Were thine without offence ; and, at my death,

Thou hast sealed up my expectation ;

Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not,

And thou wilt have me die assured of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts :  
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,  
To stab at half an hour of my life.

What ! canst thou not forbear me half an hour ?  
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself ;  
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,  
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.  
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse,  
Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head ;  
Only compound me with forgotten dust ;  
Give that, which gave thee life, unto the worms.

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees ;  
For now the time is come to mock at form ;  
Harry the fifth is crowned.—Up, vanity !  
Down, royal state ! all you sage counsellors, hence !  
And to the English court assemble now,  
From every region, apes of idleness !  
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum.  
Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,  
Revel the night ; rob, murder, and commit  
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways ?  
Be happy ; he will trouble you no more.  
England shall double gild his treble guilt ;  
England shall give him office, honour, might ;  
For the fifth Harry from curbed license plucks  
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog  
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.  
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !  
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,  
What wilt thou do, when riot is thy care ?  
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,  
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants !

*P. Hen.* O, pardon me, my liege ! but for my tears,  
The moist impediments unto my speech, [*Kneeling.*  
I had forestalled this dear and deep rebuke,  
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard  
The course of it so far. There is your crown ;  
And He that wears the crown immortally,  
Long guard it yours ! If I affect it more,  
Than as your honour, and as your renown,  
Let me no more from this obedience rise,  
(Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit  
Teacheth,) this prostrate and exterior bending !  
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,

And found no course of breath within your majesty,  
 How cold it struck my heart ! If I do feign,  
 O, let me in my present wildness die ;  
 And never live to show the incredulous world  
 The noble change that I have purposed !

Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,  
 (And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,)  
 I spake unto the crown, as having sense,  
 And thus upbraided it. *The care on thee depending,  
 Hath fed upon the body of my father ;  
 Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.  
 And thou, most fine, most honoured, most renowned,  
 Hast eat thy bearer up.* Thus, my most royal liege,  
 Accusing it, I put it on my head ;  
 To try with it,—as with an enemy,  
 That had before my face murdered my father,—  
 The quarrel of a true inheritor.  
 But if it did infect my blood with joy,  
 Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride ;  
 If any rebel or vain spirit of mine  
 Did, with the least affection of a welcome,  
 Give entertainment to the might of it,  
 Let God forever keep it from my head !  
 And make me as the poorest vassal is,  
 That doth with awe and terror kneel to it !

*K. Hen.* O my son !  
 Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,  
 That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,  
 Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.  
 Come hither, Harry ; sit thou by my bed ;  
 And hear, I think, the very latest counsel  
 That ever I shall breathe. Heaven knows, my son,  
 By what by-paths, and indirect, crooked ways,  
 I met this crown ; and I myself know well,  
 How troublesome it sat upon my head :  
 To thee it shall descend with better quiet,  
 Better opinion, better confirmation ;  
 For all the soil of the achievement goes  
 With me into the earth. It seemed in me,  
 But as an honour snatched with boisterous hand ;  
 And I had many living, to upbraid  
 My gain of it by their assistances ;  
 Which daily grew to quarrel, and to bloodshed.

What in me was purchased,  
 Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort ;  
 So thou the garland wear'st successively.  
 Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,  
 Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green ;  
 And all thy friends, which thou must make thy friends,  
 Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out ;  
 By whose fell working I was first advanced,  
 And by whose power I well might lodge a fear  
 To be again displaced ; which to avoid,  
 I cut them off ; and had a purpose now  
 To lead out many to the Holy Land ;  
 Lest rest, and lying still, might make them look  
 Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,  
 Be it thy course, to busy giddy minds  
 With foreign quarrels ; that action, hence borne out,  
 May waste the memory of the former days.  
 More would I but my lungs are wasted so,  
 That strength of speech is utterly denied me.  
 How I came by the crown, O God, forgive !  
 And grant it may with thee in true peace live !

*P. Hen.* My gracious liege,  
 You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me :  
 Then plain, and right, must my possession be ;  
 Which I, with more than with a common pain,  
 'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

#### HENRY V.

*The noble change that he had purposed*, as he bound his brows with the crown of his dying father, was exemplified in Prince Henry when he became King of England. One circumstance of his public conduct, which is finely exhibited by Shakspeare, is illustrative of his respect for the constitution and laws of his kingdom, and as an example of his disinterestedness and veneration for justice does honour to his memory.

" Henry the Fifth, when Prince of Wales, was wild, and in the disgraceful society of Sir John Falstaff, Poins, and other idlers, committed several offences against the laws. Some of his attendants had been taken up by the officers of justice, for a riot, and were brought before the chief justice, Sir William Gascoigne. While they were in court, prince Henry came, and rudely demanded that they should be released. The chief justice refused.



The prince insulted, and, it is supposed, even struck the judge. The chief justice with great dignity kept his seat upon the bench and in the authoritative tone of a man to whom the execution of the laws is intrusted, rebuked the prince, and ordered him to be taken into custody. "To this the prince, recollecting his duty, becomingly submitted."

It is related by an old historian that Prince Henry, being ordered to prison, "doing reverence" to the judge, departed, and went to the King's bench as he was commanded. One of his attendants, displeased at this indignity, (as he deemed it,) offered to the prince, and thinking to incense the King against the chief justice, repaired to his majesty with the whole affair. The King on hearing the circumstance, paused for a moment, and then, lifting his eyes and clasped hands to Heaven, exclaimed, "O merciful God! how much above all other men am I indebted to thine infinite goodness; especially that thou has given me a judge who feareth not to minister justice, and also a son who can suffer worthily and obey justice."

"After the death of his father, when Henry became king, the nation expected he would give himself up to amusement and intemperance; but on the contrary, he immediately assumed the deportment and conduct of a wise monarch, and, dismissing from his presence his former companions, instead of disgracing the chief justice who had committed him, he thanked him for the firmness and dignity with which he had executed the laws, and conferred great favours upon him."

**KING HENRY, the Princes his brothers, and the CHIEF JUSTICE.**

*Ch. Just.* Good morrow; and heaven save your majesty!

*King.* This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,  
Sits not so easy on me as you think.—

Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear;

This is the English, not the Turkish court.

—————good brothers—be assured,

I'll be your father and your brother too.

Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.

*P. John and the others.* We hope no other from your majesty.

*King.* You all look strangely on me:—and you most;  
You are, I think, assured I love you not. [*To the Chief Just.*]

*Ch. Just.* I am assured, if I be measured rightly,  
Your majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

*King.* No!  
How might a prince of my great hopes forget

So great indignities you laid upon me ?  
 What ! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison  
 The immediate heir of England ? Was this easy ?  
 May this be washed in Lethe, and forgotten ?

*Ch. Just.* I then did use the person of your father ;  
 The image of his power lay then in me ;  
 And, in the administration of his law,  
 While I was busy for the commonwealth,  
 Your highness pleased to forget my place,  
 The majesty and power of law and justice,  
 The image of the king whom I presented,  
 And struck me in my very seat of judgment ;  
 Whereon, as an offender to your father,  
 I gave bold way to my authority,  
 And did commit you. If the deed were ill,  
 Be you contented, wearing now the garland,  
 To have a son set your decrees at nought ;  
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench ;  
 To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword  
 That guards the peace and safety of your person ;  
 Nay, more ; to spurn at your most royal image,  
 And mock your workings in a second body.

Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours ;  
 Be now the father, and propose a son :  
 Hear your own dignity so much profaned,  
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,  
 Behold yourself so by a son disdained ;  
 And then imagine me taking your part,  
 And, in your power, soft silencing your son.  
 After this cold considerance, sentence me ;  
 And as you are a king, speak in your state,  
 What I have done, that misbecame my place,  
 My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

*King.* You are right, justice, and you weigh this well ;  
 Therefore still bear the balance and the sword ;  
 And I do wish your honours may increase,  
 Till you do live to see a son of mine  
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did.  
 So shall I live to speak my father's words ;—  
*Happy am I, that have a man so bold,  
 That dares do justice on my proper son ;  
 And not less happy having such a son,  
 That would deliver up his greatness so  
 Into the hands of justice.—You did commit me ;*

For which, I do commit into your hand  
 The unstain'd sword that you have used to bear ;  
 With this remembrance,—That you use the same  
 With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit,  
 That you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand ;  
 You shall be as a father to my youth :  
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear ;  
 And I will stoop and humble my intents  
 To your well-practised, wise directions.—  
 And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you ;  
 My father's gone into his grave, and in  
 His tomb lie all my wild affections ;  
 And with his spirit sadly I survive,  
 To mock the expectation of the world ;  
 To frustrate prophecies ; and to raze out  
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down  
 After my seeming.

The tide of blood in me  
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity, till now.  
 Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea ;  
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,  
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.  
 Now call we our high court of parliament ;  
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,  
 That the great body of our state may go  
 In equal rank with the best governed nation ;  
 That war, or peace, or both at once, may be  
 As things acquainted and familiar to us :—  
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.

[To the Lord Chief Justice.

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*This is the English, not the Turkish court.*—Brothers, why should you fear me ?—You are not in the despotic country of Turkey, where a monarch, through fear that his brothers should kill him, in order that one of them may usurp the throne, to secure his own life takes theirs. You are in Britain, where our knowledge and laws make me your protector ; and the institutions we live under induce me to trust as well as to defend you.

Mr. Edgeworth, in *Poetry Explained*, has rendered the reply to the King into the following prose ;—When the King asks, Was this *easy* ? Can it be *easily* forgotten ? the judge's remonstrance signifies, “ I then represented the person of your father (who is supposed to be present in this court of justice ;) his power was

then in me, and whilst I was administering the laws, and busy for the common-weal (for the common good,) your highness forgot my office—forgot the power and majesty of the laws and of justice—you forgot your father, whom I represented, and struck me on the bench of justice ; whereupon I boldly exerted my authority, and sent you to prison.

“ If you think this wrong, you must be contented when, now you wear the garland, (the crown,) to have your son set your decrees at nought, to have him pull down the authority of your judgment-seat, to trip and stop the current course of law, and to take off the edge and power of the sword of justice, which guards the peace and safety of your person ; nay more, you must submit to have your son affront your own royal image, represented and acting in the person of your judge, whom you substitute in your place.

“ Question your royal thoughts ; make the case your own ; suppose yourself a father, and that you had a son ; suppose you heard your dignity scorned, and that you saw your laws disdained ; then imagine me taking your part, and by your power, inherent in me, silencing your son. After having brought these images before your mind, and after cool consideration, pass sentence upon me ; and as you are a king, speak—not as a private person, but in the dignity of your public capacity, and declare what I have done unbecoming of my office, my person, or your sovereignty.”

*Your highness.*—Highness is now a title of honour or respect, addressed in the sons and daughters of the king ; formerly it was used in addressing the king or queen.

*The Garland.*—Shakspeare, in two or three places, calls the crown the garland.

*Liege's sovereignty.*—Liege properly means a person to whom a certain duty or obedience is owing. Formerly, after the conquest of England by William the Conqueror, when the land of the kingdom was divided amongst his followers, or vassals, every man, instead of paying rent in money for the land which he held, was bound to supply the person from whom he held it, whenever that person demanded them to fight his battles, with a certain number of armed men, on horseback, or on foot. The person to whom he owed this service was called his *liege lord*. Persons who were themselves princes frequently had liege lords over them ; in particular, the emperor of Germany had a great number of princes and dukes for his vassals, who were all bound to him as their liege lord.

*Therefore still bear the balance and the sword.*—The chief jus-

tice of the king's bench has neither a balance (a pair of scales,) nor a sword, carried before him ; but the allegorical figure of Justice is represented in painting and statuary by a female figure blind-fold, to show that Justice should not respect the persons of people ; with a balance in her left hand, to denote that she weighs carefully before she determines ; and with a sword in her right hand, to denote that Justice can punish offenders with the sword of the law.

The Roman magistrates had axes surrounded with rods carried before them, as emblems of punishment ; the rods to punish smaller offences ; the axe to punish greater crimes with death. Though the judges have not swords carried before them, yet the king of England, who is the head of the law, and who is represented by the chief justice of the king's bench, has the sword of state carried before him on days of ceremony.

And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you ;  
My father's gone into his grave ; and in  
His tomb lie all my wild affections.

Princes, believe me, my father has carried my wildness and youthful follies into his grave with him, for all my former affections or propensities lie there ; and his sedate spirit lives in me, to disappoint the expectation which the world has of my being a dissipated monarch, and to contradict prophesies and opinions which were induced by my former conduct.

#### CYMBELINE.

According to the old histories of Britain, about seventy years before the birth of our saviour, a prince named Lud reigned over the southern part of the island. Lud was murdered, and his brother Cassibelan, excluding his sons from the throne, usurped the sovereign power. In the ninth year of the reign of Cassibelan, Julius Caesar, the Roman general, invaded Britain, and Tenantius, the younger son of Lud, aided him. When Cassibelan died, Tenantius was restored to his inheritance, and agreed to pay tribute to the Romans.

Cassibelan had not been so submissive, for when Caesar sent to him a messenger demanded that he should confess himself subject to Rome ; should *pay homage*, or acknowledge the authority of the Roman government over himself and his dominions, and, moreover, should pay tribute to Rome, Cassibelan refused, saying that, "The ambition of the Romans was insatiable, who would not suffer Britain, to them a *new world*, placed by nature

in the ocean and beyond the bounds of their empire, to lie unmolested."

Cymbeline, the son of Tenantius, succeeded his father. In his youth Cymbeline was sent to Rome to be educated, was caressed by Augustus, and called the *friend* of the Roman people. The Romans liked to have hereditary princes of partially conquered countries come to their capital and dwell with them, that the former might learn their language and laws, and respect their power; and, when they should return to their own dominions, make their subjects feel that it was desirable to submit to the conquerors. The Romans did not always act thus, for in the first period of their conquests they treated captive princes with extreme indignity.

Shakspeare represents that Cymbeline refused to pay tribute to Rome. But a commentator thinks this was not the fact. In the play, or History of Cymbeline, Belarius, a British lord, is supposed by Cymbeline to connive with the Romans against him, and as a punishment, he banished Belarius from his court.

Belarius being unjustly accused by his sovereign, took vengeance upon him by carrying off two young princes, his sons, and keeping them in a cave till they had grown to be men. At that time the princes became tired of their lonely life in the woods, and thus remonstrated with Belarius.

SCENE *a Forest with a Cave, in Wales.*

*Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.*

*Bel.* A goodly day! not to keep house, with such Whose roof's as low as ours: see, boys! this gate Instructs you how t'adore the heav'n's; and bows you To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs Are arched so high, that giants may jet through And keep their impious turbans on, without Good-morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heav'n!

*Guid.* Hail, heaven!

*Arv.* Hail, heaven!

*Bel.* Now for our mountain sport, up to yon hill, Your legs are young:

— Oh, this life  
Is nobler than attending for a check;  
Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble;  
Prouder, than rustling in unpaïd-for silk:  
No life to ours.

*Guid.* Out of your proof you speak ; we, poor, unfledged  
 Have never winged from view o'th' nest ; nor know  
 What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,  
 If quiet life is best ; sweeter to you,  
 That have a sharper known : well corresponding  
 With your stiff age ; but unto us, it is  
 A cell of ignorance ; travelling a-bed ;  
 A prison for a debtor that not dares  
 To stride a limit.

*Arv.* What should we speak of  
 When we are old as you ? when we shall hear  
 The rain and wind beat dark *December* ? how,  
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse  
 The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing :  
 We're beastly ; subtle as the fox for prey ;  
 Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat :  
 Our valour is to chase what flies ; our cage  
 We make a choir, as doth the prisoned bird,  
 And sing our bondage freely.

*Bel.* How you speak !  
 Did you but know the city's usuries,  
 And felt them knowingly ; the art o'th' court,  
 As hard to leave, as keep ; whose top to climb,  
 Is certain falling ; or so slippery, that  
 The fear's as bad as falling ; the toil of war ;  
 A pain, that only seems to seek out danger,  
 I'th' name of fame and honour ;  
 And hath as oft a sland'rous epitaph,  
 As record of fair act ; nay many time,  
 Doth ill deserve, by doing well : what's worse,  
 Must curtesy at the censure :—Oh, boys, this story  
 The world may read in me : my body's marked  
 With *Roman* swords, and my report was once  
 First with the best of note. *Cymbeline* lov'd me ;  
 And when a soldier was the theme, my name  
 Was not far off : then was I as a tree  
 Whose boughs did bend with fruit. But, in one night,  
 A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,  
 Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves ;  
 And left me bare to weather.

*Guid.* Uncertain favour !

*Bel.* My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft  
 But that two villains (whose false oaths prevailed  
 Before my perfect honour) swore to *Cymbeline*

I was confederate with the *Romans* : so  
 Followed my banishment ; and, these twenty years,  
 This rock and these demesnes have been my world ;  
 Where I have lived in honest freedom ;  
 But, up to the mountains  
 This is not hunter's language ; he that strikes  
 The venison first shall be the Lord o'th' feast ;  
 To him the other two shall minister,  
 And we will fear no poison, which attends  
 In place of greater state :  
 I'll meet you in the valleys. [*Exeunt Guid. and Arvir.*]

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature !  
 These boys know little they are sons to the King ;  
 Nor *Cymbeline* dreams that they are alive.  
 They think they're mine ; tho' trained up thus meanly  
 I'the cave, there, on the brow, their thoughts do hit  
 The roof of palaces ; and nature prompts them,  
 In simple and low things, to prince it, much  
 Beyond the trick of others. This *Polydore*  
 (The heir of *Cymbeline* and *Britaine*, whom  
 The King his father called *Guiderius*) *Jove* !  
 When on my three-foot-stool I sit, and tell  
 The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out  
 Into my story : say, " thus mine enemy fell,  
 " And thus I set my foot upon his neck "——even then  
 The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,  
 Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture  
 That acts my words——

The younger brother *Cadwall*,  
 (Once, *Arviragus*) in as like a figure  
 Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more  
 His own conceiving.—Hark, the game is roused.—  
 Oh *Cymbeline* ! heaven and my conscience know,  
 Thou didst unjustly banish me : whereon,  
 At three and two years old, I stole these babes ;  
 Thinking to bar thee of succession, as  
 Thou rest'st me of my lands. *Euriphile*,  
 Thou wast their nurse ; they take thee for their mother,  
 And every day do honour to thy grave ;  
 Myself *Belarius*, that am *Morgan* called,  
 They take for natural father. The game's up. [*Exeunt.*]

—— this gate  
 Instructs you how to adore the heavens, &c.



This humble habitation of ours teaches our hearts humility. The palaces of princes encourage their pride, but as we must bow our heads to pass out of this low cave, so we are reminded to prostrate ourselves before the majesty of Heaven.

— *Oh this life*

*Is nobler, &c.*

Inexperienced youths, in this safe retreat you know not the follies and vices of mankind. No life is so desirable as ours, for its innocence, peace, and security.

*Out of your proof you speak, &c.*

You know, for you have lived in the world, what it is—good or bad—but we, unhappily, have received no such information. When we shall become as old as you, how deplorably unfurnished with all knowledge will our minds be—what shall we know to discourse upon?

*How you speak, &c.*

Did you but know the vices of men who inhabit cities; the arts practised in king's houses; the needless and cruel toil of war; the slanders which sometimes follow the best men and the best conduct; and the submissions which must be made to unjust censurers, you would not desire to abandon your present condition for one where so much may be suffered.

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It may be interesting to the young reader to be told that at the conclusion of this drama, the princes were restored to their father, the integrity of Belarius was vindicated, and he was received into favour by Cymbeline.

## MILTON.

"Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart :  
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart  
The lowliest duties on herself did lay."—*Wordsworth*.

Milton, who is rightly classed among the most exalted of British poets, was the son of a gentleman in the middle rank of society, but the moral dignity of his character would have done honour to any station. For abjuring the Roman Catholic, and professing the Protestant faith, the elder Milton was disinherited by his father, and compelled to make his way in the world by industry and integrity only ; but his ability in business secured to him a competent estate, and the happy turn of his mind rendered a moderate fortune sufficient.

From the childhood of the poet, his father discerned his extraordinary endowments, and trained him with suitable care and skill. Milton was at first educated by a private tutor, then sent to a public school in London, and, at a proper age, was entered at the university of Cambridge. After his collegiate studies were finished, he spent a few years in a delightful rural retirement at Horton in Buckinghamshire, and at the age of thirty repaired to the continent of Europe. All the influences of domestic culture, of self-application, and of foreign travel, tended to give the highest finish to the character of a man on whom nature had bestowed the most beautiful countenance, and the most sublime soul.

During his residence in France and Italy, Milton's virtues and accomplishments gained him the friendship of some of the most gifted men of the age. He lived, in respect to his own country, at a period of political trouble ; but he was neither "a bigot of the iron time" of Cromwell, nor a sycophant in the licentious court of Charles II. He was a true republican, and Cromwell, had distinguished him : consequently, after the Stuart ascended the throne, he fell into obscurity and neglect. But what was infinitely more afflictive, he was totally deprived of sight at the age of forty-two years. The happiness of this great man depended little upon fortune. His intellectual and moral worth gave dig-

nity to his condition, and when he was removed from active life, he was not forsaken of honourable friendships. His divine complacency, and the consolations that sustained his spirit, are exhibited by his own declarations.

A person engaged in a controversy with Milton, enraged at the zeal with which he supported the cause of civil and religious liberty, reproached him with his blindness, as a retribution of God upon the principles which he had defended. Upon this occasion, the poet made the following reply to his accuser :

“ I do not regard my lot either with weariness or compunction ; I continue in the same sentiments fixed and immoveable. I do not think God displeased with me, neither is he displeased ; on the contrary, I experience and thankfully acknowledge his paternal clemency and benignity towards me in every thing that is of the greatest moment ; specially in this, that he himself consoling and encouraging my spirit, I acquiesce without a murmur in his sacred dispensations. It is through his grace that I find my friends, even more than before, kind and officious towards me—that they are my consolers, honourers, visitors, and assistants.

“ Those who are of the highest consideration in the republic, finding that the light of my eyes departed from me, not being slothful and inactive, but while I was with constancy and resolution placing myself in the foremost post of danger for the defence of sacred liberty, do not on their part desert me. Nor is it an occasion of anguish to me, though you count it miserable, that I am fallen in vulgar estimation into the class of the blind, the unfortunate, the wretched, and the helpless ; since my hope is, that I am thus brought nearer to the mercy and protection of the universal Father.

“ There is a path, as the apostle teaches me, through weakness to a more consummate strength ; let me therefore be helpless, so that in my debility the better and more immortal part of our human nature may be more effectually displayed ; so that amidst my darkness, the light of the Divine countenance may shine forth more bright—than shall I be at once helpless, and yet of giant strength ; blind, yet of vision most penetrating ; thus may I be in this helplessness carried on to fulness of joy, and in this darkness surrounded with the light of eternal day.”—*Translated from the Latin of Milton, Defensio Secunda.*

The more powerful of Milton's poems may be found in different collections of poetry, as well as in his entire works ; such passages as were suitable to this book are here inserted. Cowper has translated from Milton's Latin poetry some endearing ver-

ses to the poet's father—they are an affecting acknowledgment of the benefits he had derived from that exemplary parent.

“ TO MY FATHER.

———“Thou hatedst not the gentle Muse,  
My father ! for thou never badst me tread  
The beaten path, and broad, that lead'st right on  
To opulence, nor didst condemn thy son  
To the insipid clamours of the bar,  
To laws voluminous, and ill observed :  
But, wishing to enrich me more, to fill  
My mind with treasure, ledst me far away  
From city-din to deep retreats, to banks  
And streams Aonian ; and, with free consent,  
Didst place me happy at Apollo's side.

I speak not now, on more important themes  
Intent, of common benefits, and such  
As nature bids, but of thy larger gifts,  
My Father ! who, when I had opened once  
The stores of Roman rhetoric, and learned  
The full-toned language of the eloquent Greeks,  
Whose lofty music graced the lips of Jove,  
Thyself didst counsel me to add the flow'rs  
That Gallia boasts, those too, with which the smooth  
Italian his degen'rate speech adorns,  
That witnesses his mixture with the Goth ;  
And Palestine's prophetic songs divine.

To sum the whole, whate'er the heav'n contains,  
The earth beneath it, and the air between,  
The rivers and the restless deep, may all  
Prove intellectual gain to me, my wish  
Concurring with thy will ; science herself,  
All cloud removed, inclines her beauteous head,  
And offers me the lip, if dull of heart,  
I shrink not, and decline her gracious boon.

Go now and gather dross, ye sordid minds,  
That covet it ; what could my Father more ?  
What more could Jove himself, unless he gave  
His own abode, the heav'n, in which he reigns ?  
More eligible gifts than these were not

Apollo's to his son, had they been safe,  
 As they were insecure, who made the boy  
 The world's vice-luminary, bade him rule  
 The radiant chariot of the day, and bind  
 To his young brows his own all-dazzling wreath.

I therefore, although last and least, my place  
 Among the learned in the laurel grove  
 Will hold, and where the conqueror's ivy twines,  
 Henceforth exempt from the unletter'd throng  
 Profane, nor even to be seen by such.  
 Away, then, sleepless Care, Complaint, away,  
 And, Envy, with thy "jealous leer malign!"  
 Nor let the monster Calumny shoot forth  
 Her venom'd tongue at me. Detested foes!  
 Ye all are impotent against my peace,  
 For I am privileged, and bear my breast  
 Safe, and too high, for your viperian wound.

But thou! my Father, since to render thanks  
 Equivalent, and to requite by deeds  
 Thy liberality, exceeds my power,  
 Suffice it, that I thus record thy gifts,  
 And bear them treasured in a grateful mind!  
 Ye too, the favourite pastime of my youth,  
 My voluntary numbers, if ye dare  
 To hope longevity, and to survive  
 Your master's funeral, not soon absorbed  
 In the oblivious Lethæan gulf,  
 Shall to futurity perhaps convey  
 -This theme, and by these praises of my sire  
 Improve the Fathers of a distant age!"

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*The boy, the world's vice-luminary.*—In mythology it is related that Apollo, or the Sun, permitted his son Phaeton to drive the celestial coursers, which, according to the fable, bear the sun round the earth, and that the unpractised charioteer would have set the world on fire had he not been precipitated into the river Po.

*Lethæan gulf.*—Those who tasted the waters of Lethe forgot the past.

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Milton's minor pieces were written before he was thirty: the *Paradise Lost* was published when he had attained the age of

sixty years. Comus, L'Allegro, and Penseroso, are delightful, but *Paradise Lost* has a power and elevation in it, a variety, and sublimity of excellence, which have given to Milton that rank as a sacred poet which belongs to him only. But his fame was not awarded to him while he lived—his place in society was humble, and he was never distinguished during his life but by a few of his more discerning contemporaries.

"He stood alone," says Mr. Campbell, "and aloof above his times, the bard of immortal subjects, and, as far as there is perpetuity in language, of immortal fame. The very choice of those subjects bespoke a contempt of any species of excellence that was attainable by other men. There is something that overawes the mind in conceiving his long deliberated selection of that theme—his attempting it when his eyes were shut upon the face of nature—his dependence, we might almost say, on supernatural inspiration, and in the calm air of strength with which he opens *Paradise Lost*, beginning a mighty performance without the appearance of an effort. Taking the subject all in all, his powers could nowhere else have enjoyed the same scope. It was only from the height of his great argument that he could look back upon eternity past, and forward upon eternity to come, that he could survey the abyss of infernal darkness, open visions of Paradise, or ascend to heaven and breathe empyreal air."

The subject of *Paradise Lost*, is taken from that portion of the Hebrew Scriptures which relates to our first parents. It supposes, what many Christians admit to be true in theology, that God placed the first human pair in a happy condition, and promised that they and all their posterity should remain for ever in that happy state, provided they would obey God; but that, if they would disobey the divine commands, they should be punished. They disobeyed God, were driven out of Paradise, and they and all their descendants were, thenceforth, made liable to sin, sorrow, and death.

Satan, a malignant spirit, tempted the first woman to break the prohibition of God, *she* tempted her husband, and *both*, in consequence of their weakness, were driven out from Eden, their primitive dwelling-place, and destined to "labour and sorrow" in some other region. The only alleviation which their expulsion from Paradise admitted, was the promise of God, that "one greater man" than Adam should restore his descendants to the moral image of God, which they had forfeited, and likewise reconcile them to God's government and will.

## SENTENCE PRONOUNCED ON ADAM AND EVE.

In the XIth Book of the *Paradise Lost*, Adam and Eve, after they had broken the divine command, are represented as lamenting their offence, when Michael, a spirit sent from God, descends to them, and commands them to leave their native Paradise. Perceiving his approach, Adam to Eve

—“ thus spake :  
 Eve, now except great tidings, which perhaps  
 Of us will soon determine, or impose  
 New laws to be observed ; for I descry  
 From yonder blazing cloud that veils the hill  
 One of the heav’nly host, and by his gait,  
 None of the meanest, some great potentate  
 Or of the thrones above, such majesty  
 Invests him coming ; yet not terrible,  
 That I should fear, nor sociably mild,  
 As Raphael, that I should much confide,  
 But solemn and sublime, whom not t’ offend,  
 With rev’rence I must meet, and thou retire.

He ended ; and the Archangel soon drew nigh,  
 Not in his shape celestial, but as man  
 Clad to meet man ; over his lucid arms  
*A military vest of purple flowed,*  
*Livelier than Melibæan, or the grain*  
*Of Sarra, worn by kings and heroes old*  
*In time of truce ;* Iris had dipt the woof ;  
 His starry helm unbuckled showed him prime  
 In manhood where youth ended ; by his side  
 As in a glist’ning zodiac hung the sword,  
 Satan’s dire dread, and in his hand the spear.  
 Adam bowed low : he kingly from his state  
 Inclined not, but his coming thus declared :

Adam, heaven’s high behest no preface needs :  
 Sufficient that thy pray’rs are heard, and death,  
 Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,  
 Defeated of his seizure many days  
 Given thee of grace, wherein thou may’st repent.  
 And one bad act with many deeds well done  
 May’st cover : well may then thy Lord appeased  
 Redeem thee quite from Death’s rapacious claim ;  
 But longer in this Paradise to dwell  
 Permits not ; to remove thee I am come,

And send thee from the garden forth to till  
The ground whence thou was taken, fitter soil.

He added not, for Adam at the news  
Heart-struck with chilling grip of sorrow stood,  
That all his senses bound ; Eve, who unseen  
Yet all had heard, with audible lament  
Discover'd soon the place of her retire."

*A military vest, &c.*—This magnificent attire of the archangel is compared with that of Asiatic kings, who in ancient times endeavoured in their warfare to astonish their enemies by their splendour, as well as to overcome them by their military prowess.

*Iris had dipt the woof.*—The *woof* of any texture is composed of the transverse threads which interlace the threads that form the *warp* of the woven substance. *Iris* is the goddess of the rainbow, which exhibits all the prismatic colours, and consequently the most pure and vivid hues in nature.

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#### THE DEPARTURE FROM PARADISE.

The archangel fulfils the commission with which God had intrusted him with peculiar tenderness to our first parents. They are not driven without gracious preparation into an untried condition of existence. Michael "ascends in the vision of God" with Adam, and foreshows to him the degeneracy and misery of his posterity, but to console him for these tremendous prospects, he reveals to him "salvation by Jesus Christ"—the reformation of a "perverted world," and the commencement of a kingdom,

"Founded in righteousness and peace and love,  
To bring forth fruits, joy and eternal bliss."

Thus enlightened and encouraged, Adam submissively replies to his celestial visitant—

"Greatly instructed I shall hence depart,  
Greatly in peace of thought, and have my fill  
Of knowledge, what this vessel can contain ;  
Beyond which was my folly to aspire.  
Henceforth I learn, that to obey is best,  
And love with fear the only God, to walk  
As in his presence, ever to observe  
His providence, and on him sole depend ;  
Merciful over all his works, with good  
Still overcoming evil, and by small



Accomplishing great things, by things deemed weak  
 Subverting worldly strong, and worldly wise  
 By simply meek : that suffering for truth's sake  
 Is fortitude to highest victory,  
 And to the faithful, death the gate of life—  
 Taught this by his example whom I now  
 Acknowledge my Redeemer ever blest.

To whom thus also the angel last replied,  
 This having learned, thou hast attained the sum  
 Of wisdom ; hope no higher though all the stars  
 Thou knew'st by name, and all the ethereal pow'rs,  
 All secrets of the deep, all Nature's works,  
 Or works of God in heaven, air, earth, or sea,  
 And all the riches of this world enjoy'dst,  
 And all the rule, one empire ; only add  
 Deeds to thy knowledge answerable, add faith,  
 Add virtue, patience, temperance, add love,  
 By name to come, called Charity, the soul  
 Of all the rest : then wilt thou not be loath  
 To leave this Paradise, but shalt possess  
 A Paradise within thee, happier far.

Let us descend now therefore from this top  
 Of speculation ; for the hour precise  
 Exacts our parting hence ; and see, the guards,  
 By me encamped on yonder hill,—expect  
 Their motion, at whose front a flaming sword  
 In signal of remove, waves fiercely round ;  
 We may no longer stay : go, waken Eve ;  
 Her also I with gentle dreams have calmed  
 Portending good, and all her spirits composed  
 To meek submission : thou at season fit  
 Let her with thee partake what thou hast heard,  
 Chiefly what may concern her faith to know :  
 That ye may live, which will be many days,  
 Both in one faith unanimous though sad,  
 With cause, for evils past, yet much more cheered  
 With meditation on the happy end.

He ended, and they both descended the hill ;  
 Descended, Adam to the bow'r where Eve  
 Lay sleeping ran before, but found her waked ;  
 And thus with words not sad she him received.

Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know,  
For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,  
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good  
Presaging, since with sorrow and heart's distress  
Wearied I fell asleep : but now lead on ;  
In me is no delay ; with thee to go,  
Is to stay here ; without thee here to stay,  
Is to go hence unwilling ; thou to me  
Art all things under heaven, all places thou,  
Who for my wilful crime art banished hence.  
This further consolation yet secure  
I carry hence ; though all by me is lost,  
Such favor I unworthy am vouchsafed,  
By me the promised seed shall all restore.

So spake our mother Eve, and Adam heard  
Well pleased, but answered not ; for now too nigh  
The archangel stood, and from the other hill  
To their fix'd station, all in bright array  
The cherubim descended ; on the ground  
Gliding meteorous, as evening mist  
Risen from a river o'er the marish glides,  
And gathers ground fast at the lab'rer's heel  
Homeward returning. High in front advanced,  
The brandished sword of God before them blazed  
Fierce as a comet ; which with torrid heat,  
And vapour as the Lybian air adust,  
Began to parch that temp'rate clime ; whereat  
In either hand the hast'ning Angel caught  
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate  
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast  
To the subjected plain ; then disappeared.

They looking back, all the eastern side beheld  
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,  
Waved over by that flaming brand, the gate  
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms :  
Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon :  
The world was all before them, where to choose  
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide :  
They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,  
Through Eden took their solitary way.

## PARTHIA.

The subject of *Paradise Regained* may be found in the fourth chapter of the gospel of St. Matthew—it is what is commonly called the Temptation of Christ. When this event occurred, our Saviour had attained the age of thirty years, and was about to begin that moral revolution in the world which his teaching and example afterwards accomplished. From the gospel history it appears that at this time an evil spirit counselled him to assume the state of a temporal prince; but to have done this he must have accommodated himself to prevailing vices and institutions wholly incompatible with his high office, and as he came into the world in the name of the Lord his God, he resolved to serve him only, and not the Prince of this world.

The tempter “showed him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them.” The most remarkable nations then existing were the Parthians, the Greeks, and Romans. Parthia, on the ancient maps, was the country immediately east of Syria, and south of the Caspian sea, and contained at that time a populous and powerful state. Among the kingdoms which, according to Milton, passed under the survey of Jesus, was Parthia, and he has described its warfare—military prowess, or mere physical force, being the chief distinction of that barbarous nation.

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“ There  
 Artaxata, Teredon, Ctesiphon,  
 Turning with easy eye thou may'st behold.  
 All these the Parthian, now some ages past,  
 By great Arsaces led, who founded first  
 That empire, under his dominion holds,  
 From the luxurious kings of Antioch won.  
 And just in time thou com'st to have a view  
 Of his great power; for now the Parthian king  
 In Ctesiphon hath gathered all his host  
 Against the Scythian, whose incursions wild  
 Have wasted Sogdiana; to her aid  
 He marches now in haste. See, though from far,  
 His thousands, in what martial equipage  
 They issue forth, steel bows, and shafts, their arms,  
 Of equal dread and flight, or in pursuit;  
 All horsemen, in which fight they most excel;  
 See how in warlike muster they appear,  
 In rhombs and wedges, and half-moons, and wings.

He looked, and saw what numbers numberless  
 The city-gates out-poured, light armed troops  
 In coats of mail and military pride ;  
 In mail their horses clad, yet fleet and strong,  
 Prancing their riders bore, the flower and choice  
 Of many provinces from bound to bound ;  
 He saw them in their forms of battle ranged,  
 How quick they wheeled, and flying behind them shot  
 Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face  
 Of their pursuers, and overcame by flight ;  
 The field all iron cast a gleaming brown :  
 Nor wanted clouds of foot, nor on each horn  
 Cuirassiers all in steel for standing fight,  
 Chariots or elephants endorsed with towers  
 Of archers, nor of lab'ring pioneers  
 A multitude with spades and axes armed  
 To lay hills plain, fell woods, or valleys fill,  
 Or where plain was, raise hill, or overlay  
 With bridges rivers proud, as with a yoke ;  
 Mules after these, camels and dromedaries,  
 And wagons fraught with utensils of war.

Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,  
 When Agrican with all his northern powers  
 Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,  
 The city of Gallaphorne, from whence to win  
 The fairest of her sex Angelica  
 His daughter, sought by many prowest knight  
 Both Paynim, and the peers of Charlemagne :  
 Such and so numerous was their chivalry."

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*Agrican with all his northern powers, &c.*—This and the five following lines furnish a comparison between some fictitious army and that of Parthia. Charlemagne was Emperor of the Franks, since called the French, and a great promoter of the civilization of Europe. He lived A. D. 800. The French romance writers composed many fictions concerning his achievements, and to one of these Milton refers in this place.

*Prowest knights.*—Courageous and strong knights.

*Paynim.*—Pagan.

## ROME.

Milton had been at Rome. Her ruins still testify her former magnificence, and he doubtless felt all that the contemplation of her departed glory inspires. The time he describes was in the reign of Tiberius, the successor of Augustus. The city of Rome had been increasing in riches and splendour for almost eight centuries, and for three of these centuries the Roman arms had been carried beyond the limits of Italy. The commerce of Rome extended from Britain to India; and the inhabitants of this vast metropolis, computed to be several millions, consisted, like Jerusalem, of *every nation under heaven*; that is, of people from all countries then civilized. This is sufficiently plain from the animated description given of Rome by Milton:

“ He brought our Saviour to the western side  
Of that high mountain, whence he might behold  
Another plain, thence in the midst  
Divided by a river, of whose banks  
On each side an imperial city stood,  
With tow’rs and temples proudly elevate  
On sev’n small hills, with palaces adorned,  
Porches and theatres, baths, aqueducts,  
Statues and trophies, and triumphal arcs,  
Gardens and groves presented to his eyes,  
Above the height of mountains interposed.

The city which thou seest no other deem  
Than great and glorious Rome, queen of the earth  
So far renowned, and with the spoils enriched  
Of nations; there the capitol thou seest  
Above the rest lifting his stately head  
On the Tarpeian rock, her citadel  
Impregnable; and there mount Palatine,  
Th’ imperial palace, compass huge and high  
The structure, skill of noblest architects,  
With gilded battlements, conspicuous far,  
Turrets and terraces, and glittering spires;  
Many a fair edifice besides, more like  
Houses of God, thou may’st behold  
Outside and inside both, pillars and roofs,  
Carved work, the hand of famed artificers  
In cedar, marble, ivory, or gold.

Thence to the gates cast round thine eye, and see  
 What conflux issuing forth, or entering in,  
 Prætors, proconsuls to their provinces  
 Hasting, or to return, in robes of state ;  
 Lictors and rods, the ensigns of their power,  
 Legions and cohorts, turms of horse and wings ;  
 Or embassies from regions far remote,  
 In various habits on the Appian road,  
 Or on th' Æmilian, some from farthest south,  
 Syene, and where the shadow both way falls,  
 Meroe Nilotic isle, and more to west,  
 The realm of Bocchus to the Black-moor sea ;  
 From the Asian kings and Parthian among these,  
 From India and the golden Chersonese,  
 And utmost Indian isle 'Taprobane,  
 Dusk faces with white silken turbans wreathed  
 From Gallia, Gades, and the British west  
 Germans and Scythians, and Sarmatians north  
 Beyond Danubius to the Tauric pool.

All nations now to Rome obedience pay.  
 To Rome's great Emperor, whose wide domain  
 In ample territory, wealth and power,  
 Civility of manners, arts and arms,  
 And long renown, thou justly may'st prefer  
 Before the Parthian ; these two thrones except,  
 The rest are barbarous, and scarce worth the sight,  
 Shared among petty kings too far removed ;  
 These having shown thee, I have shown thee all  
 The kingdoms of the world, and all their glory."

The reader who has been instructed in history, knows that this splendour has in the course of years passed away, and that though travellers still resort to Rome for the gratification of curiosity, yet the monuments of its greatness form the present attraction to it. Under the Emperors, such bloody civil wars raged at Rome, that it became an unsafe and unhappy residence ; the arts of peace were neglected, and its population insensibly diminished. The Goths and other barbarians devastated the empire ; and in A. D. 476, Rome was abandoned by its last Emperor. Then Genseric and Alaric, two barbarian generals, with their infatuated armies, took and ravaged the city of the Cæsars. But they did not entirely demolish it—it has ever retained its name, and after its conquerors grew weary of destruction, civilization sprung up from its ashes.

In A. D. 800 Charlemagne, who included Italy in his dominions, yielded the city to the *Pope*, formerly the Bishop of Rome. From that time Rome became the capital of a new dominion—that of the Catholic religion ; and the fine arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, have attained to high perfection in modern Rome. Still Rome continually decays, and its present population little exceeds 100,000. Mr. Pope describes Rome thus :

“ See the wild waste of all-devouring years !  
 How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,  
 With nodding arches, broken temples spread  
 The very tombs now vanished like their dead !  
 Imperial wonders raised on nations spoiled,  
 Where mixed with slaves the groaning martyr toiled ;  
 Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,  
 Now drained a distant country of her floods :  
 Fanes, which admiring gods with pride survey ;  
 Statues of men scarce less alive than they !  
 Some felt the silent stroke of mouldering age,  
 Some hostile fury, some religious rage.  
 Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,  
 And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.  
 Perhaps, by its own ruins saved from flame,  
 Some buried marble half preserves a name ;  
 That name the learned with fierce disputes pursue,  
 And give to Titus old Vespasian’s due.”

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*Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,  
 And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.—*

These several causes contributed to the destruction of Rome. The Goths with undiscerning fury, burnt, battered down, and buried many beautiful works of ancient art ; and the Catholic Christians, finding among the buildings of Rome many heathen temples and many statues of ancient gods and heroes, thought it their duty to destroy those remains of Paganism.

*Some buried marble half preserves a name.*

It has become desirable among the curious and the learned to recover as much as possible of the buried sculpture of ancient Rome. Much of this has been disinterred, and many disputes among connoisseurs have originated in the doubtful character of these marbles.

## ATHENS.

In describing the glories of the world, to disregard a place where the human mind had attained the highest perfection, and where the arts had flourished for ages, would have been an oversight not at all characteristic of the pervading intelligence which comprehended the various genius of them all. Therefore, before he descends from the mount of observation, the tempter stops awhile to point out the distinguishing genius of Athens. That city had then for two centuries been under the dominion of Rome, but her language, her monuments, her traditions, and many of her institutions still existed ; and thither the best educated of the Romans resorted to complete their course of study. Milton's verses represent Athens thus :

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Behold

Where on the Ægean shore a city stands  
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil,  
Athens the eye of Greece, mother of arts  
And eloquence, native to famous wits  
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,  
City or suburban, studious walks and shades ;  
See there the olive grove of Academe,  
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird  
'Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long.  
There flowery hill Hymettus with the sound  
Of bees' industrious murmur oft invites  
To studious musing ; there Ilissus rolls  
His whisp'ring stream ; within the wall then view  
The schools of ancient sages ; his who bred  
Great Alexander to subdue the world,  
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next :  
There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power  
Of harmony in tones and numbers hit  
By voice or hand, and various measured verse,  
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,  
And his who gave them breath, but higher sung,  
Blind Melesigenes thence Homer called,  
Whose poem Phœbus challenged for his own.



Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught  
 In chorus or iambic, teachers best  
 Of moral prudence, with delight received  
 In brief sententious precepts, while they treat  
 Of fate and chance, and change in human life ;  
 High actions and high passions best describing.

Thence to the famous orators repair,  
 Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence  
 Wielded at will that fierce democratic,  
 Shook th' arsenal and fulminated over Greece,  
 To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.

To sage philosophy next lend thine ear,  
 From heav'n descended to the low-rooft house  
 Of Socrates ; see there his tenement,  
 Whom well inspired the oracle pronounced  
 Wisest of men ; from whose mouth issued forth  
 Mellifluous streams that watered all the schools  
 Of academics, old and new, with those  
 Sirnamed Peripatetics, and the sect  
 Epicurean, and the Stoic severe.

The poets, orators, and philosophical schools of Athens are only mentioned here. *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides* were the grave tragedians—*teachers best of moral prudence*. The challenge of *Phœbus* means that *Homer's* poetry was declared by some to be that of *Apollo* himself. *Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes*, alludes to different measures and dialects of Greek poetry. He, *who bred great Alexander*, was the philosopher *Aristotle*. The chief of the thundering orators, was *Demosthenes*, who exhorted his countrymen by the most powerful eloquence to resist *Philip of Macedon* ; and *Socrates* was so pure, humble, and powerful a moralist, that he has sometimes been compared with the founder of our religion.

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#### COMUS.

Among the ancients, *Comus* was the god of low pleasures—of those noisy and foolish frolics which are suited to night rather than to day, and which some ignorant and intemperate people delight in. *Milton's Masque of Comus* is a beautiful poem : it is founded upon the supposed power which *Comus* possesses over the minds of the pure and wise, and over the weak and sensual.

Milton presumes that when men devote themselves to the *rites of Comus*, that is to excessive drinking, and, as the Gospel says, to "riotous living," they become in reality *beasts*, though they know not that they are thus degraded, but, that if the mind is firm in good principles it will resist every attraction of vice, and retain its innocence under the strongest temptations. *Comus* was written in the dramatic form, to be represented by the Earl of Bridgewater's family at Ludlow Castle.

The Fable of *Comus* is this—A beautiful lady, accompanied by her two brothers, is journeying through the *perplexed paths* of a *drear wood*. A spirit from heaven, charged with the care of the young travellers, secretly watches over them, but the brothers for a while are separated from their sister. The lady, in the absence of her brothers, is found by *Comus*, but she resists all his attractions, and though she is endangered, finally escapes from his snares.

"*Comus* enters with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other ; with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women, their apparel glistening ; they come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands."

The lady hears this noise, but does not see the revellers. She is introduced listening and in doubt, but encouraging herself in her own innocence, and in the gracious protection of the "Supreme Good."

*The LADY enters.*

"This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,  
My best guide now ; methought it was the sound  
Of riot and ill-managed merriment,  
Such as the jocund flute, or gamesome pipe  
Stirs up among the loose unlettered hinds,  
When from their teeming flocks, and granges full,  
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,  
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loath  
To meet the rudeness, and swilled insolence  
Of such late wassailers ; yet O where else  
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet  
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood ?  
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out /  
With this long way, resolving here to lodge  
Under the spreading favor of these pines,  
Stept, as they said, to the next thicket side  
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit

As the kind hospitable woods provide.  
 They left me then, when the grey-hooded Even,  
 Like a sad votarist in Palmer's weed,  
 Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain,  
 But where they are, and why they came not back,  
 Is now the labour of my thoughts : \* \* \*

\* \* \* \* A thousand fantasies  
 Begin to throng into my memory,  
 Of calling shapes, and beck'ning shadows dire,  
 And aery tongues, that syllable men's names,  
 On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.

These thoughts may startle well, but not astound  
 The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended  
 By strong siding champion conscience.—  
 O welcome pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,  
 Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,  
 And thou unblemished form of chastity ;  
 I see ye visibly, and now believe  
 That he, the Supreme Good, t' whom all things ill  
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,  
 Would send a glist'ring guardian if need were  
 To keep my life and honour unassailed.

Was I deceived, or did a sable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night ?  
 I did not err, there does a sable cloud  
 Turn forth her silver lining on the night,  
 And casts a gleam over this tufted grove.  
 I cannot hallow to my brothers, but  
 Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest  
 I'll venture, for my new enlivened spirits  
 Prompt me ; and they perhaps are not far off.

## SONG.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen  
 Within thy aery shell,  
 By slow Meander's margent green,  
 And in the violet embroidered vale,  
 Where the love-lorn nightingale  
 Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well ;  
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair  
 That like thy Narcissus are ?  
 O if thou have  
 Hid them in some flow'ry cave,

Tell me but where,  
 Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere,  
 So may'st thou be translated to the skies,  
 And give resounding graces to all heaven's harmonies.

*COMUS appears to the lady in the disguise of a shepherd.*

*Com.* Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould  
 Breath such divine, enchanting ravishment ?  
 Sure something holy lodges in that breast,  
 And with these raptures moves the vocal air  
 'To testify his hidden residence :  
 How sweetly did they float upon the wings  
 Of silence, through the empty vaulted night,  
 At every fall smoothing the raven down  
 Of darkness till it smiled ! I have oft heard  
 My Mother Circe with the Sirens three,  
 Amidst the flowery kirtled Naiades  
 Culling their potent herbs, and baleful drugs,  
 Who as they sung, would take the prisoned soul,  
 And lap it in Elysium ; Scylla wept,  
 And chid her barking waves into attention,  
 And fell Charybdis murmured soft applause ;  
 Yet they in pleasing slumber lulled the sense,  
 And in sweet madness robbed it of itself ;  
 But such a sacred, and homefelt delight,  
 Such sober certainty of waking bliss  
 I never heard till now. I'll speak to her,  
 And she shall be my queen. Hail foreign wonder,  
 Whom certain these rough shades did never breed,  
 Unless the goddess that in rural shrine  
 Dwell'st here with Pan, or Silvan, by blest Song  
 Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog  
 To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

*Lady.* Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is that praise lost  
 That is adressed to unattending ears ;  
 Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift  
 How to regain my severed company,  
 Compelled me to awake the courteous Echo  
 To give me answer from her mossy couch.

*Comus.* What chance, good lady, hath bereft you thus ?

*Lady.* Dim darkness and this leafy labyrinth.

*Comus.* Could that divide you from near-ushering guides ?

*Lady.* They left me weary on a grassy turf.

*Comus.* By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why ?

*Lady.* To seek i' the valley some cool friendly spring.

*Comus.* And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady ?

*Lady.* They were but twain, and purposed quick return.

*Comus.* Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

*Lady.* How easy my misfortune is to hit !

*Comus.* Imports their loss, beside the present need ?

*Lady.* No less than if I should my brothers lose.

*Comus.* Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom ?

*Lady.* As smooth as Hebe's their unrazored lips.

*Comus.* Two such I saw what time the labored ox

In his loose trace from the furrow came,

And the swinkt hedger at his supper sat ;

I saw them under a green mantling vine

That crawls along the side of yon small hill,

Plucking ripe clusters from the tender shoots ;

Their port was more than human, as they stood :

I took it for a fairy vision

Of some gay creatures of the element,

That in the colours of the rainbow live,

And play i' the plighted clouds. I was awe-struck,

And as I passed, I worshipped ; if those you seek,

It were a journey like the path to Heaven,

To help you find them.

*Lady.* ————— Gentle Villager,

What readiest way would bring me to that place ?

*Comus.* Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

*Lady.* To find out that, good Shepherd, I suppose,

In such a scant allowance of star-light,

Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,

Without the sure guess of well-practised feet.

*Comus.* I know each lane, and every alley green,

Dingle, or bushy dell of this wild wood.

And every bosky bourn from side to side,

My daily walks and ancient neighbourhood ;

And if your stray-attendance be yet lodg'd,

Or shroud within these limits, I shall know

Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark

From her thatched pallet rouse ; if otherwise

I can conduct you, Lady, to a low

But loyal cottage, where you may be safe

Till further quest.

*Lady.* ————— Shepherd, I take thy word,

And trust thy honest offered courtesy,

Which oft is sooner found in lowly sheds  
 With smoky rafters, than in tap'stry halls  
 And courts of princes, where it first was named,  
 And yet is most pretended : in a place  
 Less warranted than this, or less secure,  
 I cannot be, that I should fear to change it.  
 Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial  
 To my proportion'd strength. Shepherd, lead on."

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Milton has been accused as being deficient in respect to the female character. He speaks of Eve in regard to Adam, as "not equal," and seems to consider her as not altogether worthy to discourse with the angel who came from Heaven to Paradise. But nothing can surpass the delicacy and elevation of sentiment with which he represents the Lady in Comus, nor does he seem to consider her as a solitary instance of the excellence and loveliness peculiar to her sex.

The celestial Spirit who attends the brothers and their sister, distinguishes between those low-minded beings, all whose thoughts are limited to this world, and that superior order,

" ——— that by due steps aspire  
 To lay their just hands on that golden key  
 That opes the palace of Eternity :—  
*To such my errand is*"—

says he. And the Lady's brothers, when they have left her, are relieved of their natural apprehension for her safety, by the conviction of her exalted purity. One of them says—

My sister is not so defenceless left  
 As you imagine ; she has a hidden strength  
 Which you remember not.

\* \* \* \* \*

So dear to Heaven is saintly chastity,  
 That when a soul is found sincerely so,  
 A thousand liveried Angels lacky her,  
 Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,  
 And in clear dream and solemn vision,  
 Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,  
 Till oft converse with heavenly habitants  
 Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape,  
 The unpolluted temple of the mind,  
 And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,  
 Till all be made immortal."

*Circe*—the mother of Comus, was an enchantress who inhabited an island of the Mediterranean, and who, like her son, transformed her associates to brutes.

*The Syrens three*—were females who inhabited a small island near Sicily. They charmed mariners by their delightful voices, and made them delay their voyage.

*Scylla wept*.—Scylla was a female who was transformed to a monster by the arts of Circe, and was fixed to the strait of Messina. A whirlpool on the coast opposite to Scylla was *Charybdis*.

*Naiades*.—Young and beautiful virgins who presided over rivers and fountains.

*Echo sweetest nymph*.—Echo is the return of sound—but the mythology supposes that Echo is the voice of a female, who, as a punishment for loquacity, is invisible, and only permitted to repeat the words of others. *Narcissus* was a beautiful youth whom Echo loved.

*Meander*.—A river of Asia Minor, remarkable for its winding course.

*Pan and Sylvan*.—Wood gods.

*Hebe*.—A youthful goddess, very beautiful. Canova's statue of Hebe is among the most admired works of that artist.

#### DRYDEN.

This eminent poet was born in 1631, and died in 1700. His poetry is not of a character to interest the young, but the passages inserted among these specimens serve to illustrate the manners of a past age, and therefore properly belong to a collection of poetry which is intended not merely to contain *verses*, but also to exhibit facts that are connected with the poetry of the English language.

#### TOURNAMENTS.

Chivalry went out of use because the laws in Europe were improved by the increasing knowledge and good sense of the people. When the order of government and the authority of the laws were generally understood and acknowledged in England, the rights of all people were no longer defended by the strife of arms, but were settled by courts of justice, and all ranks of the

nation learned to respect each other. The English barons first disputed the arbitrary power of the kings, and the people learned from their example to consider themselves *men*; and all classes in society, because they knew better, left off preying upon their weaker neighbours.

The English nobility, when fighting began to be less needed as a defence, began to take care of their estates, and at length they gave up the military service of the vassals, who continued peaceable labourers upon the grounds of the landholders. The laws and the public opinion no longer permitted men to take up arms except in the service of the state, when the Parliament and the king should order them to do so.

The evils which had disturbed society, for the want of knowledge, and the want of laws properly administered, ceased to exist; but the amusement and public spectacles which had been connected with Chivalry, though Chivalry no longer continued as the profession of gentlemen, still interested people. The most memorable of the exhibitions connected with Chivalry, was the Tournament, or Passage of Arms. This was a trial of strength and skill at the various exercises which the Knights-errant and gentlemen-soldiers had practised in actual warfare. The tournament was usually held by the desire of some prince or distinguished nobleman, and was practised in France and England. The novel of *Ivanhoe* gives a delightful description of a *tournament* held at Ashby in the county of Leicester in England.

For the purpose of exhibiting the tournament, a smooth surface of ground of considerable extent was chosen, and an oblong square, about a quarter of a mile in length, and an eighth of a mile in breadth, was enclosed by palisades:—gates at the opposite ends of this enclosure admitted the combatants. The tents or pavilions of these champions were ornamented with flags and pennons—these were of the particular colour which was usually worn by the Knights. “The cords of the tents were of the same colour. Before each pavilion was suspended the shield of the Knight by whom it was occupied, and besides it stood his squire, quaintly disguised as a savage or sylvan man, or in some other fantastic dress, according to the taste of his master, and the character which he was pleased to assume during the game. From the entrance into the lists, a gently sloping passage led up to the platform on which the tents were pitched, and the whole was guarded by men-at-arms.”

The whole enclosed space was called the Lists. To regulate the proceedings, and to preserve order, trumpeters, heralds, and armed men were disposed in suitable places within the lists. To



*enter the lists*, is a figurative expression still used to signify entering into competition with others in a difficult undertaking.

The champions were the challengers — those who defied others to contend with them for the mastery in certain exercises. At one extremity of the lists, opposite to that occupied by the champions, was a space reserved for such “Knights as might be disposed to enter the lists with the challengers, behind which were placed tents containing refreshments of every kind for their accommodation, with armourers, farriers, and other attendants in readiness to give their services wherever they might be necessary.

“The exterior of the lists was in part occupied by temporary galleries spread with tapestry and carpets, and accommodated with cushions for the convenience of those ladies and nobles who attended the tournament. A narrow space, betwixt these galleries and the lists, gave accommodation for yeomanry and spectators of a better degree than the mere vulgar, and might be compared to the pit of a theatre. The promiscuous multitude arranged themselves upon large banks of turf prepared for the purpose, which, aided by the natural elevation of the ground, enabled them to look over the galleries and obtain a fair view into the lists. Besides the accommodation which these situations afforded, many hundreds perched themselves on the branches of surrounding trees, and even the steeple of the neighbouring church was crowded with spectators.” “Neither duty nor infirmity could keep youth or age from such exhibitions.”

A gallery, more distinguished and adorned than the others, was, on these occasions, fitted up for the presiding prince and his retinue; and opposite to it was another gallery for the accommodation of the most noble and beautiful ladies. From among these the conquering Knight was expected to choose the *fairest*, whose office it was to crown the hero of the day with her own hand — and this lady, after she had been thus distinguished, was considered as the Queen of Love and Beauty. These were

“Such sights as poets dream  
On summer eve by haunted stream.”

It was assemblies collected upon such brilliant occasions, concerning which Milton wrote, that,

“ ——— throngs of knights and barons bold  
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,  
And store of ladies with bright eyes  
Rain influence, and judge the prize

Of wit or arms, while both contend  
To win her grace whom all commend."

Tournaments have been compared to the Olympic games of ancient Greece, but the circumstance of admitting the ladies, and that of clothing the combatants with art and elegance, made the tournament a far more beautiful spectacle than the contests of Greece.

The design of the combatants at the tournaments was for one of the antagonists to disable the other, either, by throwing him from his horse or breaking his lance. The skill which was mutually displayed in managing the horse, and in maintaining a long contest with grace and activity, made these exhibitions very interesting ; and, as it always happened, that for some reason or other, one of the antagonists would, at the commencement of the trial, be preferred to the other, the hopes and fears of his admirers formed great part of the pleasure derived from the exhibition.

The challengers proposed to others who would come, the defiance—which means, that they declared their personal dignity and skill in arms superior to any adversary's, unless it should be found upon trial that those who dared to encounter were able to vanquish them."

The number of challengers mentioned in *Ivanhoe* was five. The challengers were not to refuse to encounter any that should propose themselves. Any Knight who should come might select his antagonist by touching his shield with his lance. If the touch was made with the blunt end of the lance, that intimated that the combat was to be conducted without a designed attack upon the life of either combatant ; but if the shield was touched with the sharp end, it intimated that the Knights were to fight as in actual battle.

" When the Knights present had accomplished their vow, by each of them breaking five lances, the Prince who should preside at the tournament was to declare the victor in the first day's tourney, who should receive, as prize, a war-horse of exquisite beauty and matchless strength ; and in addition to this reward of valour, it was announced he should have the peculiar honour of naming the Queen of Love and Beauty, by whom the prize should be given on the ensuing day.

" It was also announced that on the second day, there should be a general tournament, in which all the Knights present, who were desirous to win praise, might take part ; and being divided into two bands of equal numbers, might fight it out manfully, until the signal was given by the Prince to cease the combat.

The elected Queen of Love and Beauty was then to crown the Knight whom the Prince should adjudge to have borne himself best in this second day, with a coronet composed of thin gold plate, cut into the shape of a laurel crown. On this second day the knightly games ceased. But on that which followed, feats of archery, of bull-baiting and other popular amusements were to be practised for the more immediate amusement of the populace.

"The lists presented a most splendid spectacle. The sloping galleries were crowded with all that was noble, great, wealthy, and beautiful in the country: and the contrast of the various dresses of these dignified spectators, rendered the view as gay as it was rich, while the interior and lower space, filled with the substantial burghesses and yeomen of merry England, formed, in their more plain attire, a dark fringe, or border, around this circle of brilliant embroidery, relieving, and, at the same time, setting off its splendour.

"Before the commencement of the tournament the laws which regulated it were proclaimed by a herald, and order was preserved by men-at-arms, or marshals, who carried battle axes in their hands, and sometimes struck the disorderly with the pommel of their swords.

"The heralds ceased their proclamation with their usual cry of 'Largesse, largesse, gallant Knights;' and gold and silver pieces were showered on them from the galleries, it being a high point of chivalry to exhibit liberality towards those who were accounted the brightest ornaments of their age. The bounty of the spectators was acknowledged by the customary shouts of 'Love of Ladies—Death of Champions—Honour to the Generous—Glory to the Brave!' To which the more humble spectators added their acclamations, and a numerous band of trumpeters the flourish of their martial instruments.

"When these sounds had ceased, the heralds withdrew from the lists in gay and glittering procession, and none remained within them save the marshals of the field, who, armed cap-a-pee, sat on horseback, motionless as statues, at the opposite ends of the lists. Meantime, the enclosed space at the northern extremity of the lists, large as it was, was completely crowded with Knights desirous to prove their skill against the challengers, and, when viewed from the galleries, presented the appearance of a sea of waving plumage, intermixed with glistening helmets, and tall lances, to the extremities of which were, in many cases, attached small pennons of about a span's-breadth, which, fluttering in the air as the breeze caught them, joined with the restless motion of the feathers to add liveliness to the scene.

" At length the barriers were opened, and five Knights, chosen by lot, advanced slowly into the area ; a single champion riding in front, and the other four following in pairs."

The foregoing description is borrowed from *Ivanhoe* : it leaves the tournament at its commencement, but it tells the uninformed what a tournament was. All that was proclaimed was done—the strife followed—some were defeated and some were victorious—some retired from the field covered with blood and wounds, mortified and disgraced ; others went off in due time, followed by looks of admiration and acclamations of praise. The crown of that day was the renown of all their days, and the name of the Knight was not afterwards mentioned without that of the field of his glory. But

" The Knights are dust,  
And their good swords are rust."

and all that they did, lives only in the page of the poet. " Their *escutcheons* have long mouldered from the walls of their castles. Their castles themselves are but green mounds and shattered ruins—the place that once knew them knows them no more—nay, many a race since theirs has died out and been forgotten in the very land which they occupied, with all the authority of feudal proprietors and feudal lords. What then would it avail the reader to know their names, or the evanescent symbols of their martial rank !"

Theirs was not true glory. There is another glory, the most durable and the most estimable—it is that which follows great services rendered to mankind by great goodness and great genius. That navigator who gave one half of the world to the other half—that poet whom Milton calls, " Dear son of memory, great heir of fame"—those defenders of religion who feared not principalities and powers, but counted their lives cheap, so that they showed the truth and established it ; and that peaceful legislator who gave his name to the wild woods, and laid the foundation of a state, according to the rules of the gospel, have all benefited mankind, and inherit true fame.—One by his immortal pen has sweetened and gladdened life, and the others by their divers labours, have relieved men from burthens grievous to be borne.—They have taken off fetters from the human understanding, have given a wider sphere to human intelligence, and a better direction to human conduct.

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As was very natural, the ancient warriors held their horses in high esteem : they even fancied that this most beautiful of animals entered into their feelings, and partook of their glory or their grief. The rider would

“ ————— bestride  
The noble steed as if he felt himself  
In his own proper seat.—Look how he leans  
To cherish him ; and how the gallant horse  
Curves up his stately neck, and bends his head,  
As if again to court that gentle touch,  
And answer to the voice that praises him.”

And afterwards upon the spot where his lord might have been slain or conquered, this faithful animal would sometimes be found,

“ ————— his silver mane  
Sprinkled with blood, which hung on every hair  
Aspersed like dew drops—trembling there he stood  
From the toil of battle, and at times sent forth  
His tremulous voice, far echoing wide and shrill,  
A frequent anxious cry, with which he seemed  
To call the master whom he loved so well,  
And who had thus again forsaken him.”

These verses of Mr. Southey's describe Orelia, the war-horse of Roderick, the last Gothic king of Spain.

Attachment and admiration for the horse appear to be almost universal. The Hebrew poet, whoever he was, that composed the book of Job, has given a sublime description of the war-horse :

“ Hast thou given the horse strength ? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder ? Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper ? The glory of his nostrils is terrible. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength : he goeth on to meet the armed men. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted ; neither turneth he back from the sword. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage : neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha, and he smelleth the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting.”

## EXTRACT FROM PALAMON AND ARCITE.

"In Athens all was pleasure, mirth and play,  
All proper to the spring, and sprightly May.

Now scarce the dawning day began to spring,  
As at a signal given, the streets with clamors ring  
At once the crowd arose ; confused and high  
Even from the heaven was heard a shouting cry.  
The neighing of the generous horse was heard,  
For battle by the busy g<sup>h</sup>oom prepared ;  
Rustling of harness ; rattling of the shield ;  
Clattering of armour, furbished for the field.  
Crowds, to the castle, mounted up the street,  
Battering the pavement with their courser's feet :  
The greedy sight might, there, devour the gold  
Of glittering arms, too dazzling to behold :  
And polished steel that cast the view aside,  
And *crested morions*, with their plummy pride.  
Knights, with a long retinue of their squires,  
In gaudy liveries march, and quaint attires.

One laced the helm, another held the lance :  
A third the shining buckler did advance.  
The courser pawed the ground with restless feet  
And, snorting foamed, and champed the golden bit.  
The smiths and armorers on *palfreys* ride,  
Files in their hands, and hammers at their side,  
And nails for loosened spears, and thongs for shields provide.  
The *yeoman* guard the streets in seemly bands ;  
And clowns come crowding on with cudgels in their hands.

The trumpets, next the gate, in order, placed,  
Attend the sign to sound the martial blast ;  
The palace-yard is filled with floating tides.

\* \* \* \* \*

The throng is in the midst : the common crew  
Shut out, the hall admits the better few ;  
In knots they stand, or in a rank they walk,  
Serious in aspect, earnest in their talk :  
Faction, and fav'ring this, or t' other side,  
As their strong fancy, or weak reason guide :  
Their wagers back their wishes ; numbers hold  
With the fair-freckled king, and beard of gold :  
So vig'rous are his eyes, such rays they cast,  
So prominent his eagle's beak is placed.

But most their looks on the black monarch bend,  
His rising muscles, and his strength commend :  
His double-biting axe and *beamy spear*,  
Each asking a gigantic force to rear.  
All spoke as partial favour moved his mind :  
And, safe themselves, at others' cost divined.

Waked by the cries, th' Athenian chief arose,  
The knightly forms of combat to dispose ;  
And passing through the obsequious guards, he sate  
Conspicuous on a throne, sublime in state :  
There, for the two contending knights he sent :  
Armed *cap-a-pee*, with rev'rence low they bent ;  
He smiled on both, and with superior look  
Alike their offered adoration took.  
The people press on every side, to see  
Their awful prince, and hear his high decree.  
Then singing to the heralds with his hand,  
They gave his orders from their lofty stand.  
Silence is thrice enjoined ; then thus, aloud,  
The king-at-arms bespeaks the knights, and listening crowd.

' Our sovereign lord has pondered in his mind,  
The means to spare the blood of gentle kind ;  
The keener edge of battle to rebate,  
The troops for honour fighting, nor for hate.  
He wills, not death should terminate the strife ;  
And wounds, should wounds ensue, be short of life :  
But issues, ere the fight, his dread command,  
That slings afar, and poniards hand to hand,  
Be banished from the field ; that none shall dare  
With shortened swords to stab in closer war ;  
But in fair combat fight with manly strength,  
Nor push with biting point, but strike at length.  
The *tourney* is allowed but one career,  
Of the tough ash, with the sharp-grinded spear ;  
But knights unhorsed may rise from off the plain,  
And fight on foot, their honour to regain ;  
Nor, if at mischief taken, on the ground  
Be slain, but pris'ners to the pillar bound,  
At either barrier place ; nor (captives made)  
Be freed, or armed anew the fight invade.  
The chief of either side, bereft of life,  
Or yielded to his foe, concludes the strife.  
Thus dooms the lord !—Now valiant knights, and young  
Fight each his fill, with swords and maces long.'

The herald ends : the vaulted firmament  
With loud acclaims and vast applause is rent :  
' Heaven guard a prince so gracious and so good,  
So just, and yet so provident of blood !'  
This was the general cry. The trumpets sound ;  
And warlike symphony is heard around.  
The marching troops through Athens take their way,  
The great earl-marshal orders their array.  
The fair, from high, the passing pomp behold ;  
A rain of flow'rs is from the windows rolled.  
The casements are with golden tissue spread,  
And horses' hoofs, for earth, on silken tap'stry tread ;  
The king goes midmost, and the rivals ride  
In equal rank, and close his either side.

Next after these, there rode the royal wife,  
With Emily, *the cause and the reward of strife*.  
The following cavalcade, by three and three,  
Proceed by titles marshaled in degree.  
Thus through the southern gate they take their way,  
And at the list arrived ere prime of day.  
There, parting from the king, the chiefs divide,  
And, wheeling East and West, before their many ride.  
Ah' Athenian monarch mounts his throne on high,  
And, after him, the queen, and Emily :  
Next these, the kindred of the crown are graced  
With nearer seats, and lords by ladies placed.

Scarce were they seated, when with clamours loud  
In rushed at once a rude promiscuous crowd.  
Now changed the jarring noise to whispers low,  
As winds forsaking seas more softly blow :  
When at the western gate, on which the car  
Is placed aloft, that bears the God of War,  
Proud Arcite entering armed, before his train,  
Stops at the barrier, and divides the plain.  
Red was his banner, and displayed abroad  
The bloody colours of his patron god.\*

At the self moment enters Palamon  
The gate of Venus and the rising sun ;  
Waved by the wanton winds, his banner flies,  
All maiden white, and shares the people's eyes.  
From East to West, look all the world around,  
Two troops so matched were never to be found.

\* Mars:



Thus ranged, the herald for the last proclaims  
 A silence, while they answered to their names :  
 The tale was just, and then the gates were closed ;  
 And chief to chief, and troop to troop opposed.  
 The heralds last retired, and loudly cried.

At this, the challenger, with fierce defy,  
 His trumpet sounds, the challenged makes reply :  
 With clangor rings the field, resounds the vaulted sky.  
 Their visors closed, their lances in the rest,  
 Or at the helmet pointed, or the crest ;  
 They vanish from the barrier, speed the race,  
 And, spurring, see decrease the middle space.

Full oft the rivals met ; and neither spared  
 His utmost force ; and each forgot to ward.  
 Both were by turns unhorsed ; the jealous blows  
 Fall thick and heavy, when on foot they close.  
 So deep their faulchions bite, that every stroke  
 Pierced to the quick ; and equal wounds they gave and took.

So when a tiger sucks the bullock's blood,  
 The swains come armed between, and both to distance drive.

At length, as fate foredoomed, and all things tend  
 By course of time to their appointed end ;  
 'The strong Emetrius came in Arcite's aid,  
 And Palamon with odds was overlaid,  
 Unyielding as he was, and to the pillar bound.

The royal judge, on his tribunal placed,  
 Who had beheld the fight from first to last,  
 Bade, 'Cease the war ;' pronouncing, from on high,  
 'Arcite of Thebes had won the beauteous Emily.'  
 The sound of trumpets to the voice replied,  
 And round the royal lists the heralds cried,  
 'Arcite of Thebes has won the beauteous bride.'

The people rend the skies with vast applause ;  
 All own the chief, when fortune owns the cause."

The preceding verses nearly agree with the description of a tournament, taken from *Ivanhoe*. Dryden's scene of the tournament is Athens. A few of the expressions used in this description may not be readily understood.

*Crested morions, with their plummy pride.*—The morion was the cap worn by the Knights, adorned with a plume, and expressing in its appearance something of the dignity of the wearer.

*The squires in gaudy liveries march.*—Livery is a dress appropriated to a particular order of persons. In modern times, the dress of men-servants, appertaining to a gentleman's family, is called *livery*.

*Palfreys*, travelling horses, of mettle and appearance inferior to the war horse.

*Yeomen*, soldiers employed as guards and attendants. The rank of the subordinate persons engaged in the private warfare of the middle ages is very clearly displayed in the first Canto of Scott's *Lay* :

“ Nine and twenty *Knights* of fame  
Hung their shields in Branksome hall ;  
Nine and twenty *squires* of name  
Brought them their steeds from bower to stall ;  
Nine and twenty *Yeomen* tall  
Waited duteous on them all.

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—Numbers hold  
With the *fair freckled King*, &c.  
But *most* their looks on the *black monarch* bend.

These lines express the *party feeling* with which the heroes of the tournaments was regarded. It has been remarked, that at the commencement of the exercises the spectators usually gave the preference to one or other of the combatants.

*His double-biting axe and beamy spear,  
Each asking a gigantic force to rear.*

*The beamy spear.*—The weight of these arms required a *gigantic force* to lift them. It appears that the active and self-denying habits of the Knights gave them extraordinary strength, as was the fact in respect to the *Athletæ* of antiquity.

Armed *cap-a-pee*—from head to foot.

*King-at-Arms.*—An officer employed in ancient pageants to announce the pleasure of the presiding prince in respect to the order of the ceremonies. The king-at-arms here declares it is the sovereign's will that dangerous weapons *be banished from the field*, and that the strife shall spare the lives of those engaged in it. The combatants seldom had sufficient forbearance to observe this prohibition ; and at length, in consequence of the numbers killed in them, the Popes suppressed tournaments altogether.

*The tourney*, the trial of horsemanship. The dismounted Knight was not allowed to repeat the *tourney*, but might *fight on foot*, his honour to regain.

——— *The western gate, on which the car  
Is placed aloft, that bears the god of war.*

The gates which Dryden here describes are adorned with sculpture. Over the western gate is the car of Mars, and its terrible master; the eastern gate—that of the rising sun, was embellished by the beautiful figure of Venus.

———  
BOADICEA.

Boadicea was queen of the Iceni, a tribe of native Britons. When the Romans invaded Britain, they did not at once achieve the conquest of that Island. A. D. 60, Boadicea, among other of the native princes, resisted the Roman arms; but fighting at the head of her subjects, she fell into the hands of the enemy. The Romans beat her, and treated her with the most cruel indignities, so that at last, in her despair, she put an end to her existence. Cowper's verses which follow, describe her, some time before her defeat, in her holy purpose of preserving her people from their invaders, resorting for direction to a Druid, one of the priests of her religion; and though the venerable man could not promise her the deliverance she sought, he predicted for her consolation the downfall of the Roman, and the exaltation of the British power.

“ When the British warrior queen,  
Bleeding from the Roman rods,  
Sought with an indignant mien,  
Counsel of her country's gods.

Sage beneath the spreading oak  
Sat the Druid, hoary chief;  
Ev'ry burning word he spoke  
Full of rage, and full of grief.

Princess! if our aged eyes  
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,  
'Tis because resentment ties  
All the terrors of our tongues.

Rome shall perish—write that word  
In the blood that she has spilt;  
Perish hopeless and abhorred,  
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

Rome, for empire far renowned,  
 Tramples on a thousand states ;  
 Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—  
 Hark ! the Gaul is at her gates !

Other Romans shall arise,  
 Heedless of a soldier's name ;  
*Sounds*, not *arms*, shall win the prize,  
 Harmony the path to fame.

Then the progeny that springs  
 From the forests of *our* land,  
 Armed with thunder, clad with wings,  
 Shall a wider world command.

Regions Cæsar never knew  
 Thy posterity shall sway ;  
 Where his eagles never flew,  
 None invincible as they.

Such the bard's prophetic words,  
 Pregnant with celestial fire,  
 Bending as he swept the chords  
 Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She with all a monarch's pride,  
 Felt them in her bosom glow ;  
 Rushed to battle, fought, and died ;  
 Dying hurled them at the foe.

Ruffians, pitiless as proud,  
 Heaven awards the vengeance due ;  
 Empire is on us bestowed,  
 Shame and ruin wait for you.

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*Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize—  
 Harmony the path to fame.*

Modern Italy exhibits none of the martial spirit, or political wisdom of ancient Rome ; but in place of the elevated sentiments and great actions recorded of the former inhabitants of Italy, its children of our days are distinguished, as much as for any thing, by their excellence in music. This species of excellence, being attended with absolute deficiency in the spirit of liberty, of improvement, and the sentiment of national dignity, is considered by the poet as a mark of degeneracy.

*Regions Cæsar never knew  
 Thy posterity shall sway.*

This passage intimates the establishment of the British empire in America.—The empire of the laws, language, and literature of Britain, established in the new world, and under an independent government among the remote descendants of the ancient Britons.

#### THE DRUIDS.

The Druids were priests among the Britons, and were exterminated by the Romans. "The religion of the Britons was one of the most considerable parts of their government; and the Druids, who were guardians of it, possessed great authority among them. No species of superstition was ever more terrible than theirs; besides the severe penalties which they were permitted to inflict in this world, they inculcated the doctrine of transmigration of souls, and thus extended their authority as far as the fears of their votaries. They sacrificed human victims, which they burned in large wicker idols, made so capacious as to contain a multitude of persons at once, who were thus consumed together. To these rites, tending to impress ignorance with awe, they added the austerity of their manners, and the simplicity of their lives. They lived in woods, caves, and hollow trees; acorns and berries constituted their general food, and their usual beverage was water. By these arts they were not only respected, but almost adored by the people."

The sacrifice of human victims implies a horrible religious faith, but it does not appear to be wholly inconsistent with fine qualities of mind and heart. The sacrifice of Jephtha's daughter, mentioned in the Hebrew scriptures, and that of Iphigenia by the Greeks, were induced by false notions of God. To give him the dearest of our possessions, may seem to ignorant men the most acceptable service, and those who were capable of such acts, often entertained sentiments of true devotion and humanity. The Druids worshipped in the open air; and there still remain in England, circles of stones laid upon the surface of the ground, which it is supposed, enclosed their sanctuaries. The oak was their favourite tree, and the mistletoe, a parasitic plant, or one which grows upon trees, was used in their rites, and respected as a symbol of their faith. Some of the English poets regard the character of the Druids as that of simple-hearted and uncorrupted men, fond of contemplating the works of God.

"In yonder grave a *Druid* lies,"

says the poet Collins, of Thompson, the author of the Seasons—

meaning by this expression to suggest the idea of Thompson's well-known character—that of a man who saw in God the “parent of good,” and who considered the “universal frame” of creation as the dwelling-place of infinite loveliness and beneficence.

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Mr. Mason, a clergyman of the church of England, and an intimate friend of the poet Gray, wrote a drama called *Caractacus*, *Caractacus* was the last of the British princes who resisted the Romans, but in the reign of the Emperor Claudius, he was made their prisoner, and carried to Rome. About the same time the Romans, though they generally permitted all their conquered subjects to enjoy their accustomed religion, abolished the worship of the Druids. The practice of the Druids of offering human sacrifices made it just that their rites should be annihilated.

In *Caractacus* Mr. Mason describes that unfortunate king as taking refuge in the sacred groves of the Druids, and being forced thence by the Roman soldiers. Mona, an island in the Irish sea, was the principal sanctuary of the Druids.

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Vellinus and Elidurus were sons of a British Princess, *Cartimandua*, who had been subdued by the Romans. She had delivered them to the Romans as *hostages*—that is, as security, that she would fulfil her promises of continued submission to the conquerors. The Roman officer to whom the British youths are intrusted, promises them their liberty on condition that they will discover to him the retreat of the Druids; corrupted by this tempting offer, they introduce the stranger into their secret haunts, in which *Caractacus* and his daughter *Evelina* had taken refuge.

#### OPENING SCENE OF *CARACTACUS*.

*Aulus Didius*, a Roman officer with Romans.

*Scene*, Mona.

*Au. Did.* This is the secret centre of the isle :  
 Here, Romans, pause, and let the eye of wonder  
 Gaze on the solemn scene ; behold yon oak,  
 How stern he frowns, and with his broad brown arms  
 Chills the pale plain beneath him : mark yon altar,  
 The dark stream brawling round its rugged base,  
 These cliffs, these yawning caverns, this wide circus,  
 Skirted with unhewn stone : they awe my soul,  
 As if the very genius of the place

Himself appeared, and with terrific tread  
 Stalked through his drear domain. And yet, my friends,  
 (If shapes like his be but the fancy's coinage)  
 Surely there is a hidden power, that reigns  
 'Mid the lone majesty of untamed nature,  
 Controlling sober reason ; tell me else,  
 Why do these haunts of barb'rous superstition  
 O'ercome me thus ? I scorn them, yet they awe me.

*Enter VELLINUS and ELIDURUS.*

Ye pledges dear of Cartismandua's faith,  
 Approach ! and to mine uninstructed ear  
 Explain this scene of horror.

*Elid.* Daring Roman,  
 Know that thou stand'st on consecrated ground :  
 These mighty piles of magic-planted rock,  
 Thus ranged in mystic order, mark the place  
 Where but at times of holiest festival  
 The Druid leads his train.

*Aul. Did.* Where dwells the seer ?

*Vel.* In yonder shaggy cave ; on which the moon  
 Now sheds a side-long gleam. His brotherhood  
 Possess the neighb'ring cliffs.

*Aul. Did.* Yet up the hill  
 Mine eye descries a distant range of caves,  
 Delved in the ridges of the craggy steep ;  
 And this way still another.

*Eld.* On the left  
 Beside the sages skilled in nature's lore :  
 The changeful universe, its numbers, powers,  
 Studious they measure, save when meditation  
 Gives place to holy rites : then in the grove  
 Each hath his rank and function. Yonder grots  
 Are tenanted by Bards, who nightly thence,  
 Robed in their flowing vests of innocent white,  
 Descend, with harps that glitter to the moon,  
 Hymning immortal strains. The Spirits of air,  
 Of earth, of water, nay of heav'n itself,  
 Do listen to their lay ; and oft, 'tis said,  
 In visible shapes dance they a magic round  
 To the high minstrelsy.—Now, if thine eye  
 Be sated with the view, haste to thy ships,  
 And ply thine oars ; for, if the Druids learn

This bold intrusion, thou wilt find it hard  
To foil their fury.

*Aul. Did.* Prince, I did not moor  
My light-armed shallops on this dangerous strand  
To soothe a fruitless curiosity ;  
I come in quest of proud Caractacus ;  
Who, when our veterans put his troops to flight,  
Found refuge here.

*Elid.* If here the monarch rests,  
Presumptuous chief ! thou might'st as well essay  
To pluck him from yon stars : Earth's ample range  
Contains no surer refuge : underneath  
The soil we tread, a hundred secret paths,  
Scooped through the living rock in winding maze,  
Lead to as many caverns, dark, and deep :  
In which the hoary sages act their rites  
Mysterious, rites of such strange potency,  
As, done in open day, would dim the sun,  
Though throned in noontide brightness. In such dens  
He may for life lie hid.

#### CAPTURE OF CARACTACUS.

*Aulus Didius* bursts into the sanctuary of the Druids, with *Velinus*, *Elidurus*, and soldiers.

*Druid, Evelina, Bard, and Caractacus.*

*Aul. Did.* Ye bloody priests,  
Behold we burst on your infernal rites,  
And bid you pause. Instant restore our soldiers,  
Nor hope that superstition's ruthless step  
Shall wade in Roman gore. Ye savage men,  
Did not our laws give license to all faiths,  
We would o'erturn your altars, headlong heave  
These shapeless symbols of your barbarous gods,  
And let the golden sun into your caves.

*Druid.* Servant of Cæsar, has thine impious tongue  
Spent the black venom of its blasphemy ?  
It has. Then take our curses on thine head,  
Ev'n his fell curses who doth reign in Mona,  
Vicegerent of those gods thy pride insults.

*Aul. Did.* Bold priest, I scorn thy curses, and thyself.  
Soldiers, go search the caves, and free the prisoners.  
Take heed, ye seize Caractacus alive.



Look to the beauteous maid,  
That tranced in grief, bends o'er yon bleeding corse—  
Respect her sorrows.

*Evel.* Hence, ye barbarous men,  
Ye shall not take him weltering thus in blood,  
'To show at Rome what British virtue was.  
Avaunt! the breathless body that ye touch  
Was once Arviragus!

*Aul. Did.* Fear us not, princess,  
We reverence the dead.

*Druid.* Would too to Heaven,  
Ye revered the gods but even enough  
Not to debase with slavery's cruel chain  
Whom they created free.

*Aul. Did.* The Romans fight  
Not to enslave, but humanize the world.

*Druid.* Go to, we will not parley with thee, Roman :  
Instant pronounce our doom.

*Aul. Did.* Hear it, and thank us.  
This once our clemency shall spare your groves,  
If at our call ye yield the British king :  
Yet learn, when next ye aid the foes of Cæsar,  
'That each old oak, whose solemn gloom ye boast,  
Shall bow beneath our axes.

*Druid.* Be they blasted,  
Wherever their shade forgets to shelter virtue !

*Bard.* Mourn, Mona, mourn. Caractacus is captive !  
And dost thou smile, false Roman ? Do not think  
He fell an easy prey. Know, ere he yielded,  
Thy bravest veterans bled. He too, thy spy,  
The base Brigantian prince, hath sealed his fraud  
With death. Bursting thro' armed ranks, that hemmed  
The caitiff round, the brave Caractacus  
Seized his false throat ; and as he gave him death  
Indignant thundered, " Thus is my last stroke  
The stroke of justice." Numbers then opprest him.  
I saw the slave, that cowardly behind  
Pinioned his arms ; I saw the sacred sword  
Writhed from his grasp—I saw, what now ye see,  
Inglorious sight ! those barbarious bonds upon him.

*Car.* Romans, methinks the malice of your tyrant  
Might furnish heavier chains. Old as I am,  
And withered as you see these war-worn limbs,  
Trust me, they shall support the weightiest load

Injustice dares impose——

Proud crested soldier, [To Didius.  
Who seem'st the master-mover in this business,  
Say, dost thou read less terror on my brow,  
Than when thou meet'st me in the fields of war  
Heading my nations ? No, my free-born soul  
Has scorn still left to sparkle through these eyes,  
And frown defiance on thee——Is it thus !

[Seeing his son's body.

Then I'm indeed a captive. Mighty gods !  
My soul, my soul submits : patient it bears  
The ponderous load of grief ye heap upon it.  
Yes, it will grovel in this shattered breast,  
And be the sad tame thing it ought to be,  
Cooped in a servile body.

*Aul. Did.*

Droop not, king.

When Claudius, the great master of the world,  
Shall hear the noble story of thy valour,  
His pity——

*Car.*

Can a Roman pity, soldier ?

And if he can, gods ! must a Briton bear it ?  
Arviragus, my bold, my breathless boy,  
Thou hast escaped such pity ; thou art free.  
Here in high Mona shall thy noble limbs  
Rest in a noble grave ; posterity  
Shall to thy tomb with annual reverence bring  
Sepulchral stones, and pile them to the clouds ;  
Whilst mine——

*Aul. Did.*

The morn doth hasten our departure.  
Prepare thee, king, to go : a fav'ring gale  
Now swells our sails.

*Car.*

Inhuman that thou art !

Dost thou deny a moment for a father  
To shed a few warm tears o'er his dead son ?  
I tell thee, chief, this act might claim a life,  
To do it duly ; even a longer life,  
Than sorrow ever suffered. Cruel man !  
And thou deni'st me moments. Be it so.  
I know you Romans weep not for your children ;  
Ye triumph o'er your tears, and think it valor ;  
I triumph in my tears.——

Arise, my daughter.——

Weep'st thou, my girl ? I prithee hoard thy tears  
For the sad meeting of thy captive mother :

For we have much to tell her, much to say  
Of these good men who nurtured us in Mona ;  
Much of the fraud and malice, that pursued us ;  
Much of her son, who poured his precious blood  
To save his sire and sister : think'st thou, maid,  
Her gentleness can hear the tale, and live ?  
And yet she must.———  
But I'll be mute. Adieu ! ye holy men ;  
Yet one look more—Now lead us hence for ever.

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WARTON.

*Born 1728—Died 1790.*

Dr. Thomas Warton is best known as a poetical antiquary. He wrote a "History of English Poetry," and by his researches and criticisms turned the attention of English readers in his time from the mere perusal of contemporary poets to the neglected authors of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. Dr. Warton is not memorable for inventive talent, but he was well acquainted with the earlier British writers, he admired the ancient architecture of his country, and he loved the legends of old romance. "His Crusade, and the Grave of Arthur," says Mr. Campbell, "have a genuine air of martial and minstrel enthusiasm. Those pieces exhibit, to the best advantage, the most striking feature of his poetical character, which was a fondness for the recollections of chivalry, and a minute intimacy of imagination with its gorgeous residences, and imposing spectacles. Dr. Warton may indeed be said to have revived the spirit of chivalry in the poetry of modern times." But a genius above the reach of Warton's, was destined, in a few years after him, to soar beyond the track in which he first essayed his flights. Those who read the Grave of Arthur, in order to enhance their estimation of it, must remember that it was written before the Lay of the Last Minstrel, and it is interesting as the precursor of a style of poetic composition, which, though somewhat ancient in its subjects, is altogether new in its present attractiveness and popularity.

PRINCE ARTHUR.

About the beginning of the sixth century, the Romans, who had been masters of Britain during four hundred years, withdrew

from that island, and left the government and defence of the country to its native inhabitants. The northern parts of the island belonged to the Scots and Picts, and these barbarous tribes, soon after the departure of the Romans, invaded and ravaged the more southern territory.

The British were divided into small independent tribes, each governed by its own prince ; and these petty sovereigns, in their common danger, had not sufficient wisdom to unite in the common defence ; though, in seasons of imminent peril, they like the ancient Romans, appointed a Dictator invested with supreme power over the collective forces of the nation. The British Dictator was called the Pendragon. He, however could not prevent discordant counsels and civil warfare among the inferior chiefs, so that the Saxons, who had come over from Germany as helpers of the Britons, easily subjugated them. According to some historians, though in modern times there are others who deny the existence of such a hero, Arthur, the son of Uther, succeeded his father as Pendragon about the year 517. His history, as generally received, whether it be true or false, is the following.

Arthur, prince of the Silures, in conjunction with other chiefs, his countrymen, resisted the Saxons ; but, though his prowess has been celebrated by poets and romance-writers, he was not successful against the Saxons. Mordred, a powerful Pictish chief, went over to the enemy, and was victorious against Arthur in the battle of Camlan. Arthur, notwithstanding he was once defeated, renewed the war, and many feats of valour are imputed to him ; but he is said to have been mortally wounded in an engagement with Mordred, and to have died, and been buried at Avalon. The place of his interment is unknown, and Dr. Warton has founded a pretty poem upon this disputed fact. It is proper here to state, that among the fictions related of Prince Arthur is this, that he created a military order called the Knights of the Round Table. Of his and their achievements many marvellous stories are related.

Dr. Warton describes a festival of Henry II. king of England, as he was about embarking for Ireland. Ireland previous to the year 1172 had been divided into five independent kingdoms. Two kings of Ireland, Dermot and Roderick O'Connor, had a desperate war, and the former came over to England to solicit the interference of Henry II. in his behalf. Henry availed himself of this strife to include Ireland in his dominions. He first obtained the gift of that island in a *bull from the Pope*, who in that age claimed the right to dispose of kingdoms, and when Henry

went over to Ireland with the Pope's bull, and an army to enforce it, the country was partially surrendered to him.

Henry's army was, as appears by the poem, attended by a company of bards, who entertained the king with their songs. Just before the embarkation for Ireland, one of the bards is represented as celebrating Prince Arthur, and declaring that the hero had been carried away by the enchanter Merlin, and was destined to re-appear at a future time in Britain; but another of the tuneful brethren asserts that no enchanter bore him off the field of battle, and demands of the king to repair to his tomb, and by some religious services in honour of him, pay homage to his departed glory.

"It was," says Mr. Gray, "the common belief of the Welsh nation, that king Arthur was still alive in Fairyland, and would return and reign again over Britain."

#### THE GRAVE OF PRINCE ARTHUR.

Stately the feast, and high the cheer :  
 Girt with many an armed peer,  
 And canopied with golden pall,  
 Amid Cilgarran's castle hall,  
 Sublime in formidable state,  
 And warlike splendour, Henry sate ;  
 Prepared to stain the briny flood,  
 Of Shannon's lakes with rebel blood.  
 Illumining the vaulted roof,  
 A thousand torches flamed aloof ;  
 From massy cups, with golden gleam  
 Sparkled the red metheglin's stream ;  
 To grace the gorgeous festival,  
 Along the lofty windowed hall  
 The storied tapestry was hung :  
 With minstrelsy the rafters rung  
 Of harps, that with reflected light  
 From the proud gallery glittered bright :  
 While gifted bards, a rival throng,  
 To crown the banquet's solemn close,  
 Themes of British glory chose ;  
 And to the strings of various chime  
 Attempted thus the fabling rhyme.  
 "O'er Cornwall's cliffs the tempest roared  
 High the screaming sea-mew soared ;

On Tintagel's topmost tower  
Darksome fell the sleety shower ;  
Round the rough castle shrilly sung  
The whirling blast, and wildly flung  
On each tall rampart's thundering side  
The surges of the tumbling tide ;  
When Arthur ranged his red-cross ranks  
On conscious Camlan's crimsoned banks :  
By Mordred's faithless guile decreed  
Beneath a Saxon spear to bleed !

Yet in vain a paynim foe  
Armed with fate the mighty blow ;  
For when he fell, an elfin queen,  
All in secret and unseen,  
O'er the fainting hero threw  
Her mantle of ambrosial blue ;  
And bade her spirits bear him far,  
In Merlin's agate-axled car,  
To her green isle's enamelled steep,  
Far in the bosom of the deep.  
O'er his wounds she sprinkled dew  
From flowers that in Arabia grew ;  
On a rich enchanted bed  
She pillowed his majestic head ;  
O'er his brow, with whispers bland,  
Thrice she waved an opiate wand ;  
And to soft music's airy sound,  
Her magic curtains closed around.

There, renewed the vital spring,  
Again he reigns a mighty king  
And many a fair and fragrant clime,  
Blooming in immortal prime,  
By gales of Eden ever fann'd,  
Owns the monarch's high command :  
Thence to Britain shall return,  
(If right prophetic rolls I learn)  
Borne on victory's spreading plume,  
His ancient sceptre to resume ;  
Once more, in old heroic pride,  
His barbed courser to bestride ;  
His knightly table to restore,  
And brave the tournaments of yore."

They ceased : when on the tuneful stage  
Advanced a bard of aspect sage ;

His silver tresses, thin besprent,  
To age a graceful reverence lent ;  
His beard all white as spangles frore  
That clothe Plinlimmon's forest hoar,  
Down to his harp descending flowed ;  
With Time's faint rose his features glowed ;  
His eyes diffused a softened fire,  
And thus he waked the warbling wire.

" Listen, Henry, to my read !  
Not from fairy realms I lead  
Bright-robed tradition, to relate  
In forged colours Arthur's fate ;  
Though much of old romantic lore  
On the high theme I keep in store :  
But boastful Fiction should be dumb,  
When truth the strain might best become.  
If thine ear may still be won  
With songs of Uther's glorious son,  
Henry, I a tale unfold,  
Never yet in rhyme enrolled,  
Nor sung nor harped in hall or bower ;  
Which in my youth's full early flower,  
A minstrel sprung of Cornish line,  
Who spoke of kings from old Lochrine,  
Taught me to chaunt, one vernal dawn,  
Deep in a cliff-encircled lawn.

" When Arthur bowed his haughty crest,  
No princess, veiled in azure vest,  
Snatched him, by Merlin's potent spell,  
In groves of golden bliss to dwell ;  
Where crowned with wreaths of misletoe,  
Slaughtered kings in glory go :  
But when he fell, with winged speed  
His champions, on a milk-white steed,  
From the battle's hurricane,  
Bore him to Joseph's towered fane,  
In the fair vale of Avalon :  
There, with chanted orison,  
And the long blaze of tapers clear,  
The stoled fathers met the bier ;  
Through the dim isles, in order dread  
Of martial wo, the chief they led,  
And deep entombed in holy ground,  
Before the altar's solemn bound.

" Around no dusky banners wave,  
 No mouldering trophies mark the grave :  
 Away the ruthless Dane has torn  
 Each trace that Time's slow touch had worn ;  
 And long, o'er the neglected stone,  
 Oblivion's veil its shade had thrown :  
 The faded tomb, with honour due,  
 'Tis thine, O Henry, to renew !  
 Thither, when conquest has restored  
 Yon recreant isle, and sheathed the sword,  
 When peace with palm has crowned thy brows .  
 Haste thee to pay thy pilgrim vows.  
 There observant of my lore,  
 The pavement's hallowed depth explore ;  
 And thrice a fathom underneath  
 Dive into the vaults of death.

" There shall thine eye, with wild amaze,  
 On his gigantic stature gaze :  
 There shalt thou find the monarch laid,  
 All in warrior-weeds arrayed ;  
 Wearing in death his helmet-crown,  
 And weapons huge of old renown.  
 Martial prince, 'tis thine to save  
 From dark oblivion Arthur's grave !  
 So may thy ships securely stem  
 The western firth : thy diadem  
 Shine victorious in the van,  
 Nor heed the slings of Ulster's clan ;  
 Thy Norman pikemen win their way  
 Up the dun rocks of Harrauld's bay ;  
 And from the steeps of rough Kildare  
 Thy prancing hoofs the falcon scare :  
 So may thy bow's unerring yew  
 Its shafts in Roderick's heart imbrue."

Amid the pealing symphony  
 The spiced goblets mantled high ;  
 With passions new the song impressed  
 The listening king's impatient breast ;  
 Flash the keen lightnings from his eyes ;  
 He scorns awhile his old emprise ;  
 E'en now he seems, with eager pace  
 The consecrated floor to trace,  
 And ope, from its tremendous gloom,  
 The treasure of the wondrous tomb ;



E'en now he burns in thought to rear,  
 From its dark bed, the ponderous spear  
 Rough with the gore of Pictish kings :  
 E'en now fond hope his fancy wings,  
 To poise the monarch's massy blade,  
 Of magic tempered metal made :  
 And drag to day the dinted shield  
 That felt the storm of Camlan's field.  
 O'er the sepulchre profound  
 E'en now, with arching sculpture crowned,  
 He plans the chantry's choral shrine,  
 The daily dirge and rights divine.

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*The treasure of the wonderful tomb, &c.*—Henry longed to possess the *spear, sword and shield* of Arthur, from a superstitious belief that these relics of a hero would aid him in his warlike enterprizes. This superstition was not peculiar to Henry ; it seems to be common among religious princes of the Catholic faith. A similar circumstance is recorded of King Don Alphonso, the last Spanish King of that name. He sent to the tomb of the Cid, a renowned hero of Spain, for the cross which that warrior was accustomed to wear when he went to battle, and had it made into one for himself, "because of the faith which he had, that *through it*, (by means of some mysterious operation of it) he should obtain the victory."

*His barbed courser, &c.* The horses used in European wars before the discovery of gunpowder, were sometimes defended by a harness of mail.—*Barbed courser* signifies a horse thus *caparisoned*, or arrayed, and armed in the face.

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#### MRS. HEMANS.

This lady died in 1835. She resided in England, but her poetry is exceedingly admired in this country. Piety, various knowledge, elegant taste, and great sweetness and power of expression, with fervent and tender affections, are the characteristics of Mrs. Heman's genius.

## WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

William I. king of England, held extensive territories in France. Among them was the city of Mante, and the country adjacent to it. The barons of Mante revolted against William, and Philip, king of France, took part with them. William was ill in his bed at the time, and Philip not only encouraged the rebellious barons, but spoke contemptuously of William. His jokes were repeated to the king of England, who, more enraged by Philip's witticisms than by his hostility, swore that to punish his insolence he would light up a thousand candles in France when he should celebrate his recovery from sickness.

True to this rash oath, William chose the following season of harvest in which to perform his vow. No considerations of justice and pity mitigated his rage; he ravaged and burnt wherever he came. The cottage of the peasant; the favourite tree that afforded him shelter and shade; the wheat field, where stood, awaiting the sickle, the sustenance of his family, all fell a prey to the flames kindled by order of this merciless man; while men, women, and children fled in terror and anguish before the destroyer.

William's blind revenge thus fell upon the innocent; upon those who had given him no provocation. But the wanton destruction of Mante proved to be one of the crimes, upon whose perpetrators divine retribution inflicts punishment here. William took Mante, and for the gratification of his wrathful passion, rode from one part to another of the burning town, directing his men to feed and spread the conflagration, in which many of the inhabitants perished without chance of escape.

While William was engaged in this disgraceful activity, his horse, stepping on some hot ashes, suddenly plunged, and striking the pommel of the saddle against the rider's body, the blow caused an inflammation which ended in death. This seeming accident, in its consequences, affords an impressive instance that inhumanity produces its own punishment.

William ended his days in a monastery near Rouen. In the awful moment of dissolution, the illusions of ambition and revenge disappeared. He reviewed the cruelties of his past life with remorse, and endeavoured as a true penitent to make all the amends in his power. He had thrown many British nobles and honourable persons into prison, through fear that they would oppose his tyrannical government of England. This injustice now appeared to him in its true character, and in view of his ap-

proaching death, he gave orders to restore their liberty to those injured persons.

"At this hour," said he, "when I can only hope that my offences will find mercy from my Creator, I order all prisons in my dominions to be opened, and every captive to be released, on condition that they swear to be peaceable." He died after an illness of six weeks, A. D. 1086.

No sooner was William dead, than those who had attended him in his last days fled, the nobles to secure their property, and his poorer servants to lay hands on that of their master. The latter, imitating their superiors, seized, like vultures, his armour, clothes, and furniture, and disappeared, leaving the dead body neglected by all.

No person appeared to prepare the funeral of William till a poor country knight, assembling a few others, attempted to perform the pious service. When the small procession entered the town of Caen, where it was intended the king should be buried, a fire broke out, and all the attendants ran from the lifeless remains to behold, or to extinguish the flames; and when, at length, the body was borne to the place of interment, the spot intended for the grave was sternly demanded by one who claimed the soil as his own. William had unjustly taken the land from him.

The funeral was again suspended till this man was appeased by offers of restoration or payment. A sarcophagus had been prepared, but it was too small, and the body was forced into it with offensive violence. The religious rites that followed were hurried over irreverently, and the unconcerned spectators withdrew with precipitation and disgust.

Ordericus, the contemporary historian who describes William's death, thus reflects upon it. "O, secular pomp! how despicable art thou, because so vain and transient! Thou art justly compared to bubbles made by rain; for, like them, thou swellest for a moment to vanish into nothing. Behold this most potent hero, whom lately a hundred thousand men were eager to serve, and whom many nations dreaded, now lying unhonoured, and unwept, spoiled and abandoned of every one!" The circumstances of William's interment are finely told by Mrs. Hemans:

"Lowly upon his bier,  
The royal conqueror lay,  
Baron and chief stood near  
Silent in war-array.

Down the long minster's aisle,  
Crowds mutely gazing streamed,  
Altar and tomb, the while,  
Through mists of incense gleamed :

And by the torch's blaze  
The stately priest had said  
High words of power and praise,  
To the glory of the dead.

'They lowered him, with the sound  
Of requiems, to repose,  
When from the throngs around  
A solemn voice arose :

'Forbear, forbear !' it cried,  
'In the holiest name forbear !  
He hath conquered regions wide,  
But he shall not slumber *there*.

'By the violated hearth  
Which made way for yon proud shrine,  
By the harvests which this earth  
Hath borne to me and mine ;

'By the home ev'n here o'erthrown,  
On my children's native spot,—  
Hence ! with his dark renown  
Cumber our birth-place not !

'Will my sire's unransomed field  
O'er which your censers wave,  
To the buried spoiler yield  
Soft slumber in the grave ?

'The tree before him fell  
Which we cherished many a year,  
But its deep root yet shall swell  
And heave against his bier.

'The land that I have tilled,  
Hath yet its brooding breast  
With my home's white ashes filled—  
And it shall not give him rest.

'Here each proud column's bed  
Hath been wet by weeping eyes,—  
Hence ! and bestow your dead  
Where no wrong against him cries !'

Shame glowed on each dark face  
 Of those proud and steel-girt men,  
 And they bought with gold a place  
 For their leader's dust e'en then.

A little earth for him  
 Whose banner flew so far !  
 And a peasant's tale could dim  
 The name, a nation's star !

One deep voice thus arose  
 From a heart which wrongs had riven—  
 Oh ! who shall number those  
 That were but heard in Heaven ?”

William of Normandy, among other acts of arbitrary power which he committed in England, depopulated a considerable tract of country. He destroyed the villages, with the churches and enclosures, and changed a cultivated region to a wilderness, that it might serve thereafter for his recreation merely. Mr. Pope, early in the eighteenth century, in his poem of Windsor Forest, describes the beauty and prosperity of that part of England in the reign of Queen Anne, and contrasts that happy state, with the wretchedness of Britain under her former tyrants.

“ Not thus the land appeared in ages past,  
 A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,  
 To savage beasts and savage laws a prey,  
 And kings more furious and severe than they ;  
 Who claimed the skies, dispeopled air and floods,  
 The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods :  
 Cities laid waste, they stormed the dens and caves  
 (For wiser brutes were backward to the slaves.)  
 What could be free, when lawless beasts obeyed,  
 And e'en the elements a tyrant swayed ?  
 In vain kind seasons swelled the teeming grain,  
 Soft showers distilled, and suns grew warm in vain ;  
 The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields,  
 And famished dies amidst his ripened fields.  
 What wonder then, a beast or subject slain  
 Were equal crimes in a despotic reign ?  
 Both, doomed alike, for sportive tyrants bled ;  
 But, that the subject starved, the beast was fed.

Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,  
 A mighty hunter, and his prey was man :  
 Our haughty Norman boasts that barbarous name,  
 And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.  
 The fields are ravished from th' industrious swains,  
 From men their cities, and from gods their fanes :  
 The levelled towns with weeds lie covered o'er ;  
 The hollow winds through naked temples roar ;  
 Round broken columns clasping ivy twined ;  
 O'er heaps of ruins stalks the stately hind :  
 The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,  
 And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.  
 Awed by his nobles, by his commons curst,  
 Th' Oppressor ruled tyrannic where he durst ;  
 Stretched o'er the poor and church his iron rod,  
 And served alike his vassals and his God.

Whom e'en the Saxon spared, and bloody Dane,  
 The wanton victims of his sport remain.  
 But see, the man who spacious regions gave  
 A waste for beasts, *himself denied a grave !*  
 Stretched on the lawn his second hope survey,  
 At once the chaser, and at once the prey :  
 Lo ? Rufus tugging at the deadly dart,  
 Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.  
 Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects' cries,  
 Nor saw displeased the peaceful cottage rise.  
 Then gathering flocks on unknown mountains fed,  
 O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread ;  
 The forests wondered at th' unusual grain,  
 And secret transport touched the conscious swain.  
 Fair Liberty, Britannia's goddess, rears  
 Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years."

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*A beast or subject slain were equal crimes.* This alludes to the circumstance, that William's subjects were forbidden to kill wild animals which should be found in the New Forest ; and that the punishment which the law inflicted upon him who took the life of a man, was no greater than that, to which he who should kill a hare or a rabbit was liable.

*Stretched on the lawn his second hope survey, &c.* The sons of William I. were peculiarly unfortunate. William Rufus, who succeeded his father, was accidentally killed in the New Forest ; and Robert, the eldest son, was deprived of the Duchy of Nor-

mandy by his brother Henry I. This cruel brother afterwards caused Robert's eyes to be put out, and kept him a prisoner at Cardiff castle in Wales twenty years.

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#### THE CRUSADES.

The crusades were religious wars. After the death of Christ, the Romans were masters of Jerusalem, and of the whole country which had been the scene of his life and labours. Near the middle of the fourth century the Roman Empire became partially Christian, and Helena, the mother of Constantine, took upon herself to identify the very spot at Jerusalem "where the Lord lay," and also to erect churches and other monuments on the places consecrated by his living actions. After the erection of these edifices, and the establishment of convents in the Holy Land, as Palestine began to be called, religious persons from different countries of Europe thought it a duty to make journeys thither, in order to visit the shrines or sacred buildings, which had been raised in honour of Christ. These pious travellers were called *Pilgrims*, and their journey was a *Pilgrimage*.

The pilgrims chiefly begged their way through the countries over which they travelled, and were regarded with respect by all Christians. They usually dressed in a plain garb; carried a *scrip*, or bag for their food; sustained themselves upon a staff surmounted by a cross; and had fastened to the front of their hats a scallop shell. When they returned from the Holy Land they frequently brought with them a branch of *palm*, a tree of that country, whence they were called *Palmer*s.

Spenser describes a Palmer thus;

"A silly man in simple weeds foreworn,  
And soiled with dust of the long dried way;  
His sandals were with toilsome travel torn,  
And face all tanned with scorching sunny ray,  
As he had travelled many a summer's day  
Through burning sands of Araby and Inde;  
And in his hand a Jacob's staff, to stay  
His weary limbs upon; and eke behind  
His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind."

*Faery Queen*, Book I., Canto 6.

Persons who wished to conceal their real name and business, when they engaged in some dangerous undertaking, would as-

sume a Palmer's habit because in that disguise they were sure of being admitted any where, and of being well treated among Christians. In the seventh century, the Saracens, followers of Mahomet, took Palestine and occupied the land. Abhorrence of Christians is among the principles of the Mahommedan religion ; and the Saracens took every opportunity, by the abuse of its zealous professors, the Pilgrims, to show their contempt for the religion of Christ. These pious men suffered all manner of indignities from the Mahommedans ; but at length princes, nobles, and all classes of fanatics in Europe, thought it their duty to leave their homes, and their nearer obligations, in order to punish the *Infidels* for their cruelties to the Pilgrims, and to tear from their sacrilegious hands the holy places.

Vast armies were fitted out by different princes, and from A. D. 1097 to A. D. 1248, about one hundred and fifty years, four different Crusades were undertaken. More than two millions of men, from England and western Europe, are supposed to have marched into Asia upon these expeditions, and the greater number lost their lives. These wars were called Crusades, from the circumstance that a figure of the cross was the badge of these warriors—it was painted upon their banners, engraved on their shields, and embroidered in their garments.

#### RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

The most distinguished of those saints-errant who led the Crusades, was Richard I. King of England, called Cœur de Lion, or the *lion-hearted*, because of his fearless and warlike disposition. Richard engaged in the third of these expeditions, A. D. 1190 : Dr. Warton has celebrated his voyage to the Holy Land in the subjoined ode. It is an animated and interesting picture.

#### THE CRUSADE.

Bound for holy Palestine,  
Nimble we brushed the level brine,  
All in azure steel arrayed :  
O'er the wave our weapons played,  
And made the dancing billows glow.  
High upon the trophied prow,  
Many a warrior-minstrel swung  
His sounding harp, and boldly sung :  
" Syrian virgins, wail and weep,  
English Richard ploughs the deep !



Tremble, watchman, as ye spy,  
 From distant towers, with anxious eye,  
 The radiant range of shield and lance  
 Down Damascus' hills advance :  
 From Sion's turrets as afar  
 Ye ken the march of Europe's war !  
 Saladin, thou paynim king,  
 From Albion's isle revenge we bring !  
 On Acon's spiry citadel,  
 Though to the gale thy banners swell,  
 Pictured with the silver moon ;  
 England shall end thy glory soon !  
 In vain to break our firm array,  
 Thy brazen drums hoarse discord bray :  
 Those sounds our rising fury fan :  
 English Richard in the van,  
 On to victory we go,  
 A vaunting infidel the foe."

Blondel led the tuneful band,  
 And swept the wire with glowing hand.  
 Cyprus, from her rocky mound,  
 And Crete, with piny verdure crowned,  
 Far along the smiling main  
 Echoed the prophetic strain.

Soon we kissed the sacred earth  
 That gave a murdered Saviour birth ;  
 Then, with ardour fresh endued,  
 Thus the solemn song renewed :  
 " Lo, the toilsome voyage past,  
 Heaven's favoured hills appear at last !  
 Object of our holy vow,  
 We tread the Tyrian vallies now.  
 From Carmel's almon-shaded steep  
 We feel the cheering fragrance creep.  
 O'er Engaddi's shrubs of balm  
 Waves the date-empurpled palm.  
 See Lebanon's aspiring head,  
 Wide his immortal umbrage spread !  
 Hail, Calvary, thou mountain hoar,  
 Wet with our Redeemer's gore !  
 Ye trampled tombs, ye fanes forlorn,  
 Ye stones, by tears of pilgrims worn ;  
 Your ravished honours to restore,  
 Fearless we climb your hostile shore !

And thou, the sepulchre of God !  
 By mocking pagans rudely trod,  
 Bereft of every awful rite,  
 And quenched thy lamps that beamed so bright ;  
 For thee, from Britain's distant coast,  
 Lo, Richard leads his faithful host !  
 Aloft in his heroic hand,  
 Blazing, like the beacon's brand,  
 O'er the far affrighted fields,  
 Resistless Kaliburn he wields.

Proud Saracen, pollute no more  
 The shrines by martyrs built of yore !  
 From each wild mountain's trackless crown  
 In vain thy gloomy castles frown :  
 Thy battering engines, huge and high,  
 In vain our steel-clad steeds defy ;  
 And, rolling in terrific state,  
 On giant wheels harsh thunders grate.  
 When eve has hushed the buzzing camp,  
 Amid the moonlight vapours damp,  
 Thy necromantic forms, in vain,  
 Haunt us on the tented plain :  
 We bid these spectre-shapes avaunt,  
 Ashtaroth, and Termagaunt !  
 With many a demon, pale of hue,  
 Doomed to drink the bitter dew  
 That drops from Macon's sooty tree,  
 Mid the dread grove of ebony.  
 Nor magic charms, nor fiends of hell,  
 The Christian's holy courage quell.

Salem, in ancient majesty  
 Arise, and lift thee to the sky !  
 Soon on thy battlements divine  
 Shall wave the badge of Constantine.  
 Ye Barons, to the sun unfold  
 Our Cross with crimson wove and gold !"

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*All in azure steel arrayed.* This alludes to the *armour*, worn by the soldiers ; it consisted sometimes of what is called *chain mail*, and sometimes of *scale mail*—the former was the *hauberk*, a garment composed of interlaced rings of metal, which covered the person—the latter was formed of scales of steel fitted to the body. Steel armour sometimes exhibited a blue tint.

*The trophied prow.* *Prow*, the head of a ship—that part which

advances first in the water. It is usually ornamented with some carved figure, intended to represent the dignity of the nation to which the ship belongs, or some circumstance of the enterprize in which it is engaged. Trophies are emblems of military prowess. Richard was a king—a man of great hardihood, enthusiasm, and national pride—his vessels were, doubtless, embellished by figures which indicated his sense of the glory of Britain, and the importance of the adventure before him.

*Many a warrior minstrel, &c.* The ancient minstrels were poets who composed extempore verses, and sung them to the music of the harp, which they played themselves. The minstrels were common attendants of princes and nobles of the middle ages, and were maintained by them—they usually commanded great attention and respect wherever they went. The minstrels in Warton's ode, bid the Syrian virgins dread English Richard, and the watchmen on the walls of Jerusalem to tremble, as the ranks of his soldiers with their shining shields and lances shall descend from the city of Damascus. They also threaten Saladin, the Saracen prince, that his glories shall soon be terminated, and that his triumphant banners, adorned by the badge of his Mussulman faith—the *silver moon*, or figure of the crescent—shall fall before the British conqueror.

————— *the sepulchre of God !*  
*By mocking pagans rudely trod,*  
*Bereft of every awful rite,*  
*And quenched thy lamps that beam'd so bright.*

The Saracens, when they got possession of the Holy City, abolished the religious ceremonies which the Christians had instituted, and extinguished the lamps which the Empress Helena had ordered to be kept continually burning.

The minstrel goes on to sing that the fortifications of the Saracens have no terrors for the English—that neither their *battering-rams*, nor any of the engines used in war before the discovery of gunpowder, nor the *sorceries* and *charms*, the *phantoms* and *evil spirits*, conjured up to harm the Christians, could diminish their confidence in the God of their trust. He then apostrophizes "Salem," (Jerusalem,) and would encourage this *daughter of Sion*, as this city is sometimes figuratively called, that she should again be restored to the Lord's heritage, and that the *badge of Constantine* should soon wave on her battlement, as a token that the Christians had rescued her from the Infidel. This "*badge of Constantine*," was the sign of the Cross. Constantine caused the Cross to be painted on the standards borne by his armies.

*Blondel led the tuneful band, &c.* Richard cultivated poetry. Some of the Provencal Poets, called Troubadours, had been invited from France to England before Richard's time, and had continued to be patronized in England. While Richard was absent in the holy wars, which was almost ten years, his brother John endeavoured to ingratiate himself with the English nation. When Richard learned this, he set out on his return to England, but while he was in Palestine, some disaffection had arisen between him and the monarchs allied with him—these were the king of France and the emperor of Germany—and being shipwrecked in his voyage home, he was taken by the emperor, and made a prisoner in Germany. After more than a year, a ransom was paid for him, and he was permitted to go to England. A fable concerning Blondel is so often alluded to, that it may be useful to relate it in this place.

After Richard's imprisonment in Germany, "a whole year elapsed before the English knew where their monarch was confined. Blondel de Nesle, Richard's favourite French minstrel, resolved to find out his lord; and after travelling many days without success, at last came to a castle where Richard was detained. Here he found that the castle belonged to the Duke of Austria, and that a king was there imprisoned. Suspecting that the prisoner was his master, he found means to place himself directly before the window of the chamber where the king was kept; and in this situation began to sing a French chanson which Richard and Blondel had formerly written together. When the king heard the song he knew it was Blondel who sung it; and when Blondel paused after the first half of the song, the king began the other half and completed it. Blondel then returned to England, acquainted the people with his discovery, and Richard was in due time liberated."

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JOANNA BAILLIE.

This distinguished woman is still living. She is the niece of John Hunter, the eminent anatomist, and sister of Dr. Baillie, late physician to the King of England, one of the most celebrated medical practitioners of his time; but her consanguinity to these men of genius reflects no more honour upon her, than their relationship to her does upon them. If there is any honourable pride in family connexions, it is in the self-complacency which we derive from the fact that one of the same race with ourselves has

shed lustre upon all of our blood, by the splendour of acknowledged talent or virtue.

Miss Baillie is chiefly known as a dramatic author. Her plays are not well adapted to the public taste of this age, but abounding in highly poetic passages, they are admired by readers of the finest taste. Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, and many others of the most gifted minds, have loved to celebrate Joanna Baillie. Sir Walter Scott says, Shakspeare's

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“ harp had silent hung,  
By silver Avon's holy shore,  
Till twice a hundred years rolled o'er,  
When she, the bold Enchantress, came,  
With fearless hand and heart on flame,  
From the pale willow snatched the treasure,  
And swept it with a kindred measure,  
Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove  
With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,  
Awakened at the inspiring strain,  
Dreamed their own Shakspeare lived again.”

Basil and Montfort are heroes of Miss Baillie's tragedies.

*PRINCE EDWARD alone in prison.*

“ Doth the bright sun from the high arch of heaven  
In all his beauteous robes of fleckered clouds,  
And ruddy vapours, and deep glowing flames  
And softly varied shades, look gloriously?  
Do the green woods dance to the wind? the lakes  
Cast up their sparkling waters to the light?  
Do the sweet hamlets in their bushy dells  
Send winding up to heaven their curling smoke  
On the soft morning air?  
Do the flocks bleat, and the wild creatures bound  
In antic happiness? and mazy birds  
Wing the mid air in lightly skimming bands?  
Aye, all this is; men do behold all this;  
The poorest man. E'en in this lonely vault,  
My dark and narrow world, oft I do hear  
The crowing of the cock so near my wall,  
And sadly think how small a space divides me  
From all this fair creation.

From the wide spreading bounds of beauteous nature  
I am alone shut out; I am forgotten.

Peace, peace ! He who regards the poorest worm,  
 Still cares for me.—Perhaps, small as these walls,  
 A bound unseen divides my dreary state  
 From a more beauteous world ; that world of souls ;  
 Feared and desired by all ; a veil unseen  
 Which soon shall be withdrawn.  
 The air feels chill ; methinks it should be night,  
 I'll lay me down ; perchance kind sleep will come,  
 And open to my view an inward world  
 Of garnished fantasies, from which nor walls,  
 Nor bars, nor tyrant's power can shut me out."

PRINCE EDWARD *and* his KEEPER.

*Ed.* What brings thee now ; it surely cannot be  
 The time of food : my prison hours are wont  
 To fly more heavily.

*Keep.* It is not food : I bring wherewith, my lord,  
 To stop a rent in these old walls, that oft  
 Hath grieved me, when I've thought of you of nights ;  
 Thro' it the cold wind visits you.

*Ed.* And let it enter ! it shall not be stopped.  
 Who visits me besides the winds of heaven ?  
 Who mourns with me but the sad-sighing wind ?  
 Who bringeth to mine ear the mimicked tones  
 Of voices once beloved and sounds long past,  
 But the light-winged and many voiced wind ?  
 Who fans the prisoner's lean and fevered cheek  
 As kindly as the monarch's wreathed brows  
 But the free piteous wind ?  
 I will not have it stopped.

*Keep.* My lord, the winter now creeps on apace :  
 Hoar frost this morning on our sheltered fields  
 Lay thick, and glanced to the up-risen sun,  
 Which scarce had power to melt it.

*Ed.* Glanc'd to the up-risen sun ! Ay, such fair morns,  
 When every bush doth put its glory on,  
 Like a gemmed brride ! you rustics now  
 And early hinds, will set their clouted feet  
 Thro' silver webs, so bright and finely wrought  
 As royal dames ne'er fashioned, yet plod on  
 Their careless way, unheeding.  
 Alas, how many glorious things there be  
 To look upon ! Wear not the forests, now,  
 Their latest coat of richly varied dyes ?

*Keep.* Yes, my good lord, the cold chill year advances  
Therefore I pray you, let me close that wall.

*Ed.* I tell thee no, man ; if the north air bites,  
Bring me a cloak. Where is thy dog to day ?

*Keep.* Indeed I wonder that he came not with me  
As he is wont.

*Ed.* Bring him, I pray thee, when thou com'st again.  
He wags his tail and looks up to my face  
With the assured kindliness of one  
Who has not injured me.

## SIR WALTER SCOTT.

It has been said to be a happy circumstance for us of the nineteenth century, that we live in the age of the author of *Waverly*. At the time this remark was made, the author of *Waverly* was alive, but unknown to the world in general. For more than ten years the press at Edinburgh sent forth a succession of novels, which entertained the whole reading world. *Waverly* was the first of these charming books, and the author studiously concealed himself from the curiosity of the public. The author of *Waverly* was rightly suspected to be Walter Scott. About the year 1805, the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* was published. This poem was acknowledged to be the production of Mr. Scott. He was a native of Scotland, curious in the antiquities of that country, and has long been known for his researches into Scottish poetry, for his talent of general criticism, and his poetic invention.

After the publication of the *Lay*, Scott wrote *Marmion*, and several other metrical romances of extraordinary beauty. The novels before mentioned bear many resemblances to the poems, and on these resemblances was founded the presumption that the poet was also the novelist. All conjecture upon this subject was put at rest, by the declaration of Sir Walter Scott that he was in truth, the author of *Waverly*.

'This poet has with much propriety been compared with Shakspeare. "Shakspeare," says Mr. Campbell, "lived in an age within the verge of chivalry, an age overflowing with chivalrous and romantic reading ; he was led by his vocation to have daily recourse to that kind of reading ; he dwelt on the spot which gave him constant access to it, and was in habitual intercourse with men of genius."

Sir Walter Scott lived when the "age of chivalry was gone ;"

but his *country* overflows with *romantic reading* and *traditions*, and his genius seems to have taken its inspirations and the subjects of invention chiefly from these sources—from the state of society, the character and sentiments of men of various ranks, as they are recorded to have existed under the influences of the *feudal* system, and the times immediately succeeding. Like Shakspeare, he had the talent, *each change of many-coloured life to draw*, to move laughter and to excite tears. The parallelism between these great men, however, applies rather to the attributes of their genius than to their condition in life. Mediocrity of fortune, and a moderate estimate of his talents, was all the outward meed awarded to Shakspeare by his contemporaries.

Homer says of poets, they are regarded as *divine* beings, “far as the sun displays his vital fire.”—But few poets have the happiness to *live* in the “blaze of their fame” as Scott did—Wherever English is read, there the poems and the novels of the immortal Northern Minstrel are known, and from every region where they are known the tribute of praise and admiration is offered to him. On the accession of George IV. (1820) one of the first acts of his reign was to bestow on Mr. Scott the rank of baronet, and he has since been known as Sir Walter Scott. Scott died in 1832, at the age of sixty-two years.

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The Lay of the Last Minstrel consists of a tale in verse, supposed to be recited by a wandering minstrel who took refuge in the castle of Anne, Dutchess of Buccleuch and Monmouth, representative of the ancient lords of Buccleuch, and widow of the unfortunate James, Duke of Monmouth, who was beheaded in 1685.

The minstrel recites to the Dutchess and her ladies a story of her ancestors.

● THE LAST MINSTREL.

“The way was long, the wind was cold,  
The minstrel was infirm and old;  
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,  
Seemed to have known a better day;  
The harp, his sole remaining joy,  
Was carried by an orphan boy,  
The last of all the bards was he,  
Who sung of border chivalry.  
For, well-a-day! their date was fled,  
His tuneful, brethern all were dead,



And he, neglected and oppressed,  
Wished to be with them and at rest.

No more, on prancing palfrey borne,  
He carolled light as lark at morn ;  
No longer courted and caressed,  
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,  
He poured to lord and lady gay,  
The unpremeditated lay :  
Old times were changed, old manners gone ;  
A stranger filled the Stuart's throne ;  
The bigots of the iron time  
Had call'd his harmless art a crime.  
A wandering Harper, scorned and poor,  
He begged his bread from door to door ;  
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,  
The harp, a king had loved to hear.

He passed where Newark's stately tower  
Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower :  
The minstrel gazed with wishful eye :  
No humbler resting-place was nigh.  
With hesitating step at last,  
The embattled portal-arch he passed,  
Whose ponderous grate and massy bar  
Had oft rolled back the tide of war,  
But never closed the iron door  
Against the desolate and poor.  
The Dutchess marked his weary pace,  
His timid mein, and revered face,  
And bade her page the menials tell,  
That they should tend the old man well ;  
For she had known adversity,  
Though born in such a high degree ;  
In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,  
Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb !

When kindness had his wants supplied,  
And the old man was gratified,  
Began to rise his minstrel pride :  
And he began to talk anon,  
Of good Earl Francis, dead and gone,  
And of Earl Walter, rest him God !  
A braver never to battle rode :  
And how full many a tale he knew,  
Of the old warriors of Buccleuch ;  
And, would the noble Dutchess deign

To listen to an old man's strain,  
Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,  
He thought even yet, the sooth to speak,  
That, if she loved the harp to hear,  
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtained ;  
The aged Minstrel audience gained.  
But when he reached the room of state,  
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,  
Perchance he wished his boon denied :  
For when to tune his harp he tried,  
His trembling hand had lost the ease,  
Which marks security to please ;  
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,  
Came wildering o'er his aged brain—  
He tried to tune his harp in vain.  
The pitying Dutchess praised its chime,  
And gave him heart, and gave him time,  
Till every string's according glee  
Was blended into harmony.

And then, he said, he would full fain  
He could recall an ancient strain,  
He never thought to sing again.  
It was not framed for village churls,  
But for high dames and mighty earls ;  
He had played it to king Charles the Good,  
When he kept court in Holyrood ;  
And much he wished, yet feared, to try  
The long-forgotten melody.

Amid the strings his fingers strayed,  
And an uncertain warbling made,  
And oft he shook his hoary head.  
But when he caught the measure wild,  
The old man raised his face, and smiled ;  
And lightened up his faded eye,  
With all a poet's ecstasy !  
In varying cadence, soft or strong,  
He swept the sounding chords along :  
The present scene, the future lot,  
His toils, his wants, were all forgot :  
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,  
In the full tide of song were lost ;

Each blank, in faithless memory void,  
The poet's glowing thought supplied ;  
And, while his harp responsive rung,  
'Twas thus the Latest Minstrel sung."

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*Of good Earl Francis, &c.* Francis Scott, Earl of Buccleuch,  
father of the Dutchess.

*And of Earl Walter, &c.* Walter, Earl of Buccleuch, grand-  
father to the Dutchess, and a celebrated warrior.

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" Hushed 'is the harp—the Minstrel gone.  
And did he wander forth alone ?

Alone, in indigence and age,  
To linger out his pilgrimage ?  
No :—close beneath proud Newark's tower,  
Arose the Minstrel's lowly bower ;  
A simple hut ; but there was seen  
The little garden hedged with green,  
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean,  
There sheltered wanderers, by the blaze,  
Oft heard the tale of other days ;  
For much he loved to ope his door,  
And give the aid he begged before.

So passed the winter's day ; but still,  
When summer smiled on sweet Bowhill,  
And July's eve, with balmy breath,  
Waved the blue-bells on Newark heath ;  
When throstles sung in Hare-head shaw,  
And corn was green on Carterhaugh,  
And flourished, broad, Blacandro's oak,  
The aged Harper's soul awoke !  
Then would he sing achievements high,  
And circumstance of chivalry,  
Till the rapt traveller would stay,  
Forgetful of the closing day ;  
And noble youths, the strain to hear,  
Forsook the hunting of the deer ;  
And Yarrow, as he rolled along,  
Bore burden to the Minstrel's song."

## IMPROVISATORI.

From the beginning of the seventeenth century, minstrelsy went out of practice in Britain, but in Italy the recitation of extemporary poetry still constitutes a popular amusement.

About seventy years ago Benjamin West, a native of America, went to Rome to study the art of painting. His biographer, Mr. Galt, relates the manner in which this celebrated artist was once entertained by an Improvisatore, one of the extemporaneous Italian poets.

"One night, soon after his arrival in Rome, Mr. Gavin Hamilton, the painter, to whom he had been introduced by Mr. Robinson, took him to a coffee-house, the usual resort of British travellers. While they were sitting at one of the tables, a venerable old man, with a guitar suspended from his shoulder, entered the room, and coming immediately to their table, Mr. Hamilton addressed him by the name of Homer. He was the most celebrated improvisatore in all Italy, and the richness of expression, and nobleness of conception which he displayed in his effusions, had obtained for him that distinguished name.

"Those who once heard his poetry, never ceased to lament that it was lost in the same moment, affirming that it often was so regular and dignified, as to equal the finest compositions of Tasso and Ariosto. It will, perhaps, afford some gratification to the admirers of native genius to learn, that this old man, though led by the fine frenzy of his imagination to prefer a wild and wandering life to the offer of a settled independence, which had been made him in his youth, enjoyed in his old age, by the liberality of several Englishmen, who had raised a subscription for the purpose, a small pension, sufficient to keep him comfortable, in his own way, when he became incapable of amusing the public.

"After some conversation, Homer requested Mr. Hamilton to give him a subject for a poem. In the meantime, a number of Italians had gathered round them to look at West, who they had heard was an American, and whom like Cardinal Albani,\* they imagined to be an Indian. Some of them, on hearing Homer's request, observed, that he had exhausted his vein, and had already said and sung every subject over and over. Mr. Hamilton, however, remarked that he thought he could propose something new to the bard, and pointing to Mr. West, said, that he was an Ame-

\* A Spanish Cardinal, who presumed that American signified Indian:

ican come to study the fine arts in Rome; and that such an event furnished a new and magnificent theme.

"Homer took possession of the thought with the ardour of inspiration. He immediately unslung his guitar, and began to draw his fingers rapidly over the strings, swinging his body from side to side, and striking fine and impressive chords. When he had thus brought his motions and his feelings into unison with the instrument, he began an extemporaneous ode in a manner so dignified, so pathetic, and so enthusiastic, that Mr. West was scarcely less interested by his appearance than those who enjoyed the subject and melody of his numbers.

"He sung the darkness which for so many ages veiled America from the eyes of science. He described the fullness of time, when the purposes for which it had been raised from the deep were to be manifested. He painted the seraph of knowledge descending from heaven, and directing Columbus to undertake the discovery: and he related the leading incidents of the voyage. He invoked the fancy of the auditors to contemplate the wild magnificence of mountain, lake, and wood, in the new world; and he raised, as it were, in vivid perspective, the Indians in the chase, and at their horrible sacrifices. 'But,' he continued, 'the beneficent spirit of improvement is ever on the wing, and, like the ray from the throne of God, it has descended on this youth, and the hope which ushered in its new miracle, like the star that guided the magi to Bethlehem, has led him to Rome.

"'Methinks I behold in him an instrument chosen by heaven, to raise in America the taste for those arts which elevate the nature of man—an assurance that his country will afford a refuge to science and knowledge, when in the old age of Europe they shall have forsaken her shores. But all things of heavenly origin, like the glorious sun, move westward; and truth and art have their periods of shining and of night. Rejoice then, O venerable Rome, in thy divine destiny; for though darkness overshadow thy seats, and though thy mitred head must descend into the dust, as deep as the earth that now covers thy ancient helmet and imperial diadem, thy spirit, immortal and undecayed, already reaches towards a new world, where, like the soul of man in paradise, it will be perfected in virtue and beauty more and more.'

"The highest efforts of the greatest actors, even of Garrick himself delivering the poetry of Shakspeare, never produced a more immediate and inspiring effect than this rapid burst of genius. When the applause had abated, Mr. West, being the stranger, and the party addressed, according to the common practice, made the bard a present. Mr. Hamilton explained the subject

of the ode : though with the weakness of a verbal translation, and the imperfection of an indistinct echo, it was so connected with the appearance which the author made in the recital, that the incident was never obliterated from Mr. West's recollection."

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THE CHILD OF BRANKSOME.

Among the inmates of castles, and the attendants of the Knights, were the Dwarfs—little deformed persons who made sport for the idle, and who were sometimes favourites of young and beautiful ladies. The old romances describe dwarfs as possessing supernatural powers. In the Lay of the Last Minstrel, a mischievous Dwarf is introduced, who had the power to deceive others, by making objects appear to be different from themselves—so as to make a rider and his horse seem to be a load of hay—a child to be a dog, &c. This dwarf of Sir Walter Scott's enters the castle of Buccleuch, and entices from it a little boy, the heir of Branksome. He leads the child into the woods, and leaves him ; here the boy is scented by a blood-hound, and taken by one of the retainers of Lord Dacre, an Englishman, who was an enemy of the Scotts, the boy's father's *Clan*. *Clan* signifies, a large number of tenants who acknowledge one lord, who live upon his estate, and who, in former times, fought the lord's battles with his neighbours—the application of this word is chiefly to the Scotts. The spirit of this little Scott is a fine specimen of the manners of the young chiefs of the Scottish clans, who were trained from their infancy to protect their father's dependants, and to regard his enemies without fear,

“ As passed the Dwarf the outer court,  
He spied the fair young child at sport :  
He thought to train him to the wood ;  
For, at a word, be it understood,  
He was always for ill, and never for good.  
Seemed to the boy, some comrade gay  
Led him forth to the woods to play ;  
On the drawbridge the warders stout  
Saw a *terrier* and *larcher* passing out.  
He led the boy o'er bank and fell,  
Until they came to a woodland brook ;  
'The running stream dissolved the spell,  
And his old elvish shape he took.  
Could he have had his pleasure vilde,  
He had crippled the joints of the noble child

Or, with his fingers long and lean,  
Had strangled him in fiendish spleen :  
But his *awful mother* he had in dread,  
And also his power was limited ;  
So he but scowled on the startled child,  
And darted through the forest wild ;  
The woodland brook he bounding crossed,  
And laughed, and shouted, ' Lost ! lost ! lost ! '

Full sore amazed at the wonderous change,  
And frightened, as a child might be,  
At the wild yell, and visage strange,  
And the dark words of gramarye,  
The child, amidst the forest bower,  
Stood rooted like a lilye flower ;

And when at length, with trembling pace,  
He sought to find where Branksome lay,  
He feared to see that grisly face  
Glare from some thicket on his way.

Thus, starting oft, he journeyed on,  
And deeper in the wood is gone,—  
For aye the more he sought his way,  
The further still he went astray,  
Until he heard the mountains round  
Ring to the baying of a hound.

And hark ! and hark ! the deep-mouthed bark  
Comes nigher still, and nigher ;  
Bursts on the path a dark blood-hound,  
His tawny muzzle tracked the ground,  
As his red eye shot fire.

Soon as the wildered child saw he,  
He flew at him right furiouslie.  
I ween you would have seen with joy  
The bearing of the gallant boy,  
When worthy of this noble sire,  
His wet cheek glowed 'twixt fear and ire !  
He faced the blood-hound manfully,  
And held his little bat on high ;  
So fierce he struck, the dog, afraid,  
At cautious distance hoarsely bayed,  
But still in act to spring ;  
When dashed an archer through the glade,  
And when he saw the hound was stayed,  
He drew his tough bow-string ;

But a rough voice cried, 'Shoot not, hoy !  
Ho ! shoot not Edward—'tis a boy !'

The speaker issued from the wood,  
And checked his fellow's surly mood,

And quelled the ban-dog's ire.  
He would not do the fair child harm,  
But held him with his powerful arm,  
That he might neither fight nor flee ;  
For when the red cross spied he,  
The boy strove long and violently.  
'Now, by St. George,' the archer cries,  
'Edward, methinks we have a prize !  
This boy's fair face and courage free,  
Shows he is come of high degree.'—

'Yes, I am come of high degree,  
For I am the heir of bold Buccleuch ;  
And, if thou dost not set me free,  
False southron, thou shalt dearly rue !  
For Walter of Harden shall come with speed,  
And William of Deloraine, good at need,  
And every Scot from Eske to Tweed !  
And if thou dost not let me go,  
Despite thy arrows, and thy bow,  
I'll have thee hanged to feed the crow !'  
'Gramercy, for thy good will, fair boy !  
My mind was never set so high ;  
But if thou art chief of such a clan,  
And art the son of such a man,  
And ever com'st to thy command,  
Our wardens had need to keep good order :  
My bow of yew to a hazel wand,  
Thou'lt make them work upon the Border.  
Meantime, be pleased to come with me,  
For good Lord Dacre shalt thou see ;  
I think our work is well begun,  
When we have taken thy father's son.'"

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*His old elvish shape he took.* Those who describe the power of witches and dwarfs, pretend that they cannot cross a brook in their assumed form. The dwarf had appeared to the deceived boy to be a companion of his own age. When he took his own shape, and darted away, yelling as he disappeared, the child was



frightened—but the real danger from the blood-hound does not terrify him.

*His awful mother he had in dread.* The dwarf was afraid of the child's mother. She was more skilled in *necromancy*, or *gramarie*, than he was.

#### THE GALLIARD'S WHITE HORSE.

Under the feudal system, the vassals were considered as cattle. A man was not valued at so much as a war-horse. At length, however, the vassals began to feel their importance, and they did not always comply with the demands of their Lord, who might, if he would, punish them for their disobedience, or give them with the lands they cultivated, to another master. The *tenants* under this system were superior to mere labourers, they held lands in *fief*—as the grant, under certain conditions, of their lord. These were called *feudatories*, and their property was called a *fief*.

When a man received his fief, he became the *liegeman* of the *liege* or lord; and when he acknowledged the relation subsisting between himself and the lord, the liegeman offered the lord *homage*.—He then knelt before him, and placing his hands upon the lord's knees, said, "Sire, I become your liegeman for such a fief, and I promise to guard and defend you against all people." The lord answered, "I receive you; and your lands I will defend as my own:" and he then kissed his tenant as a pledge of faith.

One instance of the spirit of resistance to feudal power, and its consequences, is told by Sir Walter Scott:

Earl Morton was lord of that valley\* fair,  
The Beattisons were his vassals there.  
The Earl was gentle, and mild of mood,  
The vassals were warlike, and fierce, and rude;  
High of heart, and haughty of word,  
Little they recked of a tame liege lord.  
The Earl to fair Eskdale came,  
Homage and Seignory to claim:  
Of Gilbert the Galliard, a *heriot*† he sought,  
Saying, 'Give thy best steed as a vassal ought.

\* Eskdale.

† The feudal superior, in certain cases, was entitled to the best horse of the vassal, in name of *Heriot*, or *Herezeld*, a gift due from the tenant to his lord at certain times.

' Dear to me is my bonny white steed,  
Oft has he helped me at pinch of need ;  
Lord and Earl though thou be, I trow,  
I can rein Bucksfoot better than thou.'

Word on word gave fuel to fire,  
'Till so highly blazed the Beattison's ire,  
But that the Earl the flight had ta'en,  
The vassals there their lord had slain.  
Sore he plied both whip and spur,  
As he urged his steed through Eskdale muir ;  
And it fell down a weary weight,  
Just on the threshold of Branksome gate.  
The Earl was a wrathful man to see,  
Full fain avenged would he be.  
In haste to Branksome's lord he spoke,  
Saying, ' Take these traitors to thy yoke,  
For a cast of Hawks and a purse of gold,  
All Eskdale I'll see thee to have and to hold :  
Beshrew thy heart, of the Beattisons' clan  
If thou leavest on Eske a landed man ;  
But spare Woodkerrick's lands alone,  
For he lent me his horse to escape upon.'

A glad man then was Branksome bold,  
Down he flung him the purse of gold ;  
To Eskdale soon he spurred amain,  
And with him five hundred riders has ta'en !  
He left his merry men in the midst of the hill ;  
And bade them hold them close and still ;  
And alone he wended to the plain,  
To meet with the Galliard and all his train.  
To Gilbert the Galliard thus he said :—  
' Know thou me for thy liege lord and head ;  
Deal not with me as with Morton tame,  
For Scotts play best at the roughest game.  
Give me in peace my heriot due,  
Thy bonny white steed, or thou shalt rue.  
If my horn I three times wind,  
Eskdale shall long have the sound in mind.'

Loudly the Beattison laughed in scorn ;—  
' Little care we for thy winded horn.  
Ne'er shall it be the Galliard's lot,  
To yield his steed to a haughty Scott.

Wend thou to Branksome back on foot,  
 With rusty spur and miry boot.  
 He blew his bugle so loud and hoarse,  
 That the dun deer started at far Craikcross ;  
 He blew again so loud and clear,  
 Through the gray mountain mist there did lances appear ;  
 And the third blast rang with such a din,  
 That the echoes answered from Pentoun-linn ;  
 And all his riders came lightly in.  
 Then you had seen a gallant shock,  
 When saddles were emptied and lances broke :  
 For each scornful word the Galliard had said,  
 A Beattison on the field was laid.  
 His own good sword the chieftain drew,  
 And he bored the Galliard through and through ;  
 Where the Beattisons' blood mixed with the rill,  
 The Galliard's Haugh, men call it still.  
 The Scotts have scattered the Beattison clan,  
 In Eskdale they left but one landed man.  
 The valley of Eske, from the mouth to the source,  
 Was lost and won for that bonny white horse."

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BORDER WARS.

The history of the *border wars* of Scotland is highly interesting. Scotland is only divided from England by an artificial boundary, but the two regions were once governed by different kings and laws, and the people thought they had different and clashing interests. Those who lived on the *border*, or contiguous territories of the two dominions, paid little regard to any laws.—They took justice into their own hands, or rather they defied justice, and devastated each other's property as much as they could, and they kept up for ages the hostilities which some needy robber had begun.

In the third canto of the *Lady of the Lake*—The Gathering—Sir Walter Scott represents in a very vivid manner, the spirit and alacrity with which the clansmen assembled themselves at the call of their chiefs. When the clansmen were suddenly summoned to their lord's defence, or that of his allies, a signal was carried through the tract of country which they inhabited, and with almost incredible speed they assembled themselves at the "trysting place," or as we say from the French, at the *Rendezvous*. The Funeral and the Wedding were alike suspended at this summons,

and the mourner and the bride were forgotten in the claim of a Scottish chief.

“ Fast as the fatal symbol flies,  
In arms the huts and hamlets rise ;  
From winding glen, from upland brown,  
They poured each hardy tenant down.  
Nor slack'd the messenger his pace ;  
He showed the sign, he named the place,  
And, pressing forward like the wind,  
Left clamour and surprise behind.

The fisherman forsook the strand,  
The swarthy smith took dirk and brand ;  
With changed cheer, the mower blithe  
Left in the half-cut swathe his scythe ;  
The herds without a keeper strayed,  
The plough was in mid-furrow staid,  
The falc'ner tossed his hawk away,  
The hunter left the stag at bay ;  
Prompt at the signal of alarms,  
Each son of Alpine rushed to arms ;  
From the gray sire, whose trembling hand  
Could hardly buckle on his brand,  
To the raw boy, whose shaft and bow  
Were yet scarce terror to the crow.

Each valley, each sequestered glen,  
Mustered its little horde of men,  
That met as torrents from the height  
In Highland dale their streams unite,  
Still gathering, as they pour along,  
A voice more loud, a tide more strong,  
Till at the rendezvous they stood  
By hundreds prompt for blows and blood ;  
Each trained to arms since life began,  
Owning no tie but to his clan,  
No oath, but by his Chieftain's hand,  
No law, but Roderick Dhu's command.”

The predatory habits of these clans originated in their rapacity and indolence, and were carried on by the spirit of retaliation. The chiefs, however, possessed some high qualities in conjunction with the passions which produced such shocking results. Ellen, in *The Lady of the Lake*, describes this combination of revolting and praise-worthy traits. She speaks of Roderick Dhu, the chief of Clan Alpine :

"I grant him liberal, to fling  
 Among his clan the wealth they bring,  
 When back by lake and glen they wind,  
 And in the Lowland leave behind,  
 Where once some pleasant hamlet stood,  
 A mass of ashes slaked with blood.  
 The hand, that for my father fought,  
 I honour, as his daughter ought ;  
 But can I clasp it reeking red,  
 From peasants slaughtered in their shed ?  
 No ! wildly while his virtues gleam  
 They make his passions darker seem,  
 And flash along his spirit high,  
 Like lightning o'er the midnight sky."

#### THE ALARM.

The story of Sir Walter Scott's *Minstrel* is one of the warfare of the Scott's, (the family of the Dukes of Buccleuch,) with *southern force and guile*.—

"When Scrope, and Howard, and Percy's powers  
 Threatened Branksome's lordly towers."

Branksome was the castle of the Buccleuch family, and Scrope, Howard, and Percy, are names of English noblemen from "Warkworth, and Naworth, and merry Carlisle," who were open enemies of the Scotts of Buccleuch. The action of the poem is dated about 1550.

In anticipation of an attack from the southern powers, the Scotts *mustered the clans*, their neighbours and allies. The alarm is exhibited with wonderful animation.

"————— the evening fell,  
 'Twas near the time of curfew bell ;  
 The air was mild, the wind was calm,  
 The stream was smooth, the dew was balm,  
 E'en the rude watchman, on the tower,  
 Enjoyed and blessed the lovely hour.  
 Far more fair Margaret loved and blessed  
 The hour of silence and of rest.  
 On the high turret sitting lone,  
 She waked at times the lute's soft tone ;  
 Touched a wild note, and all between  
 Thought of the bower of hawthorn green,

Her golden hair streamed free from band,  
 Her fair cheek rested on her hand,  
 Her blue eye sought the west afar,  
 For lovers love the western star.

Is yon the star, o'er Penchryst Pen,  
 That rises slowly to her ken,  
 And, spreading broad its wavering light,  
 Shakes its loose tresses on the night ?  
 Is yon red glare the western star ?—  
 O, 'tis the beacon blaze of war !  
 Scarce could she draw her tightened breath,  
 For well she knew the fire of death !

The warder viewed it blazing strong,  
 And blew his war-note loud and long,  
 Till, at the high and haughty sound,  
 Rock, wood, and river, rang around.  
 The blast alarmed the festal hall,  
 And startled forth the warriors all ;  
 Far downward, in the castle-yard,  
 Full many a torch and cresset glared ;  
 And helms and plumes confusedly tossed,  
 Were in the blaze half-seen, half-lost ;  
 And spears in wild disorder shook,  
 Like reeds beside a frozen brook.

The Seneschal, whose silver hair  
 Was reddened by the torches' glare,  
 Stood in the midst, with jesture proud,  
 And issued forth his mandates loud,  
 ' On Penchryst glows a *bale* of fire  
 And three are kindling on Priestthaughswire ;  
     Ride out, ride out,  
     The foe to scout !

Mount, *mount*, for *Branksome*, every man !  
 Thou, Todrig, warn the Johnstone clan,  
     That ever are true and stout.

Ye need not send to Liddesdale ;  
 For, when they see the blazing bale,  
 Elliots and Armstrongs never fail.—  
 Ride, Alton, ride for death and life !  
 And warn the warden of the strife,  
 Young Gilbert, let our beacon blaze,  
 Our kin, and clan, and friends, to raise.'

Fair Margaret, from the turret head,  
 Heard, far below, the coursers' tread,  
 While loud the harness rung,  
 As to their seats with clamour dread,  
 The ready horsemen sprung ;  
 And trampling hoofs, and 'iron coats,  
 And leaders' voices mingled notes,  
 And out ! and out !  
 In hasty route,  
 The horsemen galloped forth ;  
 Dispersing to the south to scout,  
 And east, and west, and north,  
 To view their coming enemies,  
 To warn their vassals and allies.  
 The ready page, with hurried hand.  
 Awaked the *need-fires* slumbering brand,  
 And ruddy blushed the heaven :  
 For a sheet of flame, from the turret high,  
 Waved like a bloodflag on the sky,  
 All flaring and uneven ;  
 And soon a score of fires, I ween,  
 From height, and hill, and cliff, were seen ;  
 Each with warlike tidings fraught ;  
 Each from each the signal caught ;  
 Each after each they glanced to sight,  
 As stars arise upon the night.  
 They gleamed on many a dusky *tarn*,  
 Haunted by the lonely *car*n ;  
 On many a *cairn's* gray pyramid,  
 Where urns of mighty chiefs lie hid :  
 Till high Dunedin the blazes saw,  
 From Soltra and Dumpender Law ;  
 And Lothian heard the regent's order,  
 That all should *bowne* them from the Border.

The livelong night in Branksome rang  
 The ceaseless sound of steel :  
 The castle bell, with backward clang,  
 Sent forth the larum peal ;  
 Was frequent heard the heavy jar,  
 Where massy stone and iron bar  
 Were piled on echoing keep and tower,  
 To overwhelm the foe with deadly shower ;

Was frequent heard the changing guard,  
 And watchword from the sleepless ward ;  
 While, wearied by the endless din,  
 Blood-hound and ban-dog yelled within.

The noble dame, amid the broil,  
 Shared the gray Seneschal's high toil,  
 And spoke of danger with a smile ;  
 Cheered the young knights, and council sage  
 Held with the chiefs of riper age.  
 No tidings of the foe were brought,  
 Nor of his numbers knew they aught,  
 Nor in what time the truce he sought.

Some said that there were thousands ten  
 And others weened that it was nought

But Leven clans, or Tynedale men,  
 Who came to gather in *black mail* ;  
 And Liddesdale, with small avail,  
 Might drive them lightly back agen.  
 So passed the anxious night away,  
 And welcome was the peep of day."

The castle of the Scotts, at the time expressed in the verses, was in possession of the widow of its late lord. The *fair Margaret* is the Lady's daughter.

*Is yon red glare the western star ?* No. It is a war signal. On some distant and elevated spot, the Scotts kept a *post of observation*—a place where some of their clan were stationed to observe if any armed force marched towards the castle. As soon as the watchman discovered movements among the enemy, he gave notice of it by lighting a fire, which was seen at another high place, where another watch was stationed. The second watchman lighted a *bale fire*, which another saw ; and thus, by a succession of signs, the endangered family got information of their danger, and prepared themselves for defence. This mode of giving information, was in ancient times in use among the Greeks and Asiatics. In *Agamemnon*, a tragedy of *Eschylus*, the circumstance of the taking of *Troy* is represented to have been thus transmitted to *Peloponnesus*.

*The time of curfew bell*—about eight o'clock at night.

*Warder*—a watchman who gave notice of danger to the inmates of a castle.



*Seneschal*—an officer who regulated ceremonies, and gave orders upon emergencies.

*Bale*—beacon-faggot.

*Mount for Branksome* was the gathering word of the Scotts.

*Need-fire*—beacon.

*Tarn*—a mountain lake.

*Earn*—the Scottish eagle.

*Cairn*—a pile of stones.

*Bowne*—make ready.

*The regent's order.* A regent is a person appointed to act for a king in his infancy, in his absence from his kingdom, and during his illness.

*Who came to gather in black mail.* The Scotts did not certainly know who was approaching their domain, it might be some lawless men of the country who were coming to carry off cattle, and such things as they could find, yet who might be prevented from doing this violence by money distributed among them. This *bribe* for refraining from robbery was called *black mail*.

This disorderly and perilous state of society exists no longer. The region once disturbed in this manner is now in security and prosperity. This change is sweetly described in the poem from which the succeeding verses are extracted :

“ Sweet Teviot ! on thy silver tide  
 The glaring bale-fires blaze no more ;  
 No longer steel-clad warriors ride  
 Along thy wild and willowed shore ;  
 Where'er thou wind'st by dale or hill  
 All, all is peaceful, all is still,  
 As if thy waves, since time was born,  
 Since first they rolled their way to Tweed,  
 Had only heard the shepherd's reed,  
 Nor startled at the bugle-horn.  
 Unlike the tide of human time,  
 Which, though it change in ceaseless flow,  
 Retains each grief, retains each crime,  
 Its earliest course was doomed to know :  
 And darker as it downward bears,  
 Is stained with past and present tears.”

## LORD SURREY.

Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, was the son of a Duke of Norfolk, an English nobleman. Lord Surrey was born in England about the year 1516. He was educated in the fashion of that age for young persons of his elevated rank. According to an old writer of the time "they began early with languages and manners ; from *ten* to *twelve* were taught music and dancing, and to '*speak of gentleness* ;' (to converse like gentlemen) then scoured the fields as sportsmen ; at sixteen were practised in mock battles—*jousting*, and breaking and riding the war-horse ; and at *seventeen* or *eighteen* were reckoned fit to enter the world, and be entrusted with the duties of men."

Lord Surrey was highly accomplished, and a writer of poetry. His poetry is now only read by those students who take pleasure in reviving what is old and obsolete, and in tracing the past progress of English literature. Surrey spent his short life chiefly in the court of Henry the VIII, or in the military service in France. His genius and accomplishments made him enemies.—The unsettled state of laws, and the despotism of the royal authority at that period in England, made it easy for cruel and unprincipled men in high stations to ruin those they hated, and to such men, Lord Surrey fell a victim.

The circumstances of Surrey's death, are not very precisely known, but he was falsely accused of *treason*, (a project against the government of his country,) and in the 31st year of his age was sentenced to death, and publicly beheaded. The king, being near his end, and enfeebled in mind, gave his sanction to this vile measure.

"Thus was cut off, gallant and guiltless, the most accomplished man of his age."

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lovely to the last :  
Extinguished, not decayed.

This melancholy fact affords a clear inference of the value of a wise civil government, founded in the rights of all men.—A young person who should now read the frivolous pretences which brought Lord Surrey to the block, ought to feel his heart glow with gratitude to Providence, that he lives under political institutions, which forbid the shedding of blood except for the worst crimes ; and he ought to make himself worthy of that personal safety and liberty which when they bestow the privileges of a good citizen, require of him all the duties of one.

Surrey's character and fate are so interesting that many fictions have been composed upon his history. One of these is, that he loved a beautiful English lady named Geraldine—that he travelled in Italy and Germany, and in order to obtain some intelligence of the lady Geraldine while he was on the continent of Europe, that he repaired to a certain *necromancer* for information. The reputed name of that *fortune-teller*, as we call such impostors, was Cornelius Agrippa. According to this fable, Agrippa showed Lord Surrey the figure of his absent lady in a mirror.—She was seen by him reclining on a couch and reading one of his sonnets. To complete this story it was further asserted, that Lord Surrey was just married to Geraldine when he was torn from her, and put to death.

Towards the end of Sir Walter Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, a marriage feast is described.—The time in which the circumstances related in the poem are supposed to happen, is soon after the death of Surrey. One of the entertainments at feasts, then in fashion, was the musical recitation of poetry, in honour of *beautiful ladies* and *true knights*. At the marriage feast alluded to, Fitztraver, a favourite Minstrel of Lord Surrey, is supposed to be present, and to relate the fabled vision of his unhappy master.

#### SURREY'S VISION.

As ended Albert's simple lay,  
 Arose a bard of loftier port ;  
 For sonnet, rhyme, and roundelay,  
 Renowned in haughty Henry's court ;  
 There hung the harp, unrivalled long,  
 Fitztraver of the silver song !  
 The gentle Surrey loved his lyre—  
 Who has not heard of Surrey's fame ?  
 His was the Hero's soul of fire,  
 And his the bard's immortal name,  
 And his was love, exalted high  
 By all the glow of chivalry.  
 They sought together, climes afar,  
 And oft, within some olive grove,  
 When evening came, with twinkling star,  
 They sung of Surrey's absent love.  
 His step the Italian peasant staid,  
 And deemed, that spirits from on high,  
 Round where some hermit saint was laid,  
 Were breathing heavenly melody ;

So sweet did harp and voice combine,  
To praise the name of Geraldine.

Fitztraver ! O what tongue may say  
The pangs thy faithful bosom knew,  
When Surrey, of the deathless lay,  
Ungrateful Tudor's sentence slew ?

---

'Twas All-soul's eve, and Surrey's heart beat high :  
He heard the midnight bell with anxious start,  
Which told the mystic hour, approaching nigh,  
When wise Cornelius promised, by his art,  
To show to him the ladye of his heart,  
Albeit betwixt them roared the ocean grim ;  
Yet so the sage had hight to play his part,  
That he should see her form in life and limb,  
And mark, if still she loved, and still she thought of him.

Dark was the vaulted room of gramarye,  
To which the wizard led the gallant Knight  
Save that before a mirror, huge and high,  
A hallowed taper shed a glimmering light  
On mystic implements of magic might ;  
On cross, and character, and talisman,  
And almagest, and altar,—nothing bright ;  
For fitful was the lustre, pale and wan,  
As watch-light by the bed of some departing man.

But soon within that mirror huge and high,  
Was seen a self-emitted light to gleam ;  
And forms upon its breast the earl 'gan spy,  
Cloudy and indistinct as feverish dream ;  
Till, slow arranging, and defined, they seem  
To form a lordly, and a lofty room,  
Part lighted by a lamp with silver beam,  
Placed by a couch of Agra's silken loom,  
And part by moonshine pale, and part was hid in gloom.

Fair all the pageant—but how passing fair  
The slender form, which lay on couch of Ind !  
O'er her white bosom strayed her hazel hair,  
Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she pined ;  
All in her night-robe loose she lay reclined,  
And, pensive, read from tablet eburnine  
Some strain that seemed her inmost soul to find :—

That favoured strain was Surrey's raptured line,  
That fair and lovely form the Lady Geraldine.

---

*Magic* is a false art—a pretension of cunning men who live among the ignorant to impose upon the latter, but some men, wise in other respects, have believed in this deception. The *magicians* of Egypt are mentioned in the Bible. In some countries, persons called *magicians* have been really learned, and others, less informed, have believed them to be endowed with the knowledge of future events, and able to change their own appearance, or to transform one substance into another, as *lead to gold*, &c. To have such abilities, would be to possess *supernatural powers*—powers greater than other men—No such ability has been conferred upon men.

*Room of Granmarye.* *Granmarye* means *magic*. The *talisman* and *almagest*, were certain instruments which the magicians pretended to employ, when they practised their art. The *almagest* was a book of astrology.

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#### CONSTANCE DE BEVERLY.

“The Catholic religion,” says Madame de Stael, “has taken up the inheritance of Paganism every where.” She means that ceremonies, images and institutions, in use among the Pagans of Rome, were adopted by Christians of that country, and of that form of religion which originated there. The statues of Jupiter and Apollo had their heads displaced that they might receive those of St. Paul and Peter, and religious orders of the exploded faith were remodeled under the new. One instance of this may be found by comparing the order of the Vestal virgins of ancient Rome, with those of the convents of Christian females.

In Rome the people worshipped the goddess Vesta, or Fire,—originally, perhaps, because that element is so happily diffused through all nature, that it is the active agent which produces almost all the sensible changes in every thing, is one of the essential principles of life, and the indispensable power which ministers in the operation of all arts, and to the enjoyments of all comforts.

The servants of Vesta were young females from noble families; they were neither given nor persuaded to this ministry, but taken. The Pontifex Maximus, the chief priest among the Romans,

when he saw a young girl who pleased him, took her by the hand, and declaring that she was appointed a vestal virgin, devoted her to the education ordained for this order, and her parents acquiesced with readiness, believing that they gave up their child to a *holy vocation*.

The vestal virgins were few in number, their principal duty was to keep alive the sacred fire, which was kindled from the rays of the sun. The elder educated the younger ones, and they all spent their time in performing ceremonies now forgotten, but to which ignorance and superstition then attached a false importance. So much were the priestesses of Vesta honoured, that when they went abroad the magistrates of Rome gave place to them. But if they dared to break their vows they were buried alive.

The frightful punishment of burying alive has not been confined to the vestals of ancient Rome. Convents are houses of religious retirement, where women, and sometimes men, agree to spend their lives in the service of the Roman Catholic faith.

The nuns, the female inhabitants of convents, often lead useful, benevolent, and happy lives, but they formerly adhered to very severe regulations. The governess, or mistress of a convent, sometimes called the Abbess, and sometimes the Prioress, was made a judge in cases of crimes committed by the nuns; and the laws of these establishments ordered, if a nun eloped from a convent with the connivance of any man she loved, that when she should afterwards be seized, like the faithless vestals of Rome, she should, be buried, warm with life, in a premature grave.

A most affecting representation of such a cruel sacrifice, is found in the second Canto of Sir Walter Scott's *Marmion*. Constance de Beverly, a nun in the abbey of Fontevraud, was enticed from her convent by Lord Marmion. Some time after this, the wealth of the Lady Clare tempted Marmion to forsake Constance, and to seek Clara for his bride. Clara was engaged to marry young De Wilton, but Marmion contrived to bring some disgrace upon De Wilton, and to engage his master, the king of England, to command that Clara should accept Marmion as her husband. Clara fled from these importunities to the convent of Whitby, and while she was in that asylum, Constance, resolving that none but herself should marry Lord Marmion, conspired with a treacherous monk to poison Clara.

This guilty design was discovered, and its plotters were punished according to the laws of that age. The offence of Constance was double, and rendered her liable to the death she afterwards suffered. An "ancient Man," the Abbot of Saint Cuth-

bert, the Abbess of Saint Hilda, and the Prioress of Tynemouth, sat in judgment upon these unhappy criminals, in a deep vault far beneath the surface of the earth.

“ Before them stood a guilty pair ;  
 But though an equal fate they share,  
 Yet *one* alone deserves our care.  
 Her sex a page’s dress belied ;  
 The cloak and doublet loosely tied,  
 Obscured her charms but could not hide.  
 Her cap down o’er her face she drew ;  
 And on her doublet breast  
 She tried to hide the badge of blue,  
 Lord Marmion’s falcon crest.  
 But at the Prioress’ command,  
 A monk undid the silken band  
 That tied her tresses fair,  
 And raised the bonnet from her head,  
 And down her slender form they spread  
 In ringlets rich and rare,  
 Constance de Beverly they know  
 Sister professed of Fontevraud,\*  
 Whom the church numbered with the dead  
 For broken vows and convent fled.

When thus her face was given to view,  
 (Although so pallid was her hue,  
 It did a ghastly contrast bear  
 To those bright ringlets glistening fair,)  
 Her look composed, and steady eye,  
 Bespoke a matchless constancy ;  
 And there she stood, so calm and pale  
 But that her breathing did not fail,  
 And motion slight of eye and head,  
 And of her bosom, warranted  
 That neither life nor pulse she lacks,  
 You might have thought a form of wax,  
 Wrought to the very sense was there,  
 So still she was, so pale, so fair.

Her comrade was a sordid soul—

This wretch was clad in frock and cowl,  
 And shamed not loud to moan and howl,

\* Pronounced Fontevro.

His body on the floor to dash,  
 And crouch like hound beneath the lash :  
 While his mute partner standing near,  
 Waited her doom without a tear.  
 Yet well the luckless wretch might shriek  
 Well might her paleness terror speak !  
 For there were seen in that dark wall,  
 Two niches narrow, deep, and tall.  
 Who enters at such grisly door,  
 Shall ne'er, I ween, find exit more.  
 In each a slender meal was laid  
 Of roots, of water, and of bread.  
 By each in Benedictine dress  
 Two haggard monks stood motionless ;  
 Who, holding high a blazing torch  
 Showed the grim entrance of the porch.  
 Reflecting back the smoky beam,  
 The dark red walls and arches gleam.  
 Hewn stones and cement were displayed,  
 And building tools in order laid.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now that blind old abbot rose,  
 To speak the chapter's doom  
 On those the walls were to enclose  
 Alive within the tomb ;  
 But stopped, because that woful maid,  
 Gathering her powers, to speak essayed,  
 Twice she essayed, and twice in vain,  
 Her accents might no utterance again ;  
 Nought but imperfect murmurs slip  
 From her convulsed and quivering lip :

\* \* \* \* \*

At length an effort sent apart  
 The blood that curdled to her heart,  
 And light came to her eye,  
 And colour dawned upon her cheek  
 A hectic and a fluttered streak  
 Like that left on the Cheviot peak,  
 By autumn's stormy sky ;  
 And when her silence broke at length,  
 Still as she spoke she gathered strength,



And armed herself to bear.—  
 It was a fearful sight to see  
 Such high resolve and constancy,  
 In form so soft and fair.

“ I speak not to implore your grace,  
 Well know I for one minute's space  
 Successless might I sue :  
 Nor do I speak your prayers to gain ;  
 For if a death of lingering pain,  
 To cleanse my sins be penance vain,  
 Vain are your masses too.—  
 I listened to a traitor's tale,  
 I left the convent and the veil,  
 For three long years I bowed my pride  
 A horse-boy in his train to ride.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 He saw young Clara's face more fair,  
 And knew her of broad lands the heir,  
 Forgot his vows, his faith forswore,  
 And Constance was beloved no more.  
 'Tis an old tale and often told ;  
 But did my fate and wish agree,  
 Ne'er had been read, in story old  
 Of maiden true, betrayed for gold,  
 That loved or was avenged like me.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 This caitiff monk, for gold, did swear  
 He would to Whitby's shrine repair,  
 And by his drugs, my rival fair  
 A saint in heaven should be.  
 But ill the dastard kept his oath,  
 Whose cowardice has undone us both.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Now men of death work forth your will,  
 For I can suffer and be still ;  
 And come he slow or come he fast,  
 It is but death who comes at last.

Yet dread me from my living tomb,  
 Ye *vassal slaves of bloody Rome*,  
 If Marmion's late remorse should wake  
 Full soon such vengeance would he take

That you should wish the fiery Dane  
 Had rather been your guest again.  
 Behind a darker hour ascends !  
 The *altars quake, the crosier bends,*  
 The ire of a despotic king  
 Rides forth upon destruction's wing ;  
 Then shall these vaults so large and deep  
 Burst open to the sea-wind's sweep ;  
 Some traveller then shall find my bones,  
 Whitening amid disjointed stones,  
 And, ignorant of priests' cruelty,  
 Marvel such relics here should be."

Fixed was her look and stern her air ;  
 Back from her shoulders streamed her hair ;  
 The locks that wont her brow to shade,  
 Stood up erectly from her head ;  
 Her figure seemed to rise more high  
 Her voice, despair's wild energy  
 Had given a tone of prophecy.  
 Appalled the astonished *conclave* sate,  
 With stupid eyes, the men of fate  
 Gazed on the light inspired form ;  
 And listened for the avenging storm ;  
 The judges felt the victim's dread,  
 No hand was moved, no word was said,  
 Till thus the Abbot's doom was given,  
 Raising his sightless balls to heaven :  
 " Sister, let thy sorrows cease ;  
 Sinful brother, part in peace !

From that dire dungeon, place of doom,  
 Of execution too, and tomb,  
 Paced forth the judges three ;  
 Sorrow it were, and shame, to tell  
 The butcher-work that there befel,  
 When they had glided from the cell  
 Of sin and misery.

An hundred winding steps convey  
 That conclave to the upper day ;  
 But, ere they breathed the fresher air,  
 They heard the shriekings of despair,  
 And many a stifled groan :  
 With speed their upward way they take,

(Such speed as age and fear can make,)  
 And crossed themselves for terror's sake,  
 As hurrying tottering on.  
 Even in the vesper's heavenly tone,  
 They seemed to hear a dying groan,  
 And bade the passing knell to toll  
 For welfare of a parting soul.  
 Slow o'er the midnight wave it swung,  
 Northumbrian rocks in answer rung ;  
 To Warkworth cell the echoes rolled,  
 His beads the wakeful hermit told ;  
 The Bamborough peasant raised his head,  
 But slept ere half a prayer he said,  
 So far was heard the mighty knell,  
 The stag sprung up on Cheviot Fell,  
 Spread his broad nostrils to the wind,  
 Listed before, aside, behind ;  
 Then couched him down beside the hind,  
 And quaked among the mountain fern,  
 To hear that sound so dull and stern.

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 ILLUSTRATIONS.

Two haggard monks in this awful and melancholy picture are arrayed in "Benedictine dress." The different orders of monks first originated in some religious men who retired from all business and collected about them others disposed like themselves. These persons lived and associated together, possessed the same property, and followed nearly the same occupations. Those who joined their society, one after another, and followed them, generation after generation, took the name of the first founder of the society. This person was afterwards called a Saint. Saint Benedict, Saint Francis, Saint Dominick, were distinguished Fathers of the religious orders in the Catholic Church. The words Benedictine, Franciscan, and Dominican, signify persons severally attached to the *orders* or institutions of these priests.

Among different orders of the Catholic priesthood, the Jesuits—the order of Jesus—is the most extraordinary. The history of the Jesuits and of their founder Ignatius Loyola, is highly interesting to those who are sufficiently matured and experienced to understand the effects produced by a great genius in designing great things, and the still greater results which numbers of men acting with untiring energy and united wills, can accomplish.

Constance first threatens her judges with the vengeance of Marmion, when "late remorse" should revive his affection for her; and her voice, taking the "tone of prophecy," foretold that yet a "darker hour" than his provoked spirit could hasten, awaited them in "the ire of a despotic King." This despotic King was Henry the VIII.

When the Romans possessed Britain they doubtless brought the intelligence of Christianity with them, and Christian converts must have been made in Britain, but how much this Christianity prevailed is not now known. The Saxon masters of Britain, who succeeded the Romans, brought with them the tyranny of ignorance and of physical power; and Christianity was so little regarded after the time of the Saxon domination, that the Popes of Rome considered Britain among the waste places of Heathenism, and sent thither one of the first Christian missions upon record.

About the year 596, Pope Gregory I. sent St. Augustine, or Austin, with forty monks, to instruct the people of Britain in the Christian religion. England and Wales at that time were divided into different principalities. Ethelred, king of Kent, was among the first proselytes of Augustine, and became an important aid to his purposes. Augustine was a spiritual governor as well as teacher, and the baptized converts, and established churches and ministers from Kent to Northumberland; he also penetrated into Wales, where he found a form of Christianity more simple than the Romish faith. It had been learned in the second century after Christ from the Romans, and was still cherished.

Augustine was without humility, and expected to be acknowledged by all the inhabitants of Britain, as head of the English church under the Pope. The Welsh, not comprehending the authority of the Pope and Saint Austin, thought fit to reject it, and the saint denounced vengeance upon them. A King of Northumberland took upon himself the accomplishment of this threat, and without affording them time for defence, slaughtered about twelve hundred of the Welsh Christians. Fear, as well as confidence, served to establish the Catholic religion, and after the sixth century was acknowledged in Britain, by the Kings and the people.

From this time large grants and gifts enriched and multiplied monasteries or religious houses, and they continued to increase in power and wealth for nearly a thousand years. Increase of their power, however, received several checks. Reformers at different times lifted up their voices. Wickliffe and Lord Cobham declared for religious liberty. King Henry II. and Ed-

ward III. restrained ecclesiastical power, and the scriptures were translated.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, Pope Leo X. was engaged in building that wonder of modern architecture, St. Peter's church at Rome, and in order to obtain money for the accomplishment of that expensive undertaking, he gave a commission to certain Catholic Priests to sell Indulgences, and send the profits to him at Rome. These Indulgences were privileges to commit actions forbidden by the laws and the Gospel, without liability to punishment in this world, or another. The impossibility that any human sovereign could discharge his fellow men from the laws of his Maker, made multitudes of almost all Catholic countries distrust the authority of the Pope, and made the religious establishments less venerable in all the countries, which afterwards became Protestant.

Henry VIII. adhered to the ceremonies of Popery all his life, but he was a most powerful enemy to the Pope's authority in Britain. Henry caused himself to be declared by the *parliament* the Protector and independent head of the church of England. In virtue of this authority, Henry caused a visitation to be made to all the convents, and a report of their condition to be published. This account, perhaps with too little regard to truth, gave a most detestable character to the monasteries, so that the public mind was easily reconciled to their suppression. Not long after the visitation, three hundred and seventy-six houses were suppressed, and the lands and other property attached to them were *confiscated*, or applied by the King to public uses.

The new appropriation of the wealth of the Church did not stop here, for the number of religious houses of different kinds that were suppressed has been estimated to be six hundred and forty-three convents, and more than two thousand small establishments for worship, education, and charity. It is impossible that much distress should not have attended such a sweeping remedy of real or supposed abuses, and well might Constance give that lively personification of the monarch's anger which led to these illustrations.

*The altars quake, the crosier bend.* The altars which Catholic superstition has erected shall be shaken. The Crosier is a staff surmounted by a cross. It was carried by Catholic bishops as a symbol of ecclesiastical power—those who bore it might dread the time when it should be bent in subjection to the reformed religion.

## LADY OF THE LAKE.

This beautiful tale is a more universal favourite than any of Sir Walter Scott's. It is exquisitely descriptive, and so peculiarly fascinating, that a person who takes it up for the first time is seldom known to leave it till the whole is read. The first Canto of the *Lady of the Lake* describes a *chase*. Hunting is an occupation necessary to the savage state, and in civilized countries opulent men of leisure love to excite their spirits by the sports of the field. To hunt the boar, the stag, and the fox, besides other animals, in many countries is considered by active and adventurous persons as among the most animating pleasures of life.

The Chase in the *Lady of the Lake* describes a hunt of the King of Scotland, which ended in the loss of the game, and the death of King James's fine horse. After the loss of his horse, the King expects to sleep in the open air; but the state of the country made it dangerous, and he wandered in quest of a safe place, until he came full in view of Loch Katrine, a beautifully wooded lake embosomed in profound solitude. In the lake lie several islands—one of them is the retreat of an outlaw, Roderick Dhu, and also the asylum of Lord Douglas and his daughter Ellen. Lord Douglas was under the displeasure of the King, and had taken refuge with his kinsman. In hope to summon some *straggler of his train*, the King sounds his bugle; it was heard by Ellen Douglas, who was navigating her *faery frigate* on the lake, —and believing, she replied to her father or to Malcolm Græme a welcome visitor to her retreat, she answers the stranger, who soon explains his circumstances. Ellen in the generous confidence and hospitality of that age, takes him into the shallop. He rows to the island, and is made welcome to the rustic habitation of Dame Margaret, the lady of Clan Alpine, and the mother of Roderick. The Douglas and the Chieftain are both absent, and the stranger Knight announces himself in the character of James Fitz-James, (*Fitz-James*, son of James.) The next morning the Knight leaves the island under safe conduct.

## THE CHASE.

“ The stag at eve had drunk his fill,  
When danced the moon on Monan's rill,  
And deep his midnight lair had made  
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade ;

But, when the sun his beacon red  
Had kindled on Benvoirlick's head,  
The deep-mouthed blood-hound's heavy bay  
Resounded up the rocky way,  
And faint, from farther distance borne,  
Were heard the clanging hoof and horn.  
As chief who hears his warder call,  
'To arms ! the foemen storm the wall,'—  
The antlered monarch of the waste  
Sprung from his heathery couch in haste.  
But, ere his fleet career he took,  
The dew-drops from his flank he shook ;  
Like crested leader proud and high,  
Tossed his beamed frontlet to the sky ;  
A moment gazed adown the dale,  
A moment snuffed the tainted gale,  
A moment listened to the cry,  
That thickened as the chase drew nigh ;  
Then, as the headmost foes appeared,  
With one brave bound the copse he cleared,  
And stretching forward free and far,  
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var.

Yelled on the view the opening pack,  
Rock, glen, and cavern, paid them back ;  
To many a mingled sound at once  
The awakened mountains gave response.  
An hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,  
Clattered an hundred steeds along,  
Their peal the merry horns rung out ;  
An hundred voices joined the shout ;  
With hark, and whoop, and wild halloo  
No rest Benvoirlich's echo knew.  
Far from the tumult fled the roe,  
Close in the covert cowered the doe.  
The falcon, from her earn on high,  
Cast on the rout a wondering eye,  
Till far beyond her piercing ken  
The hurricane had swept the glen.  
Faint, and more faint, its falling din  
Returned from cavern, cliff, and linn,  
And silence settled wide and still,  
On the lone wood and mighty hill.

Less loud the sounds of sylvan war  
Disturbed the heights of Uam-Var,  
And roused the cavern, where 'tis told  
A giant made his den of old ;  
For ere that steep ascent was won,  
High in his path-way hung the sun,  
And many a gallant, stayed per-force,  
Was fain to breathe his faltering horse ;  
And of the trackers of the deer ;  
Scarce half the lessening pack was near ;  
So shrewdly on the mountain side,  
Had the bold burst their mettle tried.

The noble stag was pausing now  
Upon the mountain's southern brow,  
Where broad extended far beneath,  
The varied realms of fair Monteith.  
With anxious eye he wandered o'er  
Mountain and meadow, moss and moor,  
And pondered refuge from his toil,  
By far Lochard or Aberfoyle.

But nearer was the copse-wood gray,  
That waved and wept on Loch Achray,  
And mingled with the pine trees blue,  
On the bold cliffs of Ben-venue  
Fresh vigor with the hope returned,  
With flying foot the heath he spurned,  
Held westward with unwearied race,  
And left behind the panting chase.

'Twere long to tell what steeds gave o'er,  
As swept the hunt through Cambus-more ;  
What reins were tightened in despair,  
When rose Benledi's ridge in air ;  
Who flagged upon Bochastle's heath,  
Who shunned to stem the flooded Teith.—  
For twice, that day from shore to shore,  
The gallant stag swam stoutly o'er.  
Few were the stragglers, following far,  
That reached the lake of Vennachar :  
And when the Brigg of Turk was won,  
The headmost horseman rode alone.

Alone, but with unbated zeal,  
That horseman plied the scourge and steel :



For, jaded now, and spent with toil,  
Embossed with foam and dark with soil,  
While every gasp with sobs he drew,  
The labouring stag strained full in view.  
Two dogs of black Saint Hubert's breed,  
Unmatched for courage, breath and speed,  
Fast on his flying traces came,  
And all but won that desperate game ;  
For, scarce a spear's length from his haunch,  
Vindictive toiled the blood-hounds stanch ;  
Nor nearer might the dogs attain,  
Nor farther might the quarry strain.  
Thus up the margin of the lake,  
Between the precipice and brake  
O'er stock and rock their race they take.

The hunter marked that mountain high,  
The lone lake's western boundary,  
And deemed the stag must turn to bay,  
Where that huge rampart barred the way ;  
Already glorying in the prize,  
Measured his antlers with his eyes ;  
For the death-wound and death halloo,  
Mustered his breath, his whinyard drew.  
But thundering as he came prepared,  
With ready arm and weapon bared,  
The wily quarry shunned the shock,  
And turned him from the opposing rock ;  
Then, dashing down a darksome glen,  
Soon lost to hound and hunter's ken,  
In the deep Trosach's wildest nook  
His solitary refuge took.

There while, close couched, the thicket shed  
Cold dews and wild flowers on his head,  
He heard the baffled dogs in vain  
Rave through the hollow pass amain,  
Chiding the rocks that yelled again.

Close on the hounds the hunter came,  
To cheer them on the vanished game ;  
But stumbling in the rugged dell,  
The gallant horse exhausted fell.  
The impatient rider strove in vain  
To rouse him with the spur and rein,  
For the good steed, his labours o'er,

Stretched his stiff limbs, to rise no more ;  
Then touched with pity and remorse,  
He sorrowed o'er the expiring horse.  
' I little thought when first thy rein  
I slacked upon the banks of Seine,  
That highland eagle e'er should feed  
On thy fleet limbs, my gallant steed !  
Wo worth the chase, wo worth the day,  
That cost thy life, my gallant gray ! "

---

ELLEN DOUGLAS.

" But scarce again his horn he wound,  
When lo ! forth starting at the sound,  
From underneath an aged oak,  
That slanted from the islet rock,  
A damsel, guider of its way,  
A little skiff shot to the bay,  
That round the promontory steep,  
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,  
Eddying in almost viewless wave,  
The weeping willow twig to lave,  
And kiss with whispering sound and slow,  
The beach of pebbles bright as snow.  
The boat had touched the silver strand,  
Just as the hunter left his stand,  
And stood concealed amid the brake,  
To view this Lady of the lake.  
The maiden paused, as if again  
She thought to catch the distant strain,  
With head upraised, and look intent,  
And eye and ear attentive bent,  
And locks flung back, and lips apart  
Like monument of Grecian art.  
In listening mood she seemed to stand,  
The guardiah Naiad of the strand.

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace  
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a grace,  
Of finer form, or lovelier face !  
What though the sun with ardent frown,  
Had slightly tinged her cheek with brown,—  
The sportive toil, which, short and light,  
Had dyed her glowing hue so bright,

Served too in hastier swells to show,  
Short glimpses of a breast of snow ;  
What though no rule of courtly grace  
To measured mood had trained her pace,—  
A foot more light, a step more true,  
Never from the heath-flower dashed the dew ;  
Even the slight hare-ball raised its head,  
Elastic from her airy tread ;  
What though upon her speech there hung  
The accents of the mountain tongue,—  
Those silver sounds so soft, so dear  
The listener held his breath to hear.

A chieftain's daughter seemed the maid ;  
Her satin snood, her silken plaid,  
Her golden brooch, such birth betray'd.  
And seldom was a snood amid  
Such wild luxuriant ringlets hid,  
Whose glossy black to shame might bring  
The plumage of the raven's wing ;  
And seldom o'er a breast so fair  
Mantled a plaid with modest care,  
And never brooch the folds combined  
Above a heart more good and kind.  
Her kindness and her worth to spy,  
You need but gaze on Ellen's eye ;  
Not Katrine, in her mirror blue,  
Gives back the shaggy banks more true,  
Than every free born glance confessed  
The guileless movements of her breast ;  
Whether joy danced in her dark eye,  
Or wo or pity claimed a sigh,  
Or filial love was glowing there,  
Or meek devotion poured a prayer,  
Or tale of injury called forth  
The indignant spirit of the north.

Impatient of the silent horn,  
Now on the gale her voice was borne :—  
' Father ! ' she cried ; the rocks around  
Loved to prolong the gentle sound.  
A while she paused, no answer came  
' Malcolm, was thine the blast ? ' the name  
Less resolutely uttered fell,  
The echoes could not catch the swell.

'A stranger I,' the huntsman said,  
Advancing from the hazel shade.  
The maid alarmed, with hasty oar,  
Push her light shallop from the shore.  
And when a space was gained between,  
Closer she drew her bosom's screen ;  
(So forth the startled swan would swing !  
So turn to prune his ruffled wing.)  
Then safe, though fluttered and amazed,  
She paused, and on the stranger gazed.  
Not his the form, nor his the eye,  
That youthful maidens wont to fly.

On his bold visage middle age  
Had slightly pressed its signet sage,  
Yet had not quenched the open truth,  
And fiery vehemence of youth ;  
Forward and frolic glee was there,  
The will to do, the soul to dare,  
The sparkling glance soon blown to fire,  
Of hasty love, or headlong ire.  
His limbs were cast in manly mould,  
For hardy sports, or contest bold ;  
And though in peaceful garb arrayed,  
And weaponless, except his blade,  
His stately mien as well implied  
A high-born heart, a martial pride,  
As if a baron's crest he wore,  
And sheathed in armour trod the shore.  
Slighting the petty need he showed,  
He told of his benighted road ;  
His ready speech flowed fair and free,  
In phrase of gentlest courtesy ;  
Yet seemed that tone and gesture bland,  
Less used to sue than to command.

A while the maid the stranger eyed,  
And, reassured at last replied,  
That highland halls were open still  
To wildered wanderers of the hill.  
'Nor think you unexpected come  
To yon lone isle, our desert home ;  
Before the heath had lost the dew,  
This morn a couch was pulled for you ;  
On yonder mountains purple head

Have ptarmigan and heath-cock bled,  
And our broad nets have swept the mere,  
To furnish forth your evening cheer.'  
'Now, by the rood, my lovely maid,  
Your courtesy has erred,' he said;  
'No right have I to claim, misplaced,  
The welcome of expected guest.  
A wanderer here, by fortune tost,  
My way, my friends, my courser lost,  
I ne'er before, believe me, fair,  
Have ever drawn your mountain air,  
Till on this lake's romantic strand,  
I found a fay in fairy land.'

'I well believe,' the maid replied,  
As her light skiff approached the side,  
'I well believe that never before  
Your foot has trod Loch-Katrine shore;  
But yet, as far as yesternight,  
Old Allan-bane foretold your plight,—  
A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent,  
Was on the visioned future bent.  
He saw your steed, a dappled grey,  
Lie dead beneath the birchen way;  
Painted exact your form and mien,  
Your hunting suit of Lincoln green,  
That tassel'd horn so gaily gilt,  
That falchion's crooked blade and hilt,  
That cap with heron's plumage trim,  
And yon two hounds so dark and grim,  
He bade that all should ready be,  
To grace a guest of fair degree;  
But light I held his prophecy,  
And deemed it was my father's horn,  
Whose echoes o'er the lake were borne.'

The stranger smiled:—"Since to your home  
A destined errant knight I come,  
Announced by prophet sooth and old,  
Doomed, doubtless, for achievement bold,  
I'll lightly front each high emprise,  
For one kind glance of those bright eyes;  
Permit me, first, the task to guide,  
Your fairy frigate o'er the tide.'  
The maid, with smiles suppressed and sly,

The toil unwonted saw him try ;  
For seldom sure, if e'er before,  
His noble hand had grasped an oar ;  
Yet with main strength his strokes he drew  
And over the lake the shallop flew ;  
With heads erect, and whimpering cry,  
The hounds behind their passage ply.  
Nor frequent does the bright oar break  
The darkening mirror of the lake,  
Until the rocky isle they reach,  
And moor their shallop on the beach.

The stranger viewed the shore around ;  
'Twas all so close with copse-wood bound,  
Nor track nor pathway might declare  
That human foot frequented there,  
Until the mountain maiden showed  
A clambering unsuspected road,  
That winded through the tangled screen,  
And opened on a narrow green.  
Here, for retreat in dangerous hour,  
Some chief had framed a rustic bower.

It was a lodge of ample size,  
But strange of structure and device.  
Due westward, fronting to the green,  
A rural portico was seen,  
Aloft on native pillars borne,  
Of mountain fir with bark unshorn,  
Where Ellen's hand had taught to twine  
The ivy and Idæan vine,  
The clematis, the favoured flower,  
Which boasts the name of virgin-bower ;  
And every hardy plant could bear  
Loch-Katrine's keen and searching air.  
An instant in the porch she stayed,  
And gaily to the stranger said,  
' On heaven and on thy lady call,  
And enter the enchanted hall.'  
' My hope, my heaven, my trust must be,  
My gentle guide, in following thee.' "

## ROKEBY.

Rokeby is an English story ; the scene is in the north of England, and the date 1644. The most interesting characters in Rokeby, are Redmond O'Neale, a young Irishman trained by the lord of Rokeby, and Matilda, the only daughter of Rokeby.

## MATILDA.

“ Wreathed in its dark brown rings, her hair  
Half hid Matilda's forehead fair,  
Half hid and half revealed to view  
Her full dark eye of hazel hue.  
The rose, with faint and feeble streak,  
So slightly tinged the maiden's cheek,  
That you had said her hue was pale,  
But if she faced the summer gale,  
Or spoke, or sung, or quicker moved,  
Or heard the praise of those she loved,  
Or when of interest was expressed  
Aught that waked feeling in her breast,  
The mantling blood in ready play  
Rivalled the blush of rising day.

There was a soft and pensive grace,  
A cast of thought upon her face,  
That suited well the forehead high,  
The eye-lash dark, and downcast eye ;  
The mild expression spoke a mind  
In duty firm, composed, resigned ;—  
'Twas that which Roman art has given,  
To mark their maiden queen of heaven.  
In hours of sport, that mood gave way  
To Fancy's light and frolic play,  
And when the dance, or tale, or song,  
In harmless mirth sped time along,  
Full oft her doating sire would call  
His Maud the merriest of them all.

But days of war, and civil crime,  
Allowed but ill such festal time,  
And her soft pensiveness of brow  
Had deepened into sadness now.  
Had boding thoughts that she must part  
With a soft vision of her heart,—

All lowered around the lovely maid,  
To darken her dejection's shade."

Some years before the time of the poem of Rokeby, the Irish had rebelled against the English government in Ireland, and the Earl of Essex was employed to crush the rebellion; but O'Neale, a descendant of the ancient Irish princes, assumed the sovereignty of the province of Ulster, and for a while was acknowledged king. The author of the poem supposes that while O'Neale held out against the English, the Knight of Rokeby, with his confederate Mortham, was employed in the English military service in Ireland, and that falling into the power of O'Neale, they were treated with generosity and hospitality, and sent *safe and unransomed* home. On account of the friendship thus commenced, the grandson of Rokeby's preserver, on the reverse of his fortune, was sent to Rokeby's protection, was afterwards trained under his roof, and in due time married to his daughter Matilda.

REDMOND O'NEALE.

"Years sped away. On Rokeby's head  
Some touch of early snow was shed;  
Calm he enjoyed, by Greta's wave,  
The peace which James the peaceful gave,  
While Mortham, far beyond the main,  
Waged his fierce wars on Indian Spain—  
It chanced upon a wintry night,  
That whitened Stanemore's stormy height,  
The chase was o'er, the stag was killed,  
In Rokeby-hall the cups were filled,  
And, by the huge stone chimney sate  
The knight, in hospitable state.  
Moonless the sky, the hour was late,  
When a loud summons shook the gate.  
And sore for entrance and for aid  
A voice of foreign accent prayed.  
The porter answered to the call,  
And instant rushed into the hall  
A man, whose aspect and attire  
Startled the circle by the fire.

His plaited hair in elf-looks spread  
Around his bare and matted head;  
On leg and thigh, close stretched and trim,  
His vesture showed the sinewy limb;



In saffron dyed, a linen vest  
 Was frequent folded round his breast ;  
 A mantle long and loose he wore,  
 Shaggy with ice, and stained with gore.

He clasped a burthen to his heart,  
 And, resting on a knotted dart ;  
 The snow from hair and beard he shook,  
 And round him gazed with wildered look ;  
 Then up the hall, with staggering pace,  
 He hastened by the blaze to place,  
 Half lifeless from the bitter air,  
 His load, a boy of beauty rare.  
 To Rokeby, next, he louted low,  
 Then stood erect his tale to show,  
 With wild majestic port and tone,  
 Like envoy of some barbarous throne.  
 ' Sir Richard, lord of Rokeby, hear !  
 Turlough O'Neale salutes thee dear ;  
 He graces thee, and to thy care  
 Young Redmond gives, his grandson fair.  
 He bids thee breed him as thy son,  
 For Turlough's days of joy are done ;  
 And other lords have seized his land,  
 And faint and feeble is his hand,  
 And all the glory of Tyrone  
 Is like a morning vapour flown.

To bind the duty on thy soul,  
 He bids thee think on Erin's bowl !  
 If any wrong the young O'Neale,  
 He bids thee think of Erin's steel.  
 To Mortham first this charge was due,  
 But, in his absence, honours you.—  
 Now is my master's message by,  
 And Ferraught will contented die.—

His look grew fixed, his cheek grew pale,  
 He sunk when he had told his tale ;  
 For, hid beneath his mantle wide,  
 A mortal wound was in his side.  
 Vain was all aid—in terror wild,  
 And sorrow, screamed the orphan child.  
 Poor Ferraught raised his wistful eyes,  
 And faintly strove to soothe his cries ;

All reckless of his dying pain,  
He blest, and blest him o'er again !  
And kissed the little hands outspread,  
And kissed and crossed the infant head,  
And, in his native tongue and phrase,  
Prayed to each saint to watch his days ;  
Then all his strength together drew,  
The charge to Rokeby to renew  
When half was faltered from his breast,  
And half by dying signs expressed  
' Bless the O'Neale ! ' he faintly said,  
And thus the faithful spirit fled.

'Twas long ere soothing might prevail  
Upon the child to end the tale :  
And then he said, that from his home  
His grandsire had been forced to roam.  
Which had not been if Redmond's hand  
Had but had strength to draw the brand,  
The brand of Lenaugh More the Red  
That hung beside the gray wolf's head.—  
'Twas from his broken phrase descried,  
His foster-father was his guide,  
Who, in his charge, from Ulster bore  
Letters, and gifts a goodly store ;  
But ruffians met them in the wood,  
Ferraught in battle boldly stood,  
Till wounded and o'erpowered at length,  
And stripped of all, his failing strength  
Just bore him here—and then the child  
Renewed again his moaning wild.

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The tear, down childhood's cheek that flows,  
Is like the dew-drop on the rose ;  
When next the summer breeze comes by,  
And waves the bush, the flower is dry.  
Won by their care, the orphan child  
Soon on his new protectors smiled,  
With dimpled cheek and eyes so fair,  
Through his thick curls of flaxen hair.  
But blithest laughed that cheek and eye,  
When Rokeby's little maid was nigh ;

'Twas his, with elder brother's pride,  
 Matilda's tottering steps to guide ;  
 His native lays in Irish tongue,  
 To soothe her infant ear he sung,  
 And primrose twined with daisy fair,  
 To form a chaplet for her hair.  
 By lawn, by grove, by brooklet's strand,  
 The children still were hand in hand,  
 And good sir Richard smiling eyed  
 The early knot so kindly tied.

But summer months bring wilding shoot  
 From bud to bloom, from bloom to fruit ;  
 And years draw on our human span,  
 From child to boy, from boy to man :  
 And soon in Rokeby's woods is seen  
 A gallant boy in hunter's green.  
 He loves to wake the felon boar,  
 In his dark haunt on Greta's shore,  
 And loves, against the deer so dun,  
 To draw the shaft, or lift the gun ;  
 Yet more he loves, in autumn prime,  
 The hazel's spreading boughs to climb,  
 And down its clustered stores to hail,  
 Where young Matilda holds her veil.  
 And she, whose veil receives the shower,  
 Is altered too, and knows her power ;  
 Assumes a monitress' pride,  
 Her Redmond's dangerous sports to chide,  
 Yet listens still to hear him tell  
 How the grim wild-boar fought and fell,  
 How at his fall the bugle rung,  
 Till rock and green-wood answer flung ;  
 Then blesses her, that man can find  
 A pastime of such savage kind !

But Redmond knew to weave his tale  
 So well with praise of wood and dale,  
 And knew so well each point to trace,  
 Gives living interest to the chase,  
 And knew so well o'er all to throw  
 His spirit's wild romantic glow,  
 That, while she blamed, and while she feared,  
 She loved each venturous tale she heard.

Oft, too, when drifted snow and rain  
 To bower and hall their steps restrain,  
 Together they explored the page  
 Of glowing bard or gifted sage,  
 Oft, placed the evening fire beside,  
 The minstrel art alternate tried,  
 While gladsome harp and lively lay  
 Bade winter-night flit fast away ;  
 Thus from their childhood blending still  
 Their sport, their study, and their skill."

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HOMER.

Homer is usually styled the father of poetry. The oldest poet with whom we are acquainted, is Moses.—Moses' song, which may be found in Deuteronomy, chapter xxxii. is translated from the Hebrew, and is the most ancient specimen of poetry with which we are acquainted. The probable date of it is 1590 years before Christ—six hundred years before Homer, the Greek poet.

MOSES' SONG.

Give ear, O ye heavens, and I will speak ; and hear, O earth, the words of my mouth. My doctrine shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew, as the small rain upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass : Because I will publish the name of the Lord : ascribe ye greatness unto our God. He is the rock, his work is perfect : for all his ways are judgment : a God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is he.

They have corrupted themselves, their spot is not the spot of his children : they are a perverse and crooked generation.—Do ye thus requite the LORD, O foolish people and unwise ? is not he thy father that hath bought thee ? hath he not made thee and established thee ? Remember the days of old, consider the years of many generations : ask thy father, and he will show thee ; thy elders, and they will tell thee. When the Most High divided to the nations their inheritance, when he separated the sons of Adam, he set the bounds of the people according to the children of Israel.

For the LORD's portion is his people ; Jacob is the lot of his inheritance. He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness ; he led him about, he instructed him, he kept

him as the apple of his eye. As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings : so the LORD alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him."

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The *foolish people and unwise*, before whom Moses celebrates the divine majesty and goodness, were the Israelites, whom, during more than forty years, this great man had governed, and whom he was now about to leave forever.

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Homer's verses were first preserved by oral tradition. Lycurgus heard them recited in Ionia, and made the people of Sparta acquainted with them ; but according to Cicero, it is to Pisistratus, the Athenian, that we are indebted for the ultimate preservation of Homer's works and fame. Pisistratus caused the books of Homer to be transcribed and placed in the public library which he founded at Athens. From this copy other manuscripts were taken, and these in modern times have been copied, multiplied and diffused by means of the art of printing.

Scholars of the sixteenth century in England employed themselves in translations from Greek and Latin. Greek and Latin tragedies, and the poetry of Virgil, and Ovid, were thus made familiar to the English reader. When Pope was a boy, about the year 1700, he "was initiated in poetry by the perusal of Ogilby's Homer, and Sandy's Virgil." Chapman's translation of Homer is also mentioned about the same time. These translations were not of a character to exclude the utility and desirableness of an improved version of Homer.

Mr. Pope began an English translation of Homer's Iliad in 1712, and finished it in 1718.

"It is," said Dr. Johnson, "the noblest version of poetry which the world has ever seen ; and its publication must therefore be considered as one of the great events in the annals of learning." The publication of the Iliad was completed in 1720. The Odyssey, in the translation of which Mr. Pope was assisted by two gentlemen, Fenton and Broome, was finished in 1725. From these works the principal translator derived a large sum, so that he cannot be ranked among *poor* poets.

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Pope's Homer is among the most popular books in our language. Mr. Gibbon, the historian of the Roman empire, was greatly delighted with it when he was a boy, and would hardly

be persuaded that the venerable Grecian could be more beautiful in his original form. Lord Byron says—"Who ever read Cowper's Homer?" and at the same time he speaks of the lively pleasure which Pope's Version, with its smooth and flowing versification, has afforded him. Mr. Cowper did not thus love Pope's Homer—that elegant and upright poet did not consider it the "noblest version" which might be made of the ancient classic.

Cowper completed a translation of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, on the 25 of August, 1790. He was occupied in the work five years and one month. It was written in blank verse, and how faithful soever it may be to the original, it wants the attractiveness of rhyme; and notwithstanding the judgment of some excellent scholars, that the translation of Pope is often obscure and paraphrastic, and that Cowper is more simple and more faithful to Homer, the public mind upon this subject nearly agrees with Lord Byron's opinion.

Those who sympathize with Cowper, must take some interest in a work which alleviated the sufferings of the afflicted poet. Of his completed translation he says—"Now I have only to regret that my pleasant work is ended. To the illustrious Greek I owe the smooth and easy flight of many thousand hours. He has been my companion at home and abroad, in the garden, and in the field; and no measure of success, let my labours succeed as they may, will ever compensate to me the loss of the innocent luxury that I have enjoyed as a translator of Homer."

The *Iliad* is the history of a war. The *Odyssey* is chiefly the history of an individual and his family. Though it is connected with the Trojan war, it is a description of domestic manners, and throws much light upon the religion, the state of knowledge, and the useful and ornamental arts among the Greeks at that time.

The *Iliad* describes a series of battles between the Greeks and Trojans. The whole narrative is highly interesting. Some rigid moralists have considered the works of Homer as dangerous to the principles of the young. He, say they, makes war attractive, and exalts the false glory of military heroes. The pure virtues which Christianity recommends are forgotten by the admirer of Homer, as he feasts his imagination in the lustre of great crimes dignified by the authority of great names.

Homer represents barbarous men as they were, but he does not forget to infuse into his narrative sentiments of religion and humanity; and these relieve his dark pictures of violent passions, ferocious manners, and wanton waste of human life. There is something in the character of the warrior fascinating to the young; but other causes besides the reading of Homer,

form the false moral taste which is charmed with military glory ; such are the want of Christian education—the want of an early and deep conviction that the praise of God is better than the praise of men. A mind early impressed with the beautiful character of Jesus, will feel that benevolence, and the dignity of a soul sustained by unfaltering trust in God under all circumstances, may afford nobler displays of virtue than all the occasions that war ever produced.

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There exists  
 A higher than the warrior's excellence.  
 In war itself, war is no ultimate purpose.  
 The vast and sudden deeds of violence,  
 Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment—  
 These are not they, my son, that generate  
 The calm, the blissful, the enduring mighty ?

*Coleridge's translation of Wallenstein.*

Some of the finest thoughts we have seen upon this subject have been lately offered to the world in Dr. Channing's review of the life of Napoleon Bonaparte. "The greatness of the warrior," says Dr. Channing, "Is poor and low compared with the magnanimity of virtue. It vanishes before the greatness of principle. The martyr to humanity, to freedom, or religion : the unshrinking adherent of despised and deserted truth ; who alone, unsupported, and scorned, with no crowd to infuse into him courage, no variety of objects to draw his thoughts from himself, no opportunity of effort or resistance to rouse and nourish energy, still yields himself calmly, resolutely, with invincible philanthropy, to bear prolonged and exquisite suffering, which one retracting word might remove ; such a man is as superior to the warrior, as the tranquil and boundless heavens above us, to the low earth we tread beneath our feet."

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Hector, a Trojan prince, is perhaps the most interesting of Homer's heroes. The charm of Hector's character is principally derived from his amiable domestic affections. The parting of Hector and Andromache is in most collections of poetry, but it is not a less touching scene because it is well known.

#### PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

Ere yet I mingle in the direful fray,  
 My wife, my infant, claim a moment's stay ;  
 This day (perhaps the last that sees me here)  
 Demands a parting word, a tender tear :

This day, some god who hates our Trojan land  
May vanquish Hector by a Grecian hand.

He said, and passed with sad presaging heart  
To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part ;  
At home he sought her, but he sought in vain :  
She, with one maid of all her menial train,  
Had thence retired ; and with her second joy,  
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy,  
Pensive she stood on Ilion's tow'ry height,  
Beheld the war, and sickened at the sight ;  
There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore,  
Or weep the wounds her bleeding country bore.

But he who found not whom his soul desired,  
Whose virtue charmed him as her beauty fired,  
Stood in the gates, and asked what way she bent  
Her parting step ? if to the fane she went,  
Where late the mourning matrons made resort ;  
Or sought her sisters in the Trojan court ?  
Not to the court, replied the attendant train,  
Nor mixed with matrons at Minerva's fane :  
To Ilion's steepy tower she bent her way,  
To mark the fortunes of the doubtful day.  
Troy fled, she heard, before the Grecian sword ;  
She heard, and trembled for her absent lord :  
Distracted with surprise, she seemed to fly,  
Fear on her cheek, and sorrow in her eye.  
The nurse attended with her infant boy,  
The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy.

Hector, this heard, returned without delay ;  
Swift through the town he trod his former way,  
Through streets of palaces, and walks of state,  
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.  
With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,  
His blameless wife, Aetion's wealthy heir ;  
The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest  
His only hope hung smiling at her breast,  
Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,  
Fair as the new born star that gilds the morn.  
To this loved infant Hector gave the name  
Scamandrius, from Scamander's honour'd stream :  
Astyanax, the Trojans called the boy,  
From his great father, the defence of Troy.  
Silent the warrior smiled, and pleased resigned  
To tender passions all his mighty mind ;



His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,  
Hung on his hand, and then dejected spoke ;  
Her bosom laboured with a boding sigh,  
And the big tear stood trembling in her eye.

‘ Too daring prince ! ah whither dost thou run ?  
Ah too forgetful of thy wife and son !  
And think'st thou not how wretched we shall be  
A widow I, a helpless orphan he !  
For sure such courage length of life denies,  
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.  
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain ;  
Now hosts oppose thee, and thou must be slain !  
Oh grant me, god's ! ere Hector meets his doom,  
All I can ask of heaven, an early tomb !  
So shall my days in one sad tenor run,  
And end in sorrow, as they first begun.  
No parent now remains, my griefs to share,  
No father's aid, no mother's tender care.’

*The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire,  
Laid Thebe waste, and slew my warlike sire !,  
His fate compassion in the victor bred ;  
Stern as he was, he yet revered the dead,  
His radiant arms preserved from hostile spoil,  
And laid him decent on the funeral pile :  
Then raised a mountain where his bones were burned  
The mountain-nymphs the rural tomb adorned ;  
Jove's sylvan daughters bade their elms bestow  
A barren shade, and in his honour grow.  
By the same arm my seven brave brothers fell,  
In one sad day beheld the gates of hell ;  
While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,  
Amid there fields the hapless heroes bled.  
My mother lived to bear the victor's bands,  
The queen of Hippoplacia's sylvan lands :  
Redeemed too late, she scarce beheld again  
Her pleasing empire, and her native plain,  
When ah ! oppressed by life-consuming wo,  
She fell a victim to Diana's bow.*

‘ Yet, while my Hector still survives, I see  
My father, mother, brethren, all in thee.  
Alas ! my parents, brothers, kindred, all,  
Once more will perish, if my Hector fall.  
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share ;  
Oh prove a husband's and a father's care !

That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,  
Where yon wild fig trees join the wall of Troy :  
Thou, from this tower, defend the important post ;  
There Agamemnon points his dreadful host,  
That pass Tydides, Ajax, strive to gain,  
And there the vengeful Spartan fires his train.  
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have given,  
Or led by hopes, or dictated from heaven.  
Let others in the field their arms employ,  
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.'

The chief replied : 'That post shall be my care  
Nor that alone, but all the works of war.  
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renowned,  
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep  
the ground,

Attain the lustre of my former name,  
Should Hector basely quit the field of fame !  
My early youth was bred to martial pains,  
My soul impels me to the embattled plains :  
Let me be foremost to defend the throne,  
And guard my father's glories, and my own.  
Yet come it will, the day decreed by fates ;  
How my heart trembles while my tongue relates !  
The day when thou, imperial Troy ! must bend,  
And see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.—

And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,  
My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,  
Not Priam's hoary hairs defiled with gore,  
Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,  
As thine, Andromache ! thy griefs I dread ;  
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led !  
In Argive looms our battles to design,  
And woes, of which so large a part was thine !  
To bear the victor's hard commands, or bring  
The weight of waters from Hyperia's spring.  
There, while you groan beneath the load of life,  
They cry, Behold the mighty Hector's wife !  
Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,  
Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.  
The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,  
A thousand griefs shall waken at the name.  
May I lie cold before that dreadful day,  
Press'd with a load of monumental clay !

Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,  
Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep.'

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy  
Stretched his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.  
The babe clung crying to his nurse's breast,  
Scared at the dazzling helm, and nodding crest.  
With secret pleasure each fond parent smiled,  
And Hector hasted to relieve his child,  
The glittering terrors from his brows unbound,  
And placed the beaming helmet on the ground ;  
Then kissed the child, and lifting high in air,  
Thus to the gods preferred a father's prayer :

' O thou, whose glory fills the etherial throne,  
And all ye deathless powers ! protect my son !  
Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,  
To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,  
Against his country's foes the war to wage,  
And rise the Hector of the future age !  
So when, triumphant from successful toils  
Of heroes slain he bears the reeking spoils,  
Whole hosts may hail him with deserved acclaim  
And say this chief transcends his father's fame :  
While pleased amidst the general shouts of Troy  
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy.'

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her charms,  
Restored the pleasing burden to her arms,  
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,  
Hushed to repose, and with a smile surveyed.  
The troubled pleasure soon chastised by fear,  
She mingled with the smile a tender tear.  
The softened chief with kind compassion viewed,  
And dried the falling drops, and thus pursued :

' Andromache ! my soul's far better part,  
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart ?  
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,  
Till fate condemns me to the silent tomb.  
Fixed is the term to all the race of earth,  
And such the hard condition of our birth.  
No force can then resist, no flight can save,  
All sink alike, the fearful and the brave.  
No more—but hasten to thy task at home,  
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom :  
Me glory summons to the martial scene,  
The field of combat is the sphere for men,

Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,  
The first in danger, as the first in fame.'

Thus having said, the glorious chief resumes  
His towery helmet, black with shading plumes ;  
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,  
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,  
That streamed at every look ; then moving slow,  
Sought her own palace, and indulged her wo.  
There, while her tears deplored the godlike man,  
Through all her train the soft infection ran,  
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,  
And mourn the living Hector as the dead.

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Achilles was the most valiant of the Greeks, as Hector was of the Trojans. *The fierce Achilles wrapt our walls in fire, &c.* These lines immediately following this, describe the conduct of Achilles as the victor of Thebes and Hippoplacia in Cilicia. Andromache was a princess of that country ; she says, Achilles respected her dead father, and gave him the honour of a funeral pile, raised a heap of earth over his ashes, and permitted a grove of elms to be planted by the young women of the place around his tomb. The brothers of Andromache, feeding their flocks, were surprised by the ferocious chief, and sent to *hell*. This expression, in this place, only intimates sudden death. Andromache's mother, *the queen of Hippoplacia*, was at first made a slave to the victor, but he restored her to her *sylvan lands*—too late however—*she fell a victim to Diana's bow*. Diana was one of the powers of life and death. This is a figurative manner of saying, *the queen died*.

*I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led, &c.* Hector foresees the day in which his wife, according to the custom of that time, when she should become a prisoner of war, would be made a slave to the conquerors of his country.

*There guide the spindle, and direct the loom.* This shows the simplicity of the modes of life among princes of that time.—Andromache's brothers, like Jacob's sons, fed their flocks—The mighty Hector's wife employed herself in domestic manufactures.

## SARPEDON.

Sarpedon reputed to be a son of Jupiter, was a king of Lycia in Asia Minor. He, with his friend Glaucus, repaired to Troy, to assist Priam against the Greeks. He is represented by Homer to have been a man of high honour : being about to attack the Greeks, he exhorts Glaucus in a manner worthy of his station :

"Nor Troy could conquer, nor the Greeks would yield,  
 'Till great Sarpedon towered amid the field ;  
 For mighty Jove inspired with martial flame  
 His matchless son, and urged him on to fame.  
 In arms he shines, conspicuous from afar,  
 And bears aloft his ample shield in air :  
 Within whose orb the thick bull-hides were rolled  
 Pond'rous with brass, and bound with ductile gold :  
 And while two pointed jav'lins arm his hands,  
 Majestic moves along, and heads his Lycian bands.

Why boast we, Glaucus ! our extended reign,  
 Where Xanthus' stream enrich the Lycian plain,  
 Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,  
 And hills where vines their purple harvest yield,  
 Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crowned,  
 Our feasts enhanced with music's sprightly sound ?  
 Why on those shores are we with joy surveyed,  
 Admired as heroes, and as gods obeyed ?  
 Unless great acts superior merit prove,  
 And vindicate the bounteous powers above.  
 'Tis ours, the dignity they give, to grace,  
 The first in valour, as the first in place.

That when, with wond'ring eyes, our martial bands  
 Behold our deeds transcending our commands,  
 Such, they may cry, deserve the sovereign state,  
 Whom those that envy, dare not imitate !  
 Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,  
 Which claims no less the fearful and the brave,  
 For lust of fame I should not vainly dare  
 In fighting fields, nor urge my soul to war.  
 But since, alas ! ignoble age must come,  
 Disease and death's inexorable doom ;  
 The life which others pay, let us bestow,  
 And give to fame what we to nature owe ;  
 Brave though we fall, and honoured if we live,  
 Or let us glory gain, or glory give !"

*Why on these shores ? &c.* These lines are rendered thus in Cowper's Iliad :—

“ Why gaze they all on us as we were gods  
In Lycia, and why share we pleasant fields  
And spacious vineyards where the Xanthus winds ?  
Distinguished thus in Lycia we are called  
To firmness here, and to encounter bold  
The burning battle, that our fair report  
Among the Lycians may be blazoned thus—  
No dastards are the potentates who rule  
The bright-armed Lycians ; on the fatted flock  
They banquet, and they drink the richest wines,  
But they are also valiant, and the fight  
Wage dauntless”——

These very different modes of expression hardly suggest the idea of the same passage. In English prose the sense of Pope's version is this—Why boast we the favours of the gods—our prosperity and our high station ?—Why do our subjects regard us as gods, unless our conduct be worthy of our privileges ?—It becomes us to prove that we deserve the divine favour, and the homage of our subjects, by actions suitable to the dignity we enjoy, and the respect we command.

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In the sixteenth book of the Iliad, Sarpedon is killed by Patroclus, a Greek :

“ The towering chiefs to fiercer fight advance,  
And first Sarpedon whirled his weighty lance,  
Which o'er the warrior's shoulder took its course,  
And spent in empty air its dying force.  
Not so Patroclus' never-erring dart ;  
Aimed at his breast, it pierced the mortal part  
Where the strong fibres bind the solid heart.  
Then, as the mountain oak, or poplar tall,  
Or pine, (fit mast for some great admiral,)  
Nods to the axe, till with a groaning sound  
It sinks, and spreads its honours on the ground ;  
Thus fell the king ; and, laid on earth supine,  
Before his chariot stretched his form divine :  
He gasped the dust distained with streaming gore,  
And, pale in death, lay groaning on the shore.  
Then to the leader of the Lycian band  
The dying chief address his last command.

Glaucus be bold ; thy task be first to dare  
 The glorious dangers of destructive war.  
 To lead my troops, to combat at their head,  
 Incite the living, and supply the dead.  
 Tell them, I charged them with my latest breath  
 Not unrevenged to bear Sarpedon's death.  
 What grief, what shame must Glaucus undergo,  
 If these spoiled arms adorn a Grecian foe !  
 Then as a friend, and as a warrior fight ;  
 Defend my body, conquer in my right ;  
 That, taught by great examples, all may try  
 Like thee to vanquish, or like me to die.

He ceased ; the fates suppressed his labouring breath,  
 And his eyes darkened with the shades of death.  
 The insulting victor in disdain bestrode  
 The prostrate prince, *and on his bosom trode.*  
 All impotent of aid, transfixed with grief,  
 Unhappy Glaucus heard the dying chief.  
 First to the fight his native troops he warms,  
 Then loudly calls on 'Troy's vindictive arms.

He spoke : each leader in his grief partook,  
 Troy, at the loss, though all her legions shook.  
 Transfixed with deep regret, they view overthrown,  
 At once his country's pillar and their own,  
 A chief who led to 'Troy's beleaguered wall  
 A host of heroes, and outshone them all.  
 Fired they rush on ; first Hector seeks the foes,  
 And with superior vengeance greatly glows.

Now great Sarpedon on the sandy shore,  
 His heavenly face deformed with dust and gore,  
 And struck with darts by warring heroes shed,  
 Lies undistinguish'd from the common dead.  
 His long disputed corse the chiefs inclose,  
 On ev'ry side the busy combat grows.

Then, nor before, the hardy Lycians fled,  
 And left their monarch with the common dead ;  
 Around, in heaps on heaps, a dreadful wall  
 Of carnage rises as the heroes fall.  
 (So Jove decreed !) at length the Greeks obtain  
 The prize contested, and despoil the slain.  
 The radiant arms are by Patroclus borne,  
 Patroclus' ships the glorious spoils adorn.

Then thus to Phœbus in the realms above,  
 Spoke from his throne the cloud-compelling Jove.

Descend, my Phœbus ! on the Phrygian plain,  
 And from the fight convey Sarpedon slain ;  
 Then bathe his body in the chrystal flood,  
 With dust dishonored, and deformed with blood :  
 O'er all his limbs ambrosial odours shed,  
 And with celestial robes adorn the dead.  
 Those rites discharged, his sacred corse bequeath  
 To the soft arms of silent Sleep and Death :  
 They to his friends the mournful charge shall bear,  
 His friends a tomb and pyramid shall rear ;  
 What honours mortals after death receive,  
 Those unavailing honours we may give !

Apollo bows, and from mount Ida's height,  
 Swift to the field precipitates his flight ;  
 Thence from the war the breathless hero bore,  
 Veiled in a cloud to silver Simois' shore ;  
 There bathed his honourable wounds, and drest,  
 His manly members in the immortal vest ;  
 And with perfumes of sweet ambrosial dews,  
 Restores his freshness and his form renews.  
 Then Sleep and Death, two twins of winged race,  
 Of matchless swiftness but of silent pace,  
 Received Sarpedon, at the gods command,  
 And in a moment reach'd the Lycian land ;  
 The corse amidst his weeping friends they laid,  
 Where endless honours wait the sacred shade."

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*The insulting victor trod on his prostrate foe. This horribly revengeful spirit gives a revolting idea of savage warfare. Christianity has taught men a more merciful mode of treating fallen enemies.*

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#### REVENGE OF ACHILLES.

Hector killed Patroclus, the beloved friend of Achilles. Achilles felt unbounded fury at this act, and resolves upon the death of Hector. Upon this event, which Achilles accomplishes, the implacable vengeance of his heart is shocking—he refuses funeral rites to the dead, and drags his corpse in the most outrageous manner round the monument of Patroclus.

"Then his fell soul a thought of vengeance bred,  
 (Unworthy of himself, and of the dead,)



The nervous ancles bored, his feet he bound  
 With thongs inserted through the double wound;  
 These fixed up high behind the rolling wain,  
 His graceful head was trailed along the plain.  
 Proud on his car the insulting victor stood,  
 And bore aloft his arms distilling blood.  
 He smites the steeds; the rapid chariot flies;  
 The sudden clouds of circling dust arise.  
 Now lost is all that formidable air;  
 The face divine, and long descending hair,  
 Purple the ground, and streak the sable sand;  
 Deformed, dishonoured, in his native land!  
 Given to the rage of an insulting throng!  
 And, in his parents' sight, now dragged along!"

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#### FUNERAL OF HECTOR.

Achilles, after offering these indignities to the remains of Hector, retains the body. Priam, king of Troy, the unfortunate father of Hector, entreats Achilles to restore the corpse, and though he had sworn to refuse, his obdurate heart at length yields to the pleading of humanity, and he permits the afflicted Priam to pay the last honours to his son.

"Now shed Aurora round her saffron ray,  
 Sprung thro' the gates of light, and gave the day:  
 Charged with their mournful load, to Ilion go  
 The *sage* and king, majestically slow.  
 Cassandra first beholds, from Ilion's spire,  
 The sad procession of her hoary sire.  
 Then, as the pensive pomp advanced more near,  
 Her breathless brother stretched upon the bier;  
 A shower of tears o'erflows her beauteous eyes,  
 Alarming thus all Ilion with her cries.  
 'Turn here your steps, and here your eyes employ,  
 Ye wretched daughters, and ye sons of Troy!  
 If e'er ye rushed in crowds, with vast delight,  
 To hail your hero glorious from the fight;  
 Now meet him dead, and let your sorrows flow!  
 Your common triumph, and your common wo.'

In thronging crowds they issue to the plains,  
 Nor man, nor woman in the walls remains,

In every face the self-same grief is shown,  
 And Troy sends forth one universal groan.  
 At Scæa's gates they meet the mourning wain,  
 Hang on the wheels, and grovel round the slain.  
 The wife and mother, frantic with despair,  
 Kiss his pale cheek, and rend their scattered hair ;  
 Thus wildly wailing, at the gates they lay,  
 And there had sighed and sorrowed out the day ;  
 But godlike Priam from the chariot rose ;  
 Forbear he cried this violence of woes ;  
 First to the palace let the car proceed,  
 Then pour your boundless sorrows o'er the dead.'

The waves of people at his word divide,  
 Slow rolls the chariot thro' the following tide ;  
 Even to the palace the sad pomp they wait :  
 They weep, and place him on the bed of state.  
 A melancholy choir attend around,  
 With plaintive sighs, and music's solemn sound :  
 Alternately they sung, alternate flow  
 The obedient tears, melodious in their wo.  
 While deeper sorrows groan from each full heart,  
 And nature speaks at every pause of art.

First to the corse the weeping consort flew ;  
 Around his neck her milk-white arms she threw,  
 ' And, oh my Hector ! oh my lord ! ' she cries,  
 ' Snatched in thy bloom from these desiring eyes !  
 Thou to the dismal realms for ever gone !  
 And I abandoned, desolate, alone !  
 An only son, once comfort of our pains,  
 Sad product now of hapless love remains !  
 Never to manly age that son shall rise,  
 Or with increasing graces glad my eyes :  
 For Ilion now her great defender slain  
 Shall sink a smoking ruin on the plain.  
 Who now protects her wives with guardian care ?  
 Who saves her infants from the rage of war ?  
 Now hostile fleets must waft those infants o'er,  
 Those wives must wait them to a foreign shore !  
 ' Thou too, my son ? to barb'rous climes shalt go,  
 The sad companion of thy mother's wo :  
 Driven hence a slave before the victor's sword ;  
 Condemned to toil for some inhuman lord.  
 Or else some Greek whose father prest the plain,  
 Or son, or brother, by great Hector slain,

In Hector's blood his vengeance shall enjoy,  
 And hurl thee headlong from the tow'rs of Troy!  
 For thy stern father never spared a foe ;  
 Thence all these tears, and all this scene of wo !  
 Thence many evils his sad parents bore,  
 His parents many, but his consort more.  
 Why gavest thou not to me thy dying hand ?  
 And why received not I thy last command ?  
 Some word thou wouldst have spoke, which sadly  
     dear

My soul might keep, or utter with a tear ;  
 Which never, never, could be lost in air,  
 Fixed in my heart, and oft repeated there !

Thus to her weeping maids she makes her moan ;  
 Her weeping handmaids echo groan for groan.

' The mournful mother next sustains her part.

O thou, the best, the dearest to my heart !  
 Of all my race thou most by heav'n approved,  
 And by the immortals even in death beloved !  
 While all my other sons in barbarous bands,  
 Achilles bound, and sold to foreign lands,  
 This felt no chains, but went a glorious ghost  
*Free, and a hero to the Stygian coast,*  
 Sentenced, 'tis true, by his inhuman doom,  
 Thy noble corpse was dragged around the tomb,  
 (The tomb of him thy warlike arm had slain,)  
 Ungenerous insult, impotent and vain !  
 Yet glow'st thou fresh with every living grace,  
 No mark of pain, or violence of face ;  
 Rosy and fair ! as Phæbus' silver bow  
 Dismissed thee gently to the shades below.'

Thus spoke the dame, and melted into tears.  
 Sad Helen next in pomp of grief appears :  
 Fast from the shining sluices of her eyes  
 Fall the round crystal drops, while thus she cries.

' Ah dearest friend ! in whom the gods had joined  
 The mildest manners with the bravest mind ;  
 Now twice ten years (unhappy years) are o'er,  
 Since Paris brought me the Trojan shore ;  
 Yet was it ne'er my fate, from thee to find  
 A deed ungentle, or a word unkind :  
 When others curst the auth'ress of their wo,  
 Thy pity checked my sorrows in their flow ;

If some proud brother eyed me with disdain,  
Or scornful sister with her sweeping train,  
Thy gentle accents softened all my pain.  
For thee I mourn ; and mourn myself in thee,  
The wretched source of all this misery !  
The fate I caused forever I bemoan ;  
Sad Helen has no friend now thou art gone !  
Thro' Troy's wide streets abandoned shall I roam !  
In Troy deserted, as abhorred at home !

So spoke the fair, with sorrow-streaming eye ;  
Distressful beauty melts each stander-by ;  
On all around the infectious sorrow grows ;  
But Priam checked the sorrow as it rose.  
' Perform, ye Trojans ! what the rites require,  
And fell the forests for a funeral pyre ;  
Twelve days, nor foes, nor secret ambush dread,  
Achilles grants these honours to the dead.'  
He spoke ; and at his word, the Trojan train,  
Their mules and oxen harness to the wain,  
Pour through the gates, and felled from Ida's crown,  
Rolled back the gathered forests to the town.  
These toils continue nine succeeding days,  
And high in air a sylvan structure raise.  
But when the tenth fair morn began to shine,  
Forth to the pile was borne the man divine,  
And placed aloft : while all with streaming eyes  
Beheld the flames and rolling smoke arise.

Soon as Aurora, daughter of the dawn,  
With rosy lustre streaked the dewy lawn ;  
Again the mournful crowds surround the pyre,  
And quench with wine the yet remaining fire,  
The snowy bones his friends and brothers place  
(With tears collected) in a golden vase ;  
The golden vase in purple palls they rolled  
Of softest texture, and inwrought with gold.  
Last o'er the urn the sacred earth they spread,  
And raised their tomb, memorial of the dead.  
(Strong guards and spies, till all their rites were done,  
Watched from the rising to the setting sun :)  
All Troy then moves to Priam's court again,  
A solem, silent, melancholy train :  
Assembled there, from pious toils they rest,  
And sadly shared the last sepulchral feast,

Such honours Ilion to her hero paid,  
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade."

*The sage and king, &c.* Priam was accompanied in his journey to the tent of Achilles by Idæus the herald.

Hecuba, the mother of Hector, appears to take a melancholy pleasure in the thought that Hector descended *free* to the *Stygian coast*. The Hell of the ancients was watered by the Styx. The deceased lingered on the *Stygian shore*—the banks of the Styx—"a naked, wandering, melancholy ghost," till the rites of sepulture were paid, and then the judges of the dead sentenced him to the reward of the "deeds done in the body."

Helen was the wife of Menelaus, the Spartan king. Paris, the brother of Hector, enticed her to accompany him to Troy. To punish this act, the princes of Greece had invaded Troy. Helen's grief is very honourable to Hector—it describes that affectionate and gentle nature so dear to his parents, his wife, and his domestics.

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ULYSSES.

Ulysses, king of Ithaca, was the most accomplished of the Greeks who went to the siege of Troy. He is described by Homer to have been diffident though eloquent, not to have commanded admiration the moment he rose to speak, but by degrees to have charmed those who listened to him.

"But when Ulysses rose, in thought profound,  
His modest eyes he fixed upon the ground,  
As one unskilled or dumb, he seemed to stand,  
Nor raised his head, nor stretched his sceptred hand;  
But, when he speaks, what elocution flows!  
Soft as the fleeces of descending snows,  
The copious accents fall with easy art;  
Melting they fall, and sink into the heart!  
Wond'ring we hear, and fixed in deep surprise;  
Our ears refute the censure of our eyes."

On his return from Troy Ulysses fell under the displeasure of Apollo. The men under his command had

————— dared to prey  
On herds devoted to the god of Day.

That is they had seized upon flocks reserved for the sacrifices

to Apollo. *The god vindictive* doomed them never to return to their country,—they were destined to perish by a series of accidents, and their commander was at length to be restored to his dominions. But he was shipwrecked in Orgyia, a supposed island of the Mediterranean, and for want of a ship to convey him away, was detained in the island seven years. This island was the abode of Calypso, one of the Oceanides—children of the Ocean. Calypso loved Ulysses, and was grieved at his departure, which was effected by the *decree of Jove*, or Jupiter, who sent Mercury with the celestial message. In the fifth book of the *Odyssey* the passage may be found.

## CALYPSO.

“The god who mounts the winged winds  
Fast to his feet the golden pinions binds,  
That high through fields of air his flight sustain  
O’er the wide earth, and o’er the boundless main.  
He grasps the wand that causes sleep to fly,  
Or in soft slumbers seals the wakeful eye :  
Then shoots from heaven to high Pieria’s steep,  
And stoops incumbent on the rolling deep.  
So watery fowl, that seek their fishy food,  
With wings expanded o’er the foaming flood,  
Now sailing smooth the level surface sweep,  
Now dip their pinions in the briny deep.  
Thus o’er the world of waters Hermes flew,  
’Till now the distant island rose in view :  
Then swift ascending from the azure wave,  
He took the path that winded to the cave.

Large was the grot in which the nymph he found,  
(The fair-haired nymph with every beauty crowned)  
She sat and sung ; the rocks resound her lays :  
The cave was brightened with a rising blaze :  
Cedar and frankincense, an odorous pile,  
Flamed on the hearth, and wide perfumed the isle ;  
While she with work and song the time divides,  
And thro’ the loom the golden shuttle guides.  
Without the grot, a various sylvan scene  
Appeared around, and groves of living green ;  
Poplars and alders ever quivering played,  
And nodding cypress formed a fragrant shade ;  
On whose high branches, waving with the storm,  
The birds of broadest wing their mansion form,

The chough, the sea-mew, the loquacious crow,  
And scream aloft, and skim the deeps below.

Depending vines the shelving cavern screen,  
With purple clusters blushing thro' the green.  
Four limpid fountains from the clefts distil,  
And every fountain pours a several rill,  
In mazy windings wandering down the hill ;  
Where blooming meads with vivid greens were crowned,  
And glowing violets threw odours round.  
A scene, where if a God should cast his sight,  
A God might gaze and wonder with delight !  
Joy touched the messenger of heaven ; he stayed  
Entranced, and all the blissful haunt surveyed.  
Him entering in the cave, Calypso knew ;  
For powers celestial to each other's view  
Stand still confest, though distant far they lie  
To habitants of earth, or sea, or sky.

But sad Ulysses, by himself apart,  
Poured the big sorrows of his swelling heart ;  
All on the lonely shore he sat to weep,  
And rolled his eyes around the restless deep ;  
Toward his loved coast he rolled his eyes in vain,  
'Till dimmed with rising grief, they streamed again.

Now graceful seated on her shining throne,  
To Hermes thus the nymph divine begun.

' God of the golden wand !' on what behest  
Arriv'st thou here, an unexpected guest ?  
Loved as thou art, thy free injunctions lay ;  
'Tis mine, with joy and duty to obey,  
Till now a stranger, in a happy hour  
Approach and taste the dainties of my bower.'

Thus having spoke, the nymph the table spread,  
(Ambrosial cates, with Nectar rosy-red)  
Hermes the hospitable rites partook,  
Divine refection ! then recruited, spoke.

' What moved this journey from my native sky,  
A Goddess asks, nor can a God deny :  
Hear then the truth. By mighty Jove's command,  
Unwilling, have I trod this pleasing land :  
For who, self-moved, with weary wing would sweep  
Such length of ocean and unmeasured deep :  
A world of waters ! far from all the ways  
Were men frequent, or sacred altars blaze ?  
But to Jove's will submission we must pay ;

What power so great, to dare to disobey ?  
A man, he says, a man resides with thee,  
Of all his kind most worn with misery :  
The Greeks (whose arms for nine long years employed  
Their force on Ilion, in the tenth destroyed)  
At length embarking in a luckless hour,  
With conquest proud, incensed Minerva's power :  
Hence on the guilty race her vengeance hurled  
With storms pursued them through the liquid world.  
There all his vessels sunk beneath the wave !  
There all his dear companions found a grave !  
Saved from the jaws of death by heaven's decree,  
The tempest drove him to these shores and thee.  
Him, Jove now orders to his native lands  
Straight to dismiss ; so Destiny commands :  
Impatient Fate his near return attends,  
And calls him to his country, and his friends.'

Even to her inmost soul the Goddess shook ;  
Then thus her anguish and her passion broke,  
' Ungracious Gods ! with spite and envy curst !  
So till your own ethereal race the worst !  
And is it now my turn, ye mighty powers !  
Am I the envy of your blissful bowers ?  
A man, an outcast to the storm and wave,  
It was my crime to pity, and to save ;  
When he who thunders rent his bark in twain,  
And sunk his brave companions in the main.  
Alone, abandoned, in mid-ocean tost,  
The sport of winds, and driven from every coast,  
Hither this man of miseries I led,  
Received the friendless, and the hungry fed ;  
Nay promised (vainly promised !) to bestow  
Immortal life, exempt from age and wo.  
' 'Tis past ; and Jove decrees he shall remove ;  
Gods as we are, we are but slaves to Jove.  
Go then he may ; (he must, if he ordain,  
Try all those dangers, all those deeps again)  
But never, never shall Calypso send  
To toils like these, her husband and her friend.  
What ships have I, what sailors to convey,  
What oars to cut the long laborious way ?  
Yet, I'll direct the safest means to go :  
' That last advice is all I can bestow.'



To her the power who bears the charming rod.  
Dismiss the man, nor irritate the God ;  
Prevent the rage of him who reigns above,  
For what so dreadful as the wrath of Jove ?  
Thus having said, he cut the cleaving sky,  
And in a moment vanished from her eye.

The nymph, obedient to divine command,  
To seek Ulysses, paced along the sand.  
Him pensive on the lonely beach she found,  
With streaming eyes in briny torrents drowned,  
And inly pining for his native shore ;  
For now the soft enchantress pleased no more :  
He sat all desolate, and sighed alone,  
While echoing sorrows made the mountains groan,  
And rolled his eyes o'er all the restless main,  
'Till dimmed with rising grief, they streamed again.

Here, on the musing mood the Goddess prest.  
Approaching soft ; and thus the chief address.  
' Unhappy man ! to wasting woes a prey,  
No more in sorrows languish life away :  
Free as the winds I give thee now to rove.—  
Go fell the timber of yon lofty grove  
And form a raft, and build the rising ship,  
Sublime to bear thee o'er the gloomy deep.  
To store the vessel let the care be mine,  
With water from the rock, and rosy wine,  
And life-sustaining bread, and fair array,  
And prosperous gales to waft thee on the way.  
These if the Gods with my desires comply,  
(The Gods, alas ! more mighty far than I,  
And better skill'd in dark events to come)  
In peace shall land thee at thy native home.' "

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*The god who mounts the winged wind.* Mercury, or Hermes, the son of Jupiter and Maia. Mercury was the messenger of the gods. He was the god of merchants, orators, and *thieves*. The mythology says, he robbed Neptune of his *trident*, Venice of her *girdle*, the Cestus which made her appear so beautiful—Mars of his *sword*, and Vulcan of the *anvil*.

*The wand that causes sleep to fly.* The Caduceus, a rod entwined with two serpents. It is the emblem of Mercury's *vigilance*, or watchfulness.

*Ambrosial cates with Nectar rosy red.* Ambrosia was the food, and Nectar the wine of the gods.

It is related in the *Odyssey* that when Ulysses was in the Mediterranean he stopped at the Island of Circe : his men were in want of food, and they went to the palace of the enchantress to procure it, but she transformed them all, except one, to hogs.

He who escaped returned to Ulysses and told him the misfortune of his companions. Mercury appeared to Ulysses and gave him an herb called Moly, which was to serve as a protection to him against the arts of Circe. Ulysses then went to the goddess, and obtained the restoration of his men. One of these men, named Gryllus, according to the assumption of Fenelon, refused to be restored to his human shape, preferring the degraded condition of a hog to that of a man.

Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray in France, composed a dialogue between Ulysses and Gryllus. He did this for the instruction of a young prince whom he educated. This dialogue has been translated, and it may be useful and entertaining to young persons who are not princes.

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#### ULYSSES AND GRYLLUS.

*Ulysses.* Are you not rejoiced, my dear Gryllus, to see me again, and to be able to recover your human form ?

*Gryllus.* I am very glad to see you, favourite of Minerva : but for the change of form, excuse me, if you please.

*Ulysses.* Alas ! unhappy Gryllus, do you know the condition in which you are ?—You are a disgusting object : your gross body grovels on the earth ; you have long pendulous ears ; little eyes, hardly open ; an odious grunt ; a disagreeable physiognomy ; and a skin covered with coarse and stiff bristles,—in short, your whole appearance is hideous. If you know it not, let me tell you, and you have so little sense of enjoyment in this deplorable state, you will find yourself happy to resume that of man.

*Gryllus.* You talk very well, but I do wish to resume my former condition :—that of a hog is more agreeable. It is true my figure is not elegant ; but this does not disturb me, since I never look in a mirror, and in my present humour I need not dread to see myself in the water, and to be reminded of my ugliness, for I prefer a muddy pool to a clear fountain.

*Ulysses.* Does not this filthiness excite horror in you ? You live only in loathsome places, and the very odour you diffuse offends the senses of all about you.

*Gryllus.* What do I care, all depends upon taste. This odour

which is detestable to you, is more fragrant than amber to me ; and refuse substances, which man abhors, are nectar to my appetite.

*Ulysses.* I blush for you. Is it possible that you have so soon forgotten the dignity and happiness of man !

*Gryllus.* Speak not to me of the state of man : all his calamities are real, and his blessings are only imaginary. I have a healthful body covered with a bristled coat, and I have no need of garments : you would be more happy in your unfortunate adventures if your body was covered like mine, that you might feel no anxiety how you should be clothed. I find my subsistence every where. Law-suits, and wars, and all other embarrassments of life do not disturb me. I have no need of cook, barber, tailor or architect. Behold me free and content at little expense. Why then would you again subject me to the wants of man ?

*Ulysses.* It is true that man experiences great wants, but the arts which he has invented to supply his wants, become his glory, and form his happiness.

*Gryllus.* It is better to be exempted from all these wants than to possess the most wonderful means to remedy them. It is better to enjoy perfect health, without the science of medicine, than to be always sick—with excellent means of cure.

*Ulysses.* But, Gryllus, count you for nothing, eloquence, poetry, music, and the sciences of all arts, and all civilized nations, —figures and numbers ?—Would you renounce the love of your native country and your friends, the pleasures of religious worship, the celebration of public benefits, and the honours to be obtained from public approbation ?—Answer me.

*Gryllus.* My constitution as a hog is so happy, that it raises me above these fine things. I love better to grunt than to be eloquent as you are, who are persuasive as Minerva. I wish neither to persuade, nor to be persuaded. I am as indifferent to verse as to prose. The honours which Greece bestows are crowns to wrestlers and chariot racers : I leave them to those who love laurels as infants love playthings. I am no more disposed to bear away prizes than to envy those who are less burdened with fat than myself.

As for music, I have lost my taste for it, and taste determines the value of every thing : let us talk no more about these matters. Return to Ithaca—*My* country is any where—the country of a hog is wherever there are acorns. Go, reign, behold Penelope once more, and punish her lovers. For me my queen is here, she reigns in my sty, and no one troubles our empire. Many

kings in sumptuous palaces cannot attain to my felicity ; men call them cowards and unworthy of a throne when they wish like me, to reign without disturbing mankind.

*Ulysses.* You forget that you are at the mercy of men, they feed only to devour you. Men, in the rank in which you wish not to be, will convert you into lard, sausages, and bacon.

*Gryllus.* Truly that is the danger of my state ; but yours has also its perils. I expose myself to death by a sensual life, of which the enjoyment is real ; you at the same time, are in danger of a sudden death, by an unhappy life, and in the pursuit of vain glory. Should Apollo himself sing your achievements, his praises could not cure your pains, nor prolong your days.

*Ulysses.* You are then so brutified as to despise wisdom which assimilates men to gods ?

*Gryllus.* On the contrary, wisdom instructs me to despise men. —Since they are unjust, deceitful, ungrateful, miserable by their own folly, cruelly armed against each other, and often as much their own as the enemies of their neighbours, what is the purpose of that wisdom of which they boast ? Is it not better to be without reason, than to use her to authorize crimes ? Without flattering myself, I may say, that a hog is a very good kind of animal : he makes neither false money nor false contracts, he never perjures himself ; he cherishes neither avarice nor ambition, and he is without malice ; he spends his life in eating, drinking, and sleeping. If men resembled our species the world would enjoy profound repose, and you would not be here. Paris would never have carried off Helen. The Greeks would not have destroyed the splendid city of Troy after a siege of ten years. You would not have wandered over sea and land, the sport of fortune ; and it would not be necessary that you should make war with a crowd of usurpers to recover your own kingdom.

*Ulysses.* I am astonished at your stupidity, but you must admit that the immortality reserved for man after this life elevates him infinitely above brutes ?

*Gryllus.* If you could convince me that man is an *immortal* being, I am not such a brute as to renounce the nature which you hold in honour. Persuade me that man has in him something more noble than his body which shall live forever.—Because I am not convinced of this I persist in being a hog. Show me that, that which thinks in man, exists after his body is decayed and dissolved. If you will assure me that man can never die, and that virtue has its reward in another life, instantly, divine son Laertes, I will share with you all the dangers that await you ; I will gladly come out of the sty of Circe ; I will divest myself of

this sensual body, and become a man raised to the enjoyments of an immortal being. But in no other way can I accept your offer to restore my lost shape. I love rather to be a mere animal, satisfied with the proper nature of animals, than to be a man, feeble, ignorant, frivolous, malignant, insincere or unjust, or to be a *melancholy phantom* discontented with life, and in the dark concerning eternity.

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When Gryllus declares he would rather be a brute than a *melancholy phantom*, &c., he is made to allude to the admission of Ulysses to the eternal world. In the eleventh book of the *Odyssey*, Ulysses is sent to the *shades*—the abodes of departed souls—and the dead are described, not as happy, but sad and dispirited in their final lot. This view of another life is such, that one rather than be subject to eternal discontent, might naturally choose to be exempted from immortality.

Fenelon meant to teach by this dialogue, that the existence of brutes is the gift of a benevolent God, and that they are as happy as the means and faculties which God allots to them will permit; that man, when he is selfish, cruel, and false-hearted, when he is without benevolence, without knowledge, and without a true religion, is as miserable as he is degraded; and that the religion of the heathens was so insufficient to make them happy and good, that another and more perfect religious system was necessary to reclaim them from their vices, and to satisfy their hopes. This religion, he would imply, and it may readily be perceived, is the religion of Christ, which establishes that fact most important to our satisfaction in this life, that there is another and an eternal world, in which we shall be delivered from the afflictions of this state of being, and be admitted to perfect and unending happiness.

*Apollo*. A heathen god—sometimes called the “god of health, and light, and arts”—properly the sun. The sun, by his genial and happy influence upon the human body, produces health, and agreeable sensations; but by the intensity of his heat in some seasons, and climates, he becomes apparently the effective cause of disease. Light is well known to emanate directly from the sun. It may be conceived that music, eloquence, and poetry are inspired by that luminary; and darkness and obscurity are *figurative* expressions for ignorance, stupidity, and the absence of all accomplishments. Without the “blessed sun” we could not perceive nor communicate any thing but sound, and music itself may derive much beauty from the cheerful ideas connected with light.

*Minerva.* Gryllus says of Ulyssus, "you are as *persuasive as Minerva*." Minerva is sometimes called Pallas, and sometimes Athenæ: she was the tutelary genius of Athens. In that city, her temple, and the services performed in honour of her, were more splendid than any where else—the Athenians expressing by this homage, their character, more intellectual and spiritual than the rest of the heathen world.

Minerva, or Wisdom, was the daughter of Jove, the supreme god of the heathens, and sprung from her father's head. This fable implies that God is the origin or beginning of Wisdom.

*God's wisdom* is *infinite*—extends through time and eternity, and to all beings and events, and appoints and executes all his laws. *Man's wisdom* extends to all his duties. *Human wisdom* is like *divine wisdom*, but infinitely *less in degree*. It is sufficient to enable man to do right, to please God, and to make him happy.

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Solomon, in the book of Proverbs, has *personified* Wisdom—that is, spoken of this moral attribute of God as of an intelligent and living being. The power and virtue which the heathens imputed to Minerva, are far less exalted than the power and virtue of that Wisdom which the king of Israel described.

Solomon makes Wisdom say, "I love them that love me; and those that seek me early shall find me. Receive my instruction and not silver; and knowledge rather than choice gold. Riches and honour are with me: yea, durable riches and righteousness.—Hear instruction and be wise, and refuse it not.—He that sinneth against me, wrongeth his own soul. O ye simple, understand wisdom: and, ye fools, be ye of an understanding heart. Hear: for I will speak of excellent things; and the opening of my lips shall be of right things.

"The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way, before his works of old. I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was. When there were no depths, I was brought forth; when there were no fountains abounding with water. Before the mountains were settled, before the hills was I brought forth: while as yet he had not made the earth, nor the fields, nor the highest part of the dust of the world.

"When he prepared the heavens I was there: when he set a compass upon the face of the earth: when he established the clouds above: when he strengthened the fountains of the deep: when he gave to the sea his decree, that the waters should not pass his commandment: when he appointed the foundations of

the earth : then I was by him, as one brought up with him : and I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him."

## CIRCE'S PALACE.

The following description of Circe's palace, and of the transformations she wrought, is taken from the tenth book of the *Odyssey*.

"The palace in a woody vale they found,  
High raised of stone ; a shaded space around :  
Where mountain wolves and brindled lions roam,  
(By magic tamed) familiar to the dome.  
With gentle blandishment our men they meet,  
And wag their tails, and fawning lick their feet.  
As from some feast a man returning late,  
His faithful dogs all meet him at the gate,  
Rejoicing round, some morsel to receive,  
(Such as the good man ever used to give.)  
Domestic thus the grisly beasts draw near ;  
They gaze with wonder, not unmixed with fear.  
Now on the threshold of the dome they stood,  
And heard a voice resounding through the wood :  
Placed at her loom within, the goddess sung ;  
The vaulted roofs and solid pavement rung.  
O'er the fair web the rising figures shine,  
Immortal labour ! worthy hands divine.  
Polites to the rest the question moved,  
(A gallant leader, and a man I loved.)  
'What voice celestial, chanting to the loom  
(Or nymph, or goddess) echoes from the room ?  
Say shall we seek access ? with what they call ;  
And wide unfold the portals of the hall.'

The goddess rising, asks her guests to stay,  
Who blindly follow where she leads the way.  
Eurylochus alone of all the band,  
Suspecting fraud, more prudently remained.  
On thrones around with downy coverings graced,  
With semblance fair the unhappy men she placed.  
Milk newly pressed, the sacred flour of wheat,  
And honey fresh, and Pramnian wines the treat :  
But venomed was the bread, and mixed the bowl,  
With drugs of force to darken all the soul :

Soon in the luscious feast themselves they lost,  
 And drank oblivion of their native coast,  
 Instant her circling wand the goddess waves,  
 To hogs transforms them, and the sty receives.  
 No more was seen the human form divine ;  
 Head, face, and members, bristle into swine :  
 Still curst with sense, their minds remain alone,  
 And their own voice affrights them when they groan.  
 Meanwhile the goddess in disdain bestows  
 The mast and acorn, brutal food ! and stows  
 The fruits of cornel, as their feast around ;  
 Now prone and groveling on unsavory ground."

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When Ulysses was absent, the princes and noblemen of the neighbouring countries went into his kingdom, lived in his palace, fed upon his flocks, and severally demanded the queen Penelope in marriage—these, in the *Odyssey*, are called the Suitors.

Penelope, who loved her husband, refused them all, and lived with her son Telemachus in Ithaca, always in hopes of the return of Ulysses. After twenty years from his departure for Troy, he again entered the walls of his palace in the disguise of a beggar : he was treated with kindness by the Queen and Telemachus, but with contempt and insolence by the Suitors ; however he was soon recognized by an old domestic. In due time he declared himself, and with his son and their faithful adherents, killed the Suitors, and was restored to his ancient dignity.

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#### ARGUS.

A very interesting account is given of the dog Argus, who recognised his master Ulysses, when he approached his palace, attended by Eumæus, an old servant. This sagacious dog has been celebrated for three thousand years, and his history is thus related in the *Odyssey*.

" Thus, near the gates conferring as they drew,  
 Argus, the dog his ancient master knew ;  
 He, not unconscious of the voice, and tread,  
 Lifts to the sound his ear, and rears his head ;  
 Bred by Ulysses, nourished at his board,  
 But ah ! not fated long to please his lord !



To him, his swiftness and his strength were vain ;  
 The voice of glory called him o'er the main.  
 'Till then in every sylvan chase renowned,  
 With Argus, Argus, rung the woods around ;  
 With him the youth pursued the goat or fawn,  
 Or traced the mazy leveret o'er the lawn.  
 Now left to man's ingratitude he lay,  
 Unhoused, neglected in the public way ;  
 And where on heaps the rich manure was spread,  
 Obscene with reptiles, took his sordid bed.

He knew his lord ; he knew, and strove to meet ;  
 In vain he strove, to crawl, and kiss his feet :  
 Yet (all he could) his tail, his ears, his eyes,  
 Salute his master, and confess his joys.  
 Soft pity touched the mighty master's soul ;  
 Adown his cheek a tear unbidden stole,  
 Stole unperceived ; he turned his head, and dried  
 The drop humane ; then thus impassioned cried :

What noble beast in this abandoned state  
 Lies here all helpless at Ulysses' gate ?  
 His bulk and beauty speak no vulgar praise ;  
 If, as he seems, he *was* in better days,  
 Some care his age deserves : or was he prized  
 For worthless beauty ; therefore now despised !  
 Such dogs, and men there are, mere things of state,  
 And always cherished by their friends, the great.

Not Argus so (Eumæus thus enjoined)  
 But served a master of a nobler kind,  
 Who never, never shall behold him more !  
 Long, long since perished on a distant shore !  
 Oh had you seen him, vigorous, bold, and young,  
 Swift as a stag, and as a lion strong ;  
 Him no fell savage on the plain withstood,  
 None 'scaped him, bosomed in the gloomy wood ;  
 His eye how piercing, and his scent how true,  
 To wind the vapour in the tainted dew !  
 Such, when Ulysses left his natal coast :  
 Now years unnerve him, and his lord is lost !  
 The women keep the generous creature bare,  
 A sleek and idle race is all their care :  
 The master gone, the servants what restrains ?  
 Or dwells Humanity where Riot reigns ?  
 Jove fixed it certain, that whatever day  
 Makes man a slave, takes half his worth away."

## GREEK POETS.

It is not the province of a teacher limited to a literature purely English to afford much knowledge of the writers of ancient Greece. But these writers have recorded the religion, the moral sentiments, the domestic manners, and the public amusements of the Greeks ; and matters of fact in relation to this people, if not the elegance of their language and the utmost refinement of their thoughts, are offered to common readers in the form of translation.

The connexion of the Greek literature with the English, is derived from this circumstance, that the greater part of our writers are classical scholars—have been instructed in the language and literature of Greece ; and those who have not been thus instructed, have been informed in the spirit of the Greek literature by their intercourse with books and scholars, so that young persons who cultivate any knowledge of the literature of their own language, have need of some popular elementary information concerning the Greek.

The *translations* of Homer and the Greek dramatists are the best means which merely English students have to inform themselves of the fables, the religion, the public amusements, and the domestic life of the Greeks. Theatrical amusements are not approved by many religious persons, but, *dramatic literature*—written plays—include so much of the poetry of Greece and England, that it is difficult to exclude it from the liberal studies of any young person.

The origin and progress of the Drama among the Greeks cannot be an unsuitable illustration of a collection of poetry, of which the professed object is to connect poetry with the history of nations, and the progress of society.

## ÆSCHYLUS.

Æschylus was an Athenian of an honourable family, distinguished for the sublimity of his genius and the ardour of his martial spirit. In his youth he had read Homer with the warmest enthusiasm ; and finding his great master unrivalled in the Epic, he early conceived the design of creating a new province for himself, and forming the drama ; so much we may be allowed to infer from the fable, that whilst he was yet a boy Bacchus appeared to him as he lay asleep in a vineyard, and commanded him

to write tragedies. This noble design he soon executed, and before the twenty-fifth year of his age began to entertain his countrymen with representations worthy of an Athenian audience.

He had pursued these studies about ten years, when Darius invaded Greece. His generals, Datis and Artaphernes, with an army of two thousand foot and ten thousand horse, were now advanced to the plains of Marathon distant only ten miles from Athens. The danger, which threatened his country, called forth the martial spirit of our poet; and very honourable mention is made of him, and his two brothers, Cynægirus and Amynias, for their eminent valour in that battle; to have wanted courage on such an occasion would have been a mark of the most abject baseness; but to be distinguished in an action, where every soldier was a hero, is a proof of superior merit. In a picture representing the battle of Marathon the portrait of Æschylus was drawn: this was all the honour that Miltiades himself received from the state for his glorious conduct on that day. He was placed at the head of the ten commanders, and drawn in the act of encouraging the soldiers and beginning the battle.

Some time after, Cynægirus was one of the four naval commanders, who with a armament of one thousand Grecians, defeated thirty thousand Persians; but he lost his life in the action.

Ten years after the battle of Marathon, when Xerxes made that immense preparation to revenge the defeat of his father, we find that the two surviving brothers exerting their courage in the sea fight off Salamis: here Amynias, too boldly laying hold of a Persian ship, had his hand lopped off with a sabre; but Æschylus defended him, and saved his life; and the Athenians decreed him the first honours because he was the first to attack the commander of the Persian fleet, shattered the ship to pieces, and killed the Satrap. It is observed that the two brothers were ever after inseparable. The following year Æschylus acquired fresh glory in the battle of Platæa, where the brave Persian, Mardonius was defeated and slain.

Having taken this active part in the three most memorable battles that grace the annals of Greece, and distinguished himself as a good citizen and a brave man, he returned with ardour to his former studies, and completed his design, of making the drama a regular, noble, and rational entertainment. He wrote about seventy tragedies, and was in great esteem with his countrymen: but upon some disgust in the latter part of his life he retired from Athens to the court of Hiero king of Sicily, where, about three years after he died, in the sixty ninth year of his age.

“ The tragedy of the Furies gave great offence; and the poet,

whether for that or some other pretence, was accused of impiety. His brother Amynias pleaded his cause ; the Athenians were struck with this instance of fraternal affection ; they revered their maimed veteran, and Æschylus was acquitted. But such a spirit was not formed to submit to the affront ; it made too deep an impression to be effaced ; and the poet quitted the city with great indignation, declaring with a noble pride that he would rather trust his tragedies to posterity, certain that he should receive from them the honour he deserved. This honour the Athenians soon paid to his noble works : by a decree of the senate, never granted to any other, they offered rewards to any man that should again exhibit his plays ; they frequently adjudged the prize to him after his decease, and acknowledged him *the Father of Tragedy*.

The Grecians, advancing in polished manners, carried into their towns a feast that sprung from the leisure of the country : their best poets took a pride in composing these religious hymns to the honour of Bacchus, and embellished them with agreeable entertainments of music and dancing. After a length of time, the songs advancing in perfection, it was found necessary to give the singer some relief ; and that the company might be amused during the pauses of the music, an actor was introduced ; his part could be no other than a single speech, setting forth that he represented Hercules, or Theseus, or some other hero of antiquity, and had performed such or such an illustrious achievement. At the next pause another personated character advanced ; at the next another ; but each unrelated and unconnected with the other.

Such was the rude state of tragedy, when Æschylus conceived the great design of forming a new species of poetry that should rival even the Epic in dignity. The humble arbor interwoven with vine branches gave place to scenes of astonishing grandeur ; the actor, no longer mounted on the cart of Thespis, with his face smeared over with lees of wine, or covered with a mask formed from the bark of a tree, now trod a spacious stage, magnificently habited in a robe of honour and the stately buskin ; even the mask, wore a new and elegant form expressive of the character represented.

These exterior decorations were proofs only of the taste of Æschylus ; his superior genius appeared in giving life to the piece, by introducing the dialogue, without which there could be no action ; and from this circumstance it is, that he is with the highest propriety called the Father of the Drama. It is commonly said that Æschylus never produced more than two speakers upon the stage at the same time ; there are proofs to the

contrary, though he generally adhered to that simple plan : but the new part which the Chorus now took amply supplied what we should call that poverty of the stage.

*Chorus.* In the ancient tragedy, a number of persons, sufficient probably to give animation to the appearance of the stage, joined in the representations of the drama,—these formed the Chorus. The Chorus seems to consist of persons of a character that might naturally desire to be witnesses of the action represented. Sometimes they were the old men of a city who came to behold some public transaction, at others the attendants of a great family and at others strangers apparently collected from curiosity. Their observations served to explain what would else be obscure, and to connect what would otherwise be broken and confused in the order of incident.

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SCENE FROM THE TRAGEDY OF AGAMEMNON.

*A Herald announces to CLYTEMNESTRA, the wife of AGAMEMNON, the destruction of Troy.*

CLYTEMNESTRA, CHORUS, AND HERALD.

*Herald.* Hail, thou paternal soil of Argive earth !  
 In the fair light of the tenth year to thee  
 Returned, from the sad wreck of many hopes  
 This one I save ; saved from despair e'en this ;  
 For never thought I in this honoured earth  
 To share in death the portion of a tomb.  
 Hail then, loved earth ; hail thou bright sun ; and thou,  
 Great guardian of my country, Supreme Jove ;  
 Thou, Pythian king, thy shafts no longer winged  
 For our destruction : on Scamander's banks  
 Enough we mourned thy wrath ; propitious now  
 Come, king Apollo, our defence. And all  
 Ye gods, that o'er the works of war preside,  
 I now invoke thee. Thee Mercury, my avenger,  
 Revered by heralds, that from thee derive  
 Their high employ. You heroes, to the war  
 That sent us, friendly now receive our troops,  
 The relics of the spear.

Imperial walls,  
 Mansion of kings, ye seats revered ; ye gods,  
 That to the golden sun before these gates

Present your honoured forms : if e'er of old  
 Those eyes with favour have beheld the king,  
 Receive him now, after this length of time,  
 With glory ; for he comes, and with him brings  
 To you, and all, a light that cheers this gloom :  
 Then greet him well ; such honour is his meed  
 The mighty king, that with the mace of Jove  
 The avenger, wherewith he subdues the earth,  
 Hath levelled with the dust the towers of Troy ;  
 Their altars are overturned, their sacred shrines,  
 And all the race destroyed. This iron yoke  
 Fixed on the neck of Troy, victorious comes  
 The great Atrides, of all mortal men  
 Worthy of highest honours. Paris now  
 And the perfidious state, shall boast no more  
 His proud deeds unrevenged ; stripped of his spoils,  
 The debt of justice for his thefts, his rapines,  
 Paid amply, o'er his father's house he spreads  
 With two-fold loss the wide-involving ruin.

*Clyt.* Joy to thee, herald of the Argive host.

*Her.* For joy like this, death were a cheap exchange.

*Clyt.* Strong thy affection to thy native soil.

*Her.* So strong, the tear of joy starts from my eye.

*Clyt.* What, hath this sweet infection reached e'en you ?

*Her.* Beyond the power of language have I felt it.

*Clyt.* The fond desire of those, whose equal love—

*Her.* This of the army say'st thou, whose warm love  
 Streams to this land ? is this thy fond desire ?

*Clyt.* Such, that I oft have breathed the secret sigh.

*Her.* Whence did the army cause this anxious sadness ?

*Clyt.* Silence I long have held a healing balm.

*Her.* The princes absent, hadst thou whom to fear ?

*Clyt.* To use thy words, death were a wished exchange.

*Her.* Well is the conflict ended. In the tide

Of so long time if 'midst the easy flow

Of wished events some tyrannous blast assail us,

What marvel ? who, save the blest gods, can claim

Through life's whole course an unmixed happiness ?

Should I relate our toils, our wretched plight,

Wedge'd in our narrow ill-provided cabins,

Each irksome hour was loaded with fatigues.

Yet these were slight essays to those worse hardships

We suffered on the shore ; our lodging near

The walls of the enemy, the dews of heaven

Fell on us from above, the damps beneath  
 From the moist marsh annoyed us, shrouded ill  
 In shaggy coverings. Or should one relate  
 The winter's keen blasts, which from Ida's snows  
 Breathe froze; that pierced through all their plumes the birds  
 Shiver and die; or the extreme heat that scalds,  
 When in his mid-day caves the sea reclines,  
 And not a breeze disturbs his calm repose.

But why lament these sufferings? they are past;  
 Past to the dead indeed; they lie, no more  
 Anxious to rise. What then avails to count  
 Those, whom the wasteful war hath swept away,  
 And with their loss afflict the living? rather  
 Bid we farewell to misery: in our scale,  
 Who haply of the Grecian host remain,  
 The good preponderates, and in counterpoise  
 Our loss is light; and after all our toils  
 By sea and land, before yon golden sun  
 It is our glorious privilege to boast,  
 At length from vanquished Troy our warlike troops  
 Have to the gods of Greece brought home these spoils,  
 And in their temples, to record our conquests,  
 Fixed these proud trophies. Those, that hear this boast,  
 It well becomes to gratulate, the state  
 And the brave chiefs: revering Jove's high power  
 That graced our conquering arms. Thou hast my message.

*Pythian king.* Apollo was called so because he slew the serpent Python. This is figurative: Python was *Disease* or *Malady*, and as an enemy to the human constitution, is called a serpent. Apollo being the god of health, the healer or destroyer of disease, is described as having slain a serpent.

*Thy shafts no longer winged for our destruction* This alludes to that pestilence in the Greek camp, which is described in the first book of the *Iliad*. The instantaneous operation of the pest, causes its effects to be compared to the sudden and mortal wound of an arrow from the bow. This pestilence is ascribed by Homer to Apollo, as a punishment for the affront offered to his priest Chryses.

Mercury, as the messenger of the gods, was esteemed the patron of heralds, whose character therefore was always held sacred.

## SOPHOCLES.

Sophocles, surnamed the Bee and the Attic Siren, was born at Athens, in the year 495 B. C. He gave early proofs of his talent for poetry, and aptitude for the business of government.—He reached the dignity of Archon, and, in this capacity, commanded the armies of the republic of Athens, with considerable reputation. As a tragic writer, he shared the favour of the Athenian public with Euripides, his contemporary and rival. Sophocles died at the advanced age of eighty-five. Some of his biographers relate that he expired from an ecstasy of joy, produced by his having carried the prize at the Olympic Games. But his number of years may alone account for his dissolution. He is said to have composed one hundred and twenty tragedies, of which seven only remain.

## ANTIGONE.

The character of Antigone, as she is represented by Sophocles is that of the loveliest and best of women. She was the daughter of Œdipus, king of Thebes. Her father being driven from his kingdom, and having in despair torn out his eyes, his faithful and patient child follows his wanderings, and soothes his sufferings as long as he lives. When her father is no more, she is afflicted by the discord of her brothers, and the persecutions of her uncle Creon. Her affection, fortitude, and undismayed sense of duty, are worthy of a Christian heroine.

To illustrate the dialogue which follows, these notes are extracted from Francklin's Sophocles.

“Eteocles and Polynices, sons of the unfortunate Œdipus, having an equal claim to the kingdom of Thebes, had agreed to divide the power, and to reign year by year alternately; but Eteocles stepping first into the throne, and tasting the sweets of sovereignty, broke the contract, and maintained himself in the possession of his dominions, Polynices in revenge, raised an army of Argives, and made an incursion on Thebes; a battle ensued, and, after much slaughter on both sides, the brothers agreed to decide it by single combat; they fought, and were slain by each other.

“After the death of the brothers, the kingdom of Thebes devolved to their uncle Creon, whose first act of supreme power was an edict forbidding all rites of sepulture to Polynices, as a traitor; and pronouncing instant death on any who should dare



to bury him. Here the action of the tragedy commences, the subject of which is the piety of Antigone in opposition to the edict of Creon, with the distresses consequent upon it. Antigone calls her sister out of the palace into the adjoining area, to inform her of the decree which had been issued on the preceding day, and her resolutions concerning it.

“Of all the honours paid to the dead by the ancients, the care of their funerals was looked upon by them as most necessary and indispensable ; as to be deprived of sepulture was accounted the greatest misfortune, and the highest injury. No imprecation was therefore so terrible as that any person might ‘die destitute of burial ;’ it was not to be wondered at that they were thus solicitous about the interment of their dead, when they were strongly possessed with the opinion that the souls of the deceased could not be admitted into the Elysian shades, but were forced to wander desolate and alone, till their bodies were committed to the earth. Nor was it sufficient to be honoured with the solemn performance of their funeral rites, except their bodies were prepared for burial by their relations, and interred in the sepulchres of their fathers.”

The importance attached by the Greeks to the rites of sepulture, is clear from that passage in Homer, in which Achilles is described as seeing, in a vision of the night, his friend Patroclus, who had recently been killed, and who reproaches him with neglecting the last duty to his remains :

“ ’Tis true, ’tis certain, man, though dead, retains  
Part of himself—the immortal mind remains.

\* \* \* \* \*

This night my friend so late in battle lost  
Stood at my side, a pensive, plaintive ghost.  
‘Sleeps my Achilles’—thus the phantom said—  
‘Sleeps my Achilles—his Patroclus dead ?  
Living I seemed his dearest, tenderest care,  
But now forgot I wander in the air.  
Let my pale corse the rites of burial know,  
And give me entrance to the realms below :  
Till then the spirit finds no resting place’——

## ANTIGONE AND ISMENE.

*Ant.* O! my dear sister, my best-beloved Ismene,  
Is there an evil, by the wrath of Jove  
Reserved for Ædipus' unhappy race,  
We have not felt already? Sorrow and shame,  
And bitterness and anguish, all that's sad,  
All that's distressful hath been ours; and now  
This dreadful edict from the tyrant comes  
To double our misfortunes; hast thou heard  
What harsh commands he hath imposed on all,  
Or art thou still to know what future ills  
Our foes have yet in store to make us wretched?

*Ism.* Since that unhappy day, Antigone,  
When by each other's hand our brothers fell,  
And Greece dismissed her armies, I have heard  
Nought that could give or joy or grief to me.

*Ant.* I thought thou wert a stranger to the tidings;  
And therefore called thee forth, that here alone  
I might impart them to thee.

*Ism.* O! what are they? —  
For something dreadful labours in my breast.

*Ant.* Know then, from Creon, our indulgent lord,  
Our hapless brothers met a different fate,  
To honour one, and one to infamy  
He hath consigned; with funeral rites he graced  
The body of our dear Eteocles,  
Whilst Polynices' wretched carcass lies  
Unburied, *unlamented*, left exposed  
A feast for hungry vultures on the plain;  
No pitying friend will dare to violate  
The tyrant's harsh command, for public death  
Awaits the offender; Creon comes himself  
To tell us of it, such is our condition;  
This is the crisis, this the hour, Ismene,  
That must declare thee worthy of thy birth,  
Or show thee mean, base, and degenerate.

*Ism.* What wouldst thou have me do? defy his power?  
Contemn the laws?

*Ant.* To act with me, or not:  
Consider and resolve.

*Ism.* What daring deed  
Would'st thou attempt—what is it?—speak.

*Ant.* To join  
And take the body, my Ismene.  
*Ism.* Ha !  
And would'st thou dare to bury it, when thus  
We are forbidden ?

*Ant.* Ay, to bury HIM :  
He is my brother, and thine too, Ismene ;  
Therefore consent or not, I have determined  
I'll not disgrace my birth.

*Ism.* Hath not the king  
Pronounced it death to all ?

*Ant.* He hath no right,  
No power to keep me from my own.

*Ism.* Alas !  
Remember our unhappy father's fate,  
And last, in one sad day, Eteocles  
And Polynices by each other slain.  
Left as we are, deserted and forlorn,  
What from our disobedience can we hope  
But misery and ruin ? Poor, weak women,  
Helpless, nor formed by nature to contend  
With powerful man. We are his subjects too ;  
Therefore to this, and worse than this, my sister,  
We must submit. For me, in humblest prayer  
Will I address me to the infernal powers  
For pardon of that crime which well they know  
Sprang from necessity, and then obey ;  
Since to attempt that we can never hope  
To execute, is folly all and madness.

*Ant.* Wert thou to proffer what I do not ask,  
Thy poor assistance, I would scorn it now :  
Act as thou wilt ; I'll bury him myself ;  
Let me perform but that, and death is welcome ;  
I'll do the pious deed, and lay me down  
By my dear brother ; loving and beloved  
We'll rest together ; to the powers below  
'Tis fit we pay obedience ; longer there  
We must remain, than we can breathe on earth,  
There I shall dwell for ever ; thou, meantime,  
What the gods hold most precious mayst despise.

*Ism.* I reverence the gods ; but, in defiance  
Of laws, and unassisted to do this,  
It were most dangerous.

*Ant.* That be thy excuse,

Whilst I prepare the funeral pile.

*Ism.* Alas !

I tremble for thee

*Ant.* Tremble for thyself,

And not for me.

*Ism.* O ! do not tell thy purpose,  
I beg thee, do not ; I shall never betray thee.

*Ant.* I'd have it known ; and I shall love thee less  
For thy concealment, than, if loud to all,  
Thou wouldest proclaim the deed.

*Ism.* Thou hast a heart  
Too daring, and ill-suited to thy fate.

*Ant.* I know my duty, and I'll pay it there,  
Where 'twill be best accepted.

*Ism.* Could'st thou do it ?  
But 'tis not in thy power.

*Ant.* When I know that  
It will be time enough to quit my purpose.

*Ism.* It cannot be ; 'tis folly to attempt it.

*Ant.* Go on, and I shall hate thee ; our dead brother,  
He too shall hate thee as his bitterest foe ;  
Go, leave me here to suffer for my rashness ;  
Whate'er befalls, it cannot be so dreadful  
As not to die with honour.

*Ism.* Then farewell,  
Since thou wilt have it so ; and know, Ismene  
Pities thy weakness, but admires thy virtue.

*"Unlamented."* This was the judgment which God denounced against Jehoiakim, king of Judah : 'they shall not lament for him, saying, ah ! my brother, or ah ! sister ; they shall not lament for him, saying, ah ! lord, or ah ! his glory ; he shall be buried with the burial of an ass,' &c. Jerem. 22, v. 18, 19.—The customs and manners of the Greeks were originally drawn from the eastern nations, which accounts for the similitude so observable in Sophocles and other heathen writers with some parts of holy writ."

#### EURIPIDES.

The prodigious armament, with which Xerxes invaded Greece, is well known : when he was advancing towards Attica, to revenge the defeat of his father's forces at Marathon, the Athe-

nians, by the advice of Themistocles, retired with their effects to Salamis, Trœzene, and Ægina. Among those who took refuge at Salamis, were Mnesarchus and Clito, the parents of Euripides, who was born at that island on the very day in which the Grecians there gained that memorable victory over the Persian fleet. His parents educated their son with great attention, and at a considerable expense. Besides the athletic exercises, in which he excelled, he was taught grammar, music, and painting. He applied himself to the study of oratory under the refined and learned Prodicus, who admitted none to his school but the sons of great and noble families; the celebrated Pericles was also formed under this excellent master.

Euripides studied philosophy with Anaxagoras, and contracted an early friendship with Socrates, who was twelve years younger than himself, and survived him almost six years; this friendship, formed on the firmest principles of virtue and wisdom, and cemented by a similarity of manners and studies, continued indissoluble. These studies form the history of his life from the eighteenth to the seventy-second year of his age, during which time he composed seventy-five tragedies, frequently retiring to his native Salamis, and there indulging his melancholy muse in a rude and gloomy cavern.

His reputation was now so illustrious, that Archelaus, king of Macedonia, invited him to his court: this monarch, to his many royal virtues, added a fondness for literature and the muses, and had drawn to him from Greece many who excelled in the polite arts, particularly those who were eminent for their learning and genius. Euripides, after much and earnest invitation, at length complied with the king's request, and went to Pella, where he was received with every mark of esteem and honour.

Archelaus knew how to value a man of modesty and wisdom, a lover of truth and virtue; but he particularly admired the disinterestedness, the amiable candour, and gentleness of manners, which distinguished Euripides; and made him worthy of the liberality, the esteem, and the affection of such a king. In this court at this time, among many other eminent men, were Agatho, an excellent tragic poet, an honest and agreeable man, a friend and admirer of Euripides; Timotheus, the famous musician; and Teuxus the celebrated painter. In this society Euripides lived happy, beloved, and honoured, and died lamented, in the third year after his coming to Macedonia, and the seventy-fifth year of his age. Archelaus mourned for him as for a near relation, buried him among the kings of Macedonia, and erected a magnificent monument to his memory.

The news of his death was brought to Athens as Sophocles was about to exhibit one of his tragedies ; he appeared in mourning, and made his actors come on the stage without crowns : this great poet had long been the intimate friend of Euripides, he was then in the ninetieth year of his age, and died about the end of this year. The Athenians immediately sent ambassadors to Archelaus, requesting his permission to remove the bones of Euripides into his own country ; this the king and the Macedonians firmly refused ; as they could not obtain his ashes, they raised a cenotaph to their poet, in the way that led from the city to the Piræus.

## IPHIGENIA.

This interesting female was the daughter of Agamemnon, king of Mycenæ, and leader of the expedition to Troy. When the whole Greek armament had assembled at Aulis, and were ready to depart, they were detained by contrary winds. To procure a safe departure, a horrible alternative is proposed to Agamemnon. He thus states it himself.

“ Collected and embodied, here we sit  
Inactive, and from Aulis wish to sail  
In vain. The prophet Calchas, 'midst the gloom  
That darkened on our minds, at length pronounced  
That Iphigenia, my virgin daughter,  
I to Diana, goddess of this land,  
Must sacrifice : this victim given the winds  
Shall swell our sails, and Troy beneath our arms  
Be humbled in the dust ; but if denied,  
These things are not to be.”

Agamemnon feels himself compelled to make this cruel sacrifice. He acquaints his gentle child with what he deems this fatal necessity, and her love of life for a while contends against it, but at length she yields.

## AGAMEMNON, IPHIGENIA, AND CLYTEMNESTRA.

*Iph.* Had I, my father, the persuasive voice  
Of Orpheus, and his skill to charm the rocks  
To follow me, and soothe whome'er I please  
With winning words, I would make trial of it :  
But I have nothing to present thee now  
Save tears, my only eloquence ; and those  
I can present thee. On thy knees I hang,  
A suppliant.—

Ah ! kill me not in youth's fresh prime.  
 Sweet is the light of heaven : compel me not  
*What is beneath to view.* I was the first  
 To call thee father, me thou first didst call  
 Thy child : I was the first that on thy knees  
 Fondly caressed thee, and from thee received  
 The fond caress. This was thy speech to me—  
 Shall I, my child, ever see thee in some house  
 Of splendour, happy in thy husband, live  
 And flourish, as becomes my dignity ?  
 My speech to thee was, leaning 'gainst thy cheek  
 Which with my hand I now caress. And what  
 Shall I then do for thee ? Shall I receive  
 My father when grown old, and in my house  
 Cheer him with each fond office, to repay  
 The careful nurture which he gave my youth ?  
 These words are on my memory deep impressed,  
 Thou hast forgot them, and wilt kill thy child.  
 By Pelops I entreat thee, by thy sire  
 Atreus, by this my mother, do not kill me.  
 If Paris be enamoured of his bride,  
 His Helen, what concerns it me, and how  
 Comes he to my destruction ?

Look upon me,  
 Give me a smile, give me a kiss, my father,  
 That, if my words persuade thee not, in death  
 I may have this memorial of thy love.  
 My brother, small assistance canst thou give  
 Thy friends, yet for thy sister with thy tears  
 Implore thy father that she may not die :  
 E'en infants have a sense of ills : and see,  
 My father, silent though he be, he sues  
 To thee : be gentle to me, on my life  
 Have pity. Thy two children by this beard  
 Entreat thee, thy dear children ; one is yet  
 An infant,\* one to riper years arrived.  
 I will sum all in this, which shall contain  
 More than long speech ; to view the light of life  
 To mortals is most sweet, but all beneath  
 Is nothing : of his senses is he reft  
 Who hath a wish to die ; for life, though ill,  
 Excels whate'er there is of good in death.

\* Orestes.

*Aga.* What calls for pity, and what not, I know ;  
 I love my children, else I should be void  
 Of reason ; to dare this is dreadful to me,  
 And not to dare is dreadful. I perforce  
 Must do it. What a naval camp is here  
 You see, how many kings for Greece arrayed  
 In glittering arms : to Ilium's towers are these  
 Denied to advance, unless I offer thee  
 A victim, thus the prophet Calchas speaks,  
 Denied from her foundations to o'erturn  
 Illustrious Troy : and through the Grecian host  
 Maddens the fierce desire to sail with speed  
 'Gainst the barbarian's land, and check their rage  
 For Grecian dames :

To this

Not Menelaus, my child, hath wrought my soul,  
 Nor to his will am I a slave ; but Greece,  
 For which, will I, or will I not, perforce  
 Thee I must sacrifice : my weakness here  
 I feel, and must submit. In thee, my child,  
 What lies, and what in me, Greece should be free,  
 Nor should her sons beneath barbarians bend,  
 Their household joys to ruffian force a prey.

*Clyt.* Alas, my child !  
 How wretched in thy death ! thy father flies thee,  
 He flies, but dooms thee to the realms beneath.

*Iph.* My mother, hear ye now my words : for thee  
 Offended with thy husband I behold :  
 Vain anger ! for where force will take its way,  
 To struggle is not easy.

Hear then what to my mind  
 Deliberate thought presents : it is decreed  
 For me to die : this then I wish, to die  
 With glory, all reluctance banished far.  
 My mother, weigh this well, that what I speak  
 Is honour's dictate : all the powers of Greece  
 Have now their eyes on me ; on me depends  
 The sailing of the fleet, the fall of Troy,  
 And not to suffer, should a new attempt  
 Be dared, the rude barbarians from blest Greece  
 To bear in future times her dames by force,  
 This ruin bursting on them for the loss  
 Of Helena, whom Paris bore away.  
 By dying all these things shall I achieve,



And blest, for that I have delivered Greece,  
Shall be my fame.

To be too fond of life  
Becomes not me ; nor for thyself alone,  
But to all Greece a blessing didst thou bear me.  
Shall thousands, when their country's injured, lift  
Their shields, shall thousands grasp the oar, and dare,  
Advancing bravely 'gainst the foes, to die  
For Greece ? and shall my life, my single life  
Obstruct all this ? would this be just ? what word  
Can we reply ?

\* \* \* \* \*

If me

The chaste Diana wills t' accept, shall I,  
A mortal, dare oppose her heavenly will ?  
Vain the attempt : for Greece I give my life.  
Slay me, demolish Troy ; for these shall be  
Long time my monuments, my children these,  
My nuptials, and my glory.

It is meet

That Greece should o'er barbarians bear the sway,  
Not that barbarians lord it over Greece :  
Nature hath formed them slaves, the Grecians free.

*Not Menelaus, but Greece, hath wrought my mind to this.*—  
Not the persuasions of Menelaus, but the dreaded vengeance  
of the Greeks upon us, if by forbearing to sacrifice thee, I should  
frustrate their present designs, determines me to this unnatural  
act. The Hebrew scriptures record a sacrifice similar to this  
in that of Jephtha's daughter.

*Compel me not what is beneath to view.* The pagan notion of  
death, as has been before observed, was that of descent, of dark-  
ness, and of doubt. It is the most welcome truth of Christianity,  
that it brings life and immortality to light ; and since the establish-  
ment of Christianity, the idea of the state after death includes  
that of purer elements than those of earth, and of powers to ex-  
patriate more extensively amidst the wonders of the universe.

## SOUTHEY.

Robert Southey is among the most distinguished of living authors, in the various departments of Poetry, History, and Biography. His poetic talent has been chiefly displayed in the Epic.—*Thalaba*, *Madoc*, the *Curse of Kehama*, and *Roderick, the Last of the Goths*, are his principal poems. The last mentioned of these is the greatest favourite of the public, and deserves to be so.

The poem of *Roderick, &c.* is founded, as the name imports, upon the history of the last Gothic King of Spain. Upon the dismemberment of the Roman Empire, Hispania, the modern Spain, was taken by those northern barbarians called Goths. The Goths established there a regal government, which subsisted from A. D. 411 to A. D. 712. *Roderick, the Last of the Goths*, had a private quarrel with a distinguished nobleman of his court, and the latter, indignant against the king, conspired with the Moors, a nation of the opposite shores of Africa, to dethrone *Roderick* and surrender the sovereignty to the Moors.

The authenticity of this statement of the origin of the Moorish conquest of Spain is disputed—but it is the tradition of the Moors and Spaniards, and upon the assumed fact Mr. Southey has founded his poem. Many of *Roderick's* subjects remained faithful to him, but multitudes rebelled, and after a battle with the Moors and the rebels, *Roderick* is said to have disappeared, and never to have been found again, A. D. 712.

The most faithful adherent of *Roderick* was *Pelayo*, a prince of his blood, who became the founder of a new kingdom, that of *Asturia*. *Pelayo* seeking liberty, and preferring a desert to a state of bondage, led a few faithful followers to a sequestered spot enclosed by rocks in the interior of *Asturia*. Being a man of talent and integrity, he acquired an absolute ascendancy over his friends, and they appointed him their king. His subjects were few, and his territory barren rocks; but the men were faithful and courageous.—Their asylum was discovered and invaded by the Moors, but the refugees defended themselves; and from this commencement originated the kingdom of *Asturia*, long one of the most powerful in Spain. *Pelayo* died in A. D. 737.

It may here be remarked that under the Moors, Spain was divided into several sovereignties. Kings of *Asturia*, of *Oviedo*, of *Aragon*, of *Castile* and *Leon*, were numbered among the Princes of Spain.

Mr. Southey supposes that immediately after his defeat *Roderick* sought a profound solitude, and in this situation he describes

him. Roderick was accompanied in his concealment by Romano, an old man, who died and left the unhappy king alone.— Roderick had been guilty of a crime, and self-reproach aggravated his affliction.

## RODERICK IN SOLITUDE.

The fourth week of their painful pilgrimage  
Was full, when they arrived where from the land  
A rocky hill, rising with steep ascent,  
O'erhung the glittering beach ; there on the top  
A little lowly hermitage they found,  
And a rude cross, and at its foot a grave,  
Bearing no name nor other monument.  
Where better could they rest than here, where faith  
And secret penitence and happiest death  
Had blest the spot, and brought good angels down,  
And opened as it were a way to Heaven ?  
Behind them was the desert, offering fruit  
And water for their need ; on either side  
The white sand sparkling to the sun ; in front  
Great Ocean with its everlasting voice,  
As in perpetual jubilee, proclaimed  
The wonders of the Almighty filling thus  
The pauses of their fervent orisons.

Where better could the wanderers rest than here ?

Twelve months they sojourned in their solitude,  
And then beneath the burthen of old age  
Romano sunk. No brethren were there  
To spread the sackcloth, and with ashes strew  
The penitential bed, and gather round  
To sing his requiem, and with prayer and psalm  
Assist him in his hour of agony.

He lay on the bare earth which long had been  
His only couch : beside him Roderick knelt,  
Moistened from time to time his blackened lips,  
Received a blessing with his latest breath,  
Then closed his eyes, and by the nameless grave  
Of the fore-tenant of that holy place  
Consigned him earth to earth.

Two graves are here.

And Roderick transverse at their feet began  
To break the third. In all his intervals  
Of prayer, save only when he search'd the woods  
And fill'd the water-cruise, he labour'd there ;

And when the work was done, and he had laid  
Himself at length within its narrow sides  
And measured it, he shook his head to think  
There was no other business now for him.  
Poor wretch, thy bed is ready, he exclaimed,  
And would that night were come! . . . It was a task,  
All gloomy as it was, which had beguiled  
The sense of solitude; but now he felt  
The burthen of the solitary hours :—  
The silence of that lonely hermitage  
Lay on him like a spell; and at the voice  
Of his own prayers, he started, half aghast.  
Then too, as on Romano's grave he sate  
And pored upon his own, a natural thought  
Arose within him, . . well might he have spared  
That useless toil : the sepulchre would be  
No hiding place for him; no Christian hands  
Were here who should compose his decent corpse  
And cover it with earth. There he might drag  
His wretched body at its passing hour,  
And there the sea-birds of her heritage  
Would rob the worm, or peradventure seize,  
Ere death had done its work, their helpless prey.  
Even now they did not fear him : when he walked  
Beside them on the beach, regardlessly  
They saw his coming; and their whirring wings  
Upon the height had sometimes fanned his cheek,  
As if, being thus alone, humanity  
Had lost its rank, and the prerogative  
Of man was done away.

For his lost crown  
And sceptre had he never felt a thought  
Of pain : repentance had no pangs to spare  
For trifles such as these,—the loss of these  
Was a cheap penalty :—that he had fallen  
Down to the lowest depth of wretchedness,  
His hope and consolation. But to lose  
His human station in the scale of things,—  
To see brute Nature scorn him, and renounce  
Its homage to the human form divine;—  
Had then almighty vengeance thus revealed  
His punishment, and was he fallen indeed  
Below fallen man.

Oh for a voice  
Of comfort,—for a ray of hope from heaven !

A hand that from these billows of despair  
 May reach and snatch him ere he sink engulfed !  
 At length, as life when it hath lain long time  
 Opprest beneath some grievous malady,  
 Seems to rouse up with re-collected strength,  
 And the sick man doth feel within himself  
 A second spring ; so Roderick's better mind  
 Arose to save him. Lo ! the western sun  
 Flames o'er the broad Atlantic ; on the verge  
 Of glowing ocean rests ; retiring then  
 Draws with it all its rays, and sudden night  
 Fills the whole cope of heaven. The penitent  
 Knelt by Romano's grave, and, falling prone,  
 Claspt with extended arms the funeral mould.

Father ! he cried ; companion, only friend,  
 When all beside was lost ! thou too art gone,  
 And the poor sinner whom from utter death  
 Thy providential hand preserved, once more  
 Totters upon the gulf. I am too weak  
 For solitude,—too vile a wretch to bear  
 This everlasting commune with myself.

\* \* \* \* \*

Despair hath laid the nets  
 To take my soul, and Memory, like a ghost,  
 Haunts me, and drives me to the toils. O Saint,  
 While I was blest with thee, the hermitage  
 Was my sure haven ! Look upon me still ;  
 For from thy heavenly mansion thou canst see  
 Thy suppliant ; look upon thy child in Christ.

Romano ! Father ! let me hear thy voice  
 In dreams, O sainted soul ! or from the grave  
 Speak to thy penitent ; even from the grave  
 Thine were a voice of comfort.

Thus he cried,  
 Easing the pressure of his burthened heart  
 With passionate prayer ; thus poured his spirit forth  
 Till the long effort had exhausted him,  
 His spirit failed, and laying on the grave  
 His weary head, as on a pillow, sleep  
 Fell on him. He had prayed to hear a voice  
 Of consolation, and in dreams a voice  
 Of consolation came. Roderick, it said,—  
 Roderick, my poor, unhappy, sinful child,  
 Jesus have mercy on thee !—Not if heaven

Had opened, and Romano, visible  
In his beatitude, had breathed that prayer ;—  
Not if the grave had spoken, had it pierced  
So deeply in his soul, nor wrung his heart  
With such compunctious visitings, nor given  
So quick, so keen a pang. It was that voice  
Which sung his fretful infancy to sleep  
So patiently ; which soothed his childish griefs ;  
Counselled with anguish and prophetic tears,  
His headstrong youth. And lo ! his *mother* stood  
Before him in the vision.

---

## PELAYO AND HIS CHILDREN.

The ascending vale,  
Long straitened by the narrowing mountains, here  
Was closed. In front a rock, abrupt and bare,  
Stood eminent, in height exceeding far  
All edifice of human power, by king  
Or caliph, or barbaric sultan reared,  
Or mightier tyrants of the world of old,  
Assyrian on Egyptian, in their pride :  
Yet far above, beyond the reach of sight,  
Swell after swell, the heathery mountain rose.  
Here, in two sources, from the living rock  
The everlasting springs of Deva gushed.  
Upon a smooth and grassy plat below,  
By nature there as for an altar drest,  
They joined their sister stream, which from the earth  
Welled silently.

In such a scene rude man  
With pardonable error might have knelt,  
Feeling a present Deity, and made  
His offering to the fountain nymph devout.  
The arching rock disclosed above the springs  
A cave, where hugest son of giant birth,  
That e'er of old in forest of romance  
'Gainst knights and ladies waged discourteous war,  
Erect within the portal might have stood.  
No holier spot than Covadonga, Spain  
Boasts in her wide extent, though all her realms  
Be with the noblest blood of martyrdom  
In elder or in latter days enriched,

And glorified with tales of heavenly aid  
By many a miracle made manifest ;  
Nor in the heroic annals of her fame  
Doth she show forth a scene of more renown.  
Then, save the hunter, drawn in keen pursuit  
Beyond his wonted haunts, or shepherd's boy,  
Following the pleasure of his straggling flock,  
None knew the place.

Pelayo, when he saw  
Those glittering sources and their sacred cave,  
Took from his side the bugle silver-tipt,  
And with a breath long drawn and slow expired  
Sent forth that strain, which, echoing from the walls  
Of Cangas, wont to tell his glad return  
When from the chase he came. At the first sound  
Favila started in the cave, and cried,  
My father's horn !—A sudden flame suffused  
Hermesind's cheek, and she with quickened eye  
Looked eager to her mother silently ;  
But Gaudiosa trembled and grew pale,  
Doubting her sense deceived. A second time  
The bugle breathed its well-known notes abroad ;  
And Hermesind around her mother's neck  
Threw her white arms, and earnestly exclaimed,  
'Tis he !—But when a third and broader blast  
Rung in the echoing archway, ne'er did wand,  
With magic power endued, call up a sight  
So strange, as sure in that wild solitude  
It seemed, when from the bowels of the rock  
The mother and her children hastened forth.

She in the sober charms and dignity  
Of womanhood mature, nor verging yet  
Upon decay : in gesture like a queen,  
Such inborn and habitual majesty  
Ennobled all her steps,—or priestess, chosen  
Because within such faultless work of heaven  
Inspiring Deity might seem to make  
Its habitation known.—Favila such  
In form and stature as the Sea Nymph's son,  
When that wise Centaur from his cave well-pleased  
Behold the boy divine his growing strength  
Against some shaggy lionet essay,  
And fixing in the half-grown mane his hands,  
Roll with him in fierce dalliance intertwined.

But like a creature of some higher sphere  
 His sister came ; she scarcely touched the rock,  
 So light was Hermesind's aerial speed.  
 Beauty and grace and innocence in her  
 In heavenly union shone. One who had held  
 The faith of elder Greece, would sure have thought  
 She was some glorious nymph of seed divine,  
 Oread or Dryad, of Diana's train  
 The youngest and the loveliest : yea she seemed  
 Angel, or soul beatified, from realms  
 Of bliss, on errand of parental love  
 To earth re-sent,—if tears and trembling limbs  
 With such celestial natures might consist.

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*Favila such*

In form and stature as the Sea Nymph's son,  
 When that wise Centaur, &c.

Achilles, the son of Thetis, a sea nymph, was educated in Thessaly by Chiron the Centaur. Favila, the son and successor of Pelayo, is here compared with the young Achilles.

*The faith of elder Greece.* This religion has been described with considerable effect by Mr. Percival, an American poet.

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RELIGION OF GREECE.

There was a time, when the o'erhanging sky,  
 And the fair earth with its variety,  
 Mountain and valley, continent and sea,  
 Were not alone the unmoving things that lie  
 Slumbering beneath the sun's unclouded eye ;  
 But every fountain had its spirit then,  
 That held communion oft with holy men,  
 And frequent from the heavenward mountain came  
 Bright creatures, hovering round on wings of flame,  
 And some mysterious sybil darkly gave  
 Responses from the dim and hidden cave :  
 Voices were heard waking the silent air,  
 A solemn music echoed from the wood,  
 And often from the bosom of the flood  
 Came forth a sportive Naiad passing fair,  
 The clear drops twinkling in her braided hair ;  
 And as the hunter through the forest strayed,  
 Quick-glancing beauty shot across the glade,



Her polished arrow levelled on her bow,  
Ready to meet the fawn or bounding roe.

Each lonely spot was hallowed then—the oak  
That o'er the village altar hung, would tell  
Strange hidden things ;—the old remembered well,  
How from its gloom a spirit often spoke.  
There was not then a fountain or a cave,  
But had its reverend oracle, and gave  
Responses to the fearful crowd, who came  
And called the indwelling deity by name ;  
Then every snowy peak, that lifted high  
Its shadowy cone to meet the bending sky,  
Stood like a heaven of loveliness and light :—  
And as the gilt cloud rolled its glory by,  
Chariots and steeds of flame stood harnessed there,  
And gods came forth and seized the golden reins,  
Shook the bright scourge, and through the boundless air  
Rode over starry fields and azure plains.

It was a beautiful and glorious dream,  
Such as would kindle high the soul of song.  
All seemed one bright enchantment then ;—but now  
Since the long sought for goal of truth is won,  
Nature stands forth unveiled with cloudless brow,  
On earth ONE SPIRIT OF LIFE, in heaven ONE.

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#### HEAVENLY LOVE.

They sin who tell us Love can die.  
With life all other passions fly,  
All others are but vanity.  
In heaven Ambition cannot dwell,  
Nor Avarice in the vaults of hell ;  
Earthly these passions of the earth,  
They perish where they have their birth :  
But Love is indestructible.  
Its holy flame for ever burneth,  
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth ;  
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,  
At times deceived at times oppress,  
It here is tried and purified,  
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest ;  
It soweth here with toil and care,  
But the harvest time of Love is there.

SOUTHEY,

## LORD BYRON.

George Gordon, Lord Byron, was an English nobleman, descended from Commodore Byron, the celebrated navigator. Lord Byron died at Missolonghi in Greece, April, 1824, at the age of thirty-seven. He was distinguished at an early period of life for his poetical talents, and his genius, if it has not made men better, has opened a source of pleasure to the readers of poetry, which once enjoyed is never forgotten.

The passages of Lord Byron's poetry which immediately succeed, have as much life as sentiment, and on that account they are best adapted to the comprehension and sympathies of young persons. Two only, *Night at Corinth*, and *Turkey*, are purely descriptive.

## NIGHT AT CORINTH.

In 1715, Corinth, situated on the Isthmus of that name, being in possession of the Venetians, was besieged by the Turks. Lord Byron describes the delicious nights of that fine climate in his poem, the *Siege of Corinth*. The night described is that previous to the taking of Corinth, while the Turkish army surrounded its walls.

" 'Tis midnight : on the mountains brown  
The cold round moon shines deeply down ;  
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky  
Spread like an ocean hung on high,  
Bespangled with those isles of light,\*  
So wildly, spiritually bright ;  
Who ever gazed upon them shining,  
And turned to earth without repining,  
Nor wish'd for wings to flee away,  
And mix with their eternal ray ?  
The waves on either shore lay there  
Calm, clear, and azure as the air ;  
And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,  
But murmured meekly as the brook.  
The winds were pillowed on the waves ;

\* The stars. e

The banners drooped along their staves,  
 And, as they fell around them furling,  
 Above them shone the crescent curling ;  
 And that deep silence was unbroke,  
 Save where the watch his signal spoke,  
 Save where the steed neighed oft and shrill,  
 And echo answered from the hill,  
 And the wild hum of that wild host  
 Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,  
 As rose the Muezzin's voice in air  
 In midnight call to wonted prayer."

*The Muezzin's voice.* The Turks do not use bells to summon the religious to their devotions. They have an appointed person, whose function it is to send forth to the extent of his voice, the call to wonted prayer.

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#### DECAPITATION OF HUGO.

The marquis of Este, the sovereign of Ferrara in Italy, had a son named Hugo, and a beautiful young wife called Parasina.— This lady loved Hugo better than his father, and was equally beloved by the young man. When the marquis was fully convinced of this fact, he ordered Hugo and Parasina to be beheaded, and the sentence was executed, according to Lord Byron's authority, about 1405. The execution of Hugo is described in the poem of Parasina.

"The Convent bells are ringing,  
 But mournfully and slow ;  
 In the gray square turret swinging,  
 With a deep sound, to and fro.  
 Heavily to the heart they go !  
 Hark ! the hymn is singing—  
 The song for the dead below,  
 Or the living who shortly shall be so !  
 For a departing being's soul  
 The death-hymn peals and the hollow-bells knoll ;  
 He is near his mortal goal  
 Kneeling at the Friar's knee ;  
 Sad to hear—and piteous to see ;  
 Kneeling on the bare cold ground,  
 With the block before and the guards around—

While the crowd in a speechless circle gather,  
To see the Son fall by the doom of the father.

It is a lovely hour as yet  
Before the summer sun shall set,  
Which rose upon that heavy day,  
And mocked it with his steadiest ray ;  
And his evening beams are shed  
Full on Hugo's fated head,  
As his last confession pouring  
To the monk, his doom deploring  
In penitential holiness,  
He bends to hear his accents bless  
With absolution such as may  
Wipe our mortal stains away.

That high sun on his head did glisten  
As he there did bow and listen—  
And the rings of chestnut hair  
Curled half down his neck so bare ;  
But brighter still the beam was throwing  
Upon the axe which near him shone  
With a clear and ghastly glitter—  
Oh that parting hour was bitter !  
Even the stern stood chilled with awe :  
Dark the crime, and just the law—  
Yet they shuddered as they saw.

The parting prayers are said and over  
Of that false son and daring lover !  
His beads and sins are all recounted,  
His hours to their last minute mounted—  
His mantling cloak before was stripped,  
His bright brown locks must now be clipped ;  
'Tis done—all closely are they shorn—  
The vest which till this moment worn—  
The scarf which Parasina gave—  
Must not adorn him to the grave.

Even that must now be thrown aside,  
And o'er his eyes the kerchief tied ;  
But no—that last indignity  
Shall ne'er approach his haughty eye.  
' No—yours my forfeit blood and breath—  
These hands are chained—but let me die  
At least with an unshackled eye—  
Strike : '—and as the word he said,  
Upon the block he bowed his head ;

These the last accents Hugo spoke :  
 ' Strike'—and flashing fell the stroke—  
 Rolled the head—and, gushing, sunk  
 Back the stained and heaving trunk,  
 In the dust, which each deep vein  
 Slacked with its ensanguined rain ;  
 His eyes and lips a moment quiver,  
 Convulsed and quick—then fix for ever."

## THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

The Prisoner of Chillon is a sweet and touching poem. Chillon is a ruined castle on the lake of Geneva in Switzerland, in the dungeon of which three gallant brothers were confined, each chained to a separate pillar, till, after years of anguish, the two younger died, and were buried under the cold floor of the prison. The eldest was at length liberated, when worn out with age and misery—and is supposed, in his joyless liberty, to tell, in this poem, the sad story of his imprisonment.

The annexed verses describe the sympathy of the unhappy brothers, the peculiar loveliness of the youngest, and the bitterness of sorrow with which the survivor deplored the fate of this "blooming Benjamin of the family."

" We could not move a single pace,  
 We could not see each other's face,  
 But with that pale and livid light  
 That made us strangers in our sight ;  
 And thus together—yet apart  
 Fettered in hand, but joined in heart ;  
 'Twas still some solace in the dearth  
 Of the pure elements of earth.  
 To hearken to each other's speech,  
 And each turn comforter to each,  
 With some new hope, or legend old,  
 Or song heroically bold ;  
 But even these at length grew cold.  
 Our voices took a dreary tone,  
 An echo of the dungeon-stone,  
     A grating sound—not full and free  
     As they of yore were wont to be :  
 'It might be fancy—but to me  
 They never sounded like our own.

I was the eldest of the three,

And to uphold and cheer the rest  
I ought to do—and did my best—  
And each did well in his degree.  
The youngest, whom my father loved,  
Because our mother's brow was given  
To him—with eyes as blue as heaven,  
For him my soul was sorely moved ;  
And truly might it be distress  
To see such bird in such a nest ;  
He was the favourite and the flower,  
Most cherished since his natal hour ;  
His mother's image in fair face,  
The infant love of all his race,  
His martyred father's dearest thought,  
My latest care, for whom I sought  
To hoard my life, that his might be  
Less wretched now, and one day free :  
He, too, who yet had held untired  
A spirit natural or inspired—  
He, too, was struck, and day by day  
Was withered on the stalk away.

Oh God ! it is a fearful thing  
To see the human soul take wing  
In any shape, in any mood :—  
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,  
I've seen it on the breaking ocean  
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion ;  
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed  
Of sin delirious with its dread :  
But these were horrors—'This was wo  
Unmixed with such—but sure and slow ;  
He faded, and so calm and meek,  
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,  
So tearless, yet so tender—kind,  
And grieved for those he left behind ;  
With all the while a cheek whose bloom  
Was as a mockery of the tomb,  
Whose tints as gently sunk away  
As a departing rainbow's ray—  
An eye of most transparent light  
That almost made the dungeon bright.  
And not a word of murmur—not  
A groan o'er his untimely lot.

A little talk of better days,  
 A little hope my own to raise,  
 For I was sunk in silence—lost  
 In this last loss, of all the most ;  
 And then the sighs he would suppress  
 Of fainting nature's feebleness,  
 More slowly drawn, grew less and less :  
 I listened but I could not hear—  
 I called, for I was wild with fear ;  
 I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread  
 Would not be thus admonished ;  
 I called, and thought I heard a sound—  
 I burst my chain with one strong bound,  
 And rushed to him :—I found him not,  
 I only stirred in this black spot,  
 I only lived—I only drew  
 The accursed breath of dungeon dew."

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TURKEY.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle  
 Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime ?  
 Where the rage of the vulture, the love of the turtle,  
 Now melt into sorrow, now madden to crime ?  
 Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,  
 Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine ;  
 Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppressed with perfume ;  
 Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul\* in her bloom ;  
 Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,  
 And the voice of the nightingale never 'is mute :  
 Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,  
 In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,  
 And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye ;  
 Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,  
 And all, save the spirit of man, is divine ?  
 'Tis the clime of the east ; 'tis the land of the Sun—  
 Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done ?  
 Oh ! wild as the accents of lover's farewell  
 Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which they tell.

\* Gul.—The rose.

## VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

The king was on his throne,  
The satraps thronged the hall ;  
A thousand bright lamps shone  
O'er that high festival.  
A thousand cups of gold,  
In Judah deemed divine—  
Jehovah's vessels hold  
The godless heathen's wine !

In that same hour and hall,  
The fingers of a hand  
Come forth against the wall,  
And wrote as if on sand :  
The fingers of a man ;—  
A solitary hand  
Along the letters ran,  
And traced them like a wand.

The monarch saw, and shook,  
And bade no more rejoice ;  
All bloodless waxed his look,  
And tremulous his voice.  
“ Let the men of lore appear,  
The wisest of the earth,  
And expound the words of fear,  
Which mar our royal mirth.”

Chaldea's seers are good,  
But here they have no skill ;  
And the unknown letters stood  
Untold and awful still.  
And Babel's men of age  
Are wise and deep in lore ;  
But now they were not sage,  
They saw—but knew no more.

A captive in the land,  
A stranger and a youth,  
He heard the king's command,  
He saw that writing's truth,  
The lamps around were bright,  
The prophecy in view ;  
He read it on that night,—  
The morrow proved it true.



" Belshazzar's grave is made,  
 His kingdom passed away,  
 He, in the balance weighed,  
 Is light and worthless clay.  
 The shroud his robe of state,  
 His canopy the stone ; —  
 The Mede is at his gate !  
 The Persian on his throne !"

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In the fifth chapter of the prophecy of Daniel, the feast of Belshazzar, and the end of the Babylonian empire, which terminated in him, are recorded ; but there is a vividness in Lord Byron's imitation of that passage which gives new power to the original.

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#### BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

To comprehend the verses which the following facts are designed to illustrate, it is necessary they should be known. The verses relate especially to the memorable battle of Waterloo—a battle which put an end to the military career of Napoleon Bonaparte, and gave peace to Europe. Bonaparte was a native of the island of Corsica, and, in his early life, an officer of engineers in the French service : his military talents at length raised him to the chief command of the French armies.

Bonaparte subjected all the civil affairs of France to military power, caused himself to be declared First Consul, and afterwards Emperor of France, and King of Italy. He did not limit his ambition to the government of France and Italy, but actually conquered Switzerland, Holland, and the greater part of Germany. He united the Netherlands to France, made one of his brothers king of Holland, another of Naples, a third of Westphalia, and bestowed upon princes of Germany the titles of Kings of Bavaria, Saxony, and Wirtemburgh. He invited the King of Spain to visit him, made him a prisoner, and in 1808 placed his brother Joseph on the throne of Spain.

Bonaparte's insatiable thirst of dominion prompted him in 1812 to invade Russia at the head of 500,000 troops ; but the severity of a Russian winter, and the defensive power of the Russians, gave the first check to his conquering spirit. In this campaign 100,000 men of the French army were made prisoners, and 200,000 perished by cold, famine, and the sword.

The different independent governments of Europe took advantage of these disasters in order to restore independence and political liberty to the subjugated countries. The monarchs of Great Britain, Russia, Prussia, Austria, and Sweden, formed a confederacy to dethrone Bonaparte, and to restore to the several usurped thrones, members of families which had formerly held the sovereignty of the different states. This alliance is often called the Holy Alliance—as a compact of defenders of the *rights of kings*, and, as the allied powers professed, of protectors of religion and morals. The armies of these sovereigns—the combined forces which acted under the command of generals from each of the allied states, was called the Allied Army.

The allied army entered Paris and took possession of it on the 18th March, 1814. Bonaparte consequently fled, and retired to the island of Elba in the Mediterranean; but he quitted his retreat on the 1st March, 1815, and at the head of the French army which flocked to his standard he re-entered Paris amidst acclamations of *Vive l'Empereur*. The allied army was prepared to defend the *rights of the Bourbons*.—During the absence of Bonaparte, Louis XVIII, brother to Louis XVI, (a King of France beheaded in 1793,) was placed on the throne of France, and to restore him to his late assumed dignity was an immediate purpose of the allied powers.

Bonaparte encountered the allied army near Brussels in Belgium. On the 15th of June he defeated the Prussians; on the 16th he obtained some advantages over the British; but on the 18th his army was completely defeated in the BATTLE OF WATERLOO. The French army under Bonaparte consisted of 75,000 Frenchmen. The troops under Lord Wellington, of 35,000 English and Scots, and the rest, of German contingents, formed, in point of numbers, a nearly equal force.

“The loss on the British side during this dreadful battle,” to borrow the words of Sir Walter Scott, was “immense.—One hundred officers slain, five hundred wounded many of them to death, fifteen thousand men killed and wounded, threw half Britain into mourning.” It is supposed that about 35,000 French perished at Waterloo,—or in consequence of the battle. It was said that the English officers, when news came to them of the advance of Bonaparte, were at a ball at Brussels. Lord Byron has commemorated this circumstance in *Childe Harold*.

## THE BALL OF BRUSSELS.

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gathered then  
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;  
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage-bell ;  
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes us like a rising knell ;

Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;  
On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;  
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—  
But, hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !  
Arm ! Arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

Within a windowed niche of that high hall  
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear  
That sound the first amidst the festival,  
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear  
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,  
His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,  
And roused the vengeance blood alone can quell :  
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choaking sighs  
Which never might be repeated ; who could guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon nights so sweet such awful morn could rise.

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,

And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;  
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;  
 And near, the beat of the alarm drum  
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;  
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,  
 Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe ! they come !  
 they come !"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose  
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills  
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes ;  
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,  
 Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills  
 Their mountain-pipe, so filled the mountaineers  
 With the fierce native daring which instils  
 The stirring memory of a thousand years.  
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas !  
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe  
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold  
 and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,  
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,  
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day  
 Battle's magnificently-stern array !  
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent  
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,  
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,  
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent.

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*Brunswick's fated chieftain.* The Duke of Brunswick, a German prince, killed in the action.

*The "Cameron's gathering" rose.* This alludes to the music of the Scottish troops. These distinguish themselves always as soldiers, for they bring the most noble principles of duty and patriotism to the service.

*Evan's and Donald's fame.* Sir Evan Cameron and his descendant Donald, chiefs of the Camerons, beloved and cherished in the memory of their clansmen.

*Ardennes' waves above them her green leaves.*

"The wood of Soignies, near the field of Waterloo is supposed to be a remnant of the 'Forest of Ardennes,' famous in Boiardo's Orlando, and immortal in Shakspeare's 'As you like it.' It is also celebrated in Tacitus as being the spot of successful defence by the Germans against the Roman encroachments."

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WORDSWORTH.

Of living Poets there is not one whose moral feelings, as they are exhibited in his verses, more entitle him to the respect of mankind than Mr. Wordsworth. This gentleman resides in the North of England. He loves the rural life, and exhibits it delightfully in his poetry; and the benevolence of his heart is as remarkably connected with his poetic talent as the purest spirit of devotion, and the finest enjoyment of external nature. The Bee, the Solitary Reaper, and the Deserted Indian Woman, are the only extracts from Wordsworth's poetry which there is room to insert in this volume.

THE BEE.

— the soft murmur of the vagrant Bee,  
 — A slender sound! yet hoary Time  
 Doth to his soul exalt it with the chime  
 Of all his years;—a company  
 Of ages coming, ages gone;  
 (Nations from before them sweeping,  
 Regions in destruction steeping,)  
 But every awful note in unison  
 With that faint utterance, which tells  
 Of treasure sucked from buds and bells  
 For the pure keeping of those waxen cells;  
 Where he, a prudent statish to confer  
 Upon the public weal; a warrior bold—  
 Radiant all over with unburnished gold:  
 And armed with living spear for mortal fight;  
 A cunning forager  
 That spreads no waste;—a social builder; one

In whom all offices unite  
 With all fine functions that afford delight,  
 Safe through the winter storm in quiet dwells !

And is he brought within the power  
 Of vision?—o'er this tempting flower  
 Hovering until the petals stay  
 His flight, and take its voice away !  
 Observe each wing—a tiny van !  
 The structure of his laden thigh  
 How fragile !—yet of ancestry  
 Mysteriously remote and high—  
 High as the imperial front of man,  
 The roseate bloom on woman's cheek ;  
 The soaring eagle's curved beak ;  
 The white plumes of the floating swan ;  
 Old as the tiger's paws, the lion's mane  
*Ere shaken* by that mood of stern disdain  
 At which the desert trembles.

Humming bee !

The sting was needless then, perchance unknown ;  
 The seeds of malice were not sown ;  
 All creatures met in peace from fierceness free,  
 And no pride blended with their dignity.

Tears had not broken from their source ;  
 Nor anguish strayed from her Tartarian den,  
 The golden years maintained a course  
 Not undiversified though smooth and even ;  
 We were not mocked with glimpse and shadow then,  
 Bright seraphs mixed familiarly with men ;  
 And earth and stars composed a universal heaven.

In these verses Mr. Wordsworth suggests a comparison between the history of mankind, and the lower animals. Regarding particular races of men, in respect to the countries they once inhabited—*nations* truly are swept away, and *regions* are steeped in destruction. The glories of ancient Greece, and the misery and degradation of that country under the Turkish government—the military prowess and political power of republican Rome, and the feebleness and anarchy of modern Italy, afford awful contrasts of former elevation and present degeneracy of national character. But animal life exhibits no such gloomy views—the same faculties and enjoyments now exist in the lower orders of life as “ When the eagle from the ark ” exulted in the reconciled face of Heaven. Ages roll away, and neither

improvement nor corruption modifies the powers and pleasures of those humbler objects of God's goodness, which partake with us in all the luxuries of earthly elements; and, if we believe the scriptures, the date of whose existence is coeval with ours—therefore their voices speak to us of all antiquity, and the past years of *hoary Time* are commemorated by the *faint utterance* of an insect's hum—for that very sound has been propagated by innumerable multiplications ever since Adam gave names to every living creature.

The beautiful economy of bees has always been a theme for admiration to the lovers of nature. The symmetry and excellent contrivance of their cells, their order and agreement in carrying on their work, the presiding function of the queen bee, their apparent forecast, and their perseverance in accumulating their sweet food, exhibits an image of happy human society, and has often been held up as a model for the imitation of rational beings.

The suggestion that bees were once stingless, is a poetic superstition. According to the Bible, man was happy and innocent in the first days of his existence, but when he disobeyed God he became subject not only to misery but to violent passions. Some poets have represented that brute animals exhibited a sort of sympathy with the fate of man, and that different tribes began to prey upon others when human beings became liable to sin and its punishment. Of that time, Milton says,

“—— nature first gave signs, impressed  
On bird, beast, air;  
The bird of Jove, stooped from his aery tour,  
Two birds of gavest plume before him drove;  
Down from a hill the beast that reigns in woods,  
First hunter then, pursued a gentle brace,  
Goodliest of all the forest, hart and hind.”

But before this “all creatures met in peace from fierceness free,” says Mr. Wordsworth—A Golden Age is the pretty fiction of poets more ancient than Mr. Wordsworth—It never existed—it supposes universal peace in nature's realm; but in respect to brutes, it could not possibly be, because those which subsist on animal food, have organs to seize and to destroy other animals, and appetites given to them by the Author of nature which demand animal food to sustain their life.

## THE FORSAKEN INDIAN WOMAN.

It is said by Mr. Hearne, a traveller among the Indian tribes who inhabit the northern regions of North America, that when the Indians, in considerable companies, undertake journeys on foot, if one of their number becomes unable through illness or fatigue to proceed with the travellers, that individual is left behind with a fire and a few articles of sustenance, and in this state languishes and dies. Mr. Wordsworth supposes a poor Indian woman to have been left thus, and in these pathetic verses has expressed what might be her distressed feelings in this situation.

“ Before I see another day,  
Oh let my body die away !  
In sleep I heard the northern gleams ;  
The stars were mingled with my dreams ;  
In rustling conflict through the skies,  
I heard, and saw the flashes drive ;  
And yet they are upon my eyes,  
And yet I am alive.  
Before I see another day,  
Oh let my body die away !

My fire is dead : it knew no pain ;  
Yet is it dead, and I remain.  
All stiff with ice the ashes lie ;  
And they are dead, and I will die.  
When I was well, I wished to live.  
For clothes, for warmth, for food, and fire ;  
But they to me no joy can give,  
No pleasure now, and no desire.  
Then here contented will I lie !  
Alone I cannot fear to die.

Alas ! ye might have dragged me on  
Another day, a single one !  
Too soon I yielded to despair ;  
Why did ye listen to my prayer ?  
When ye were gone my limbs were stronger  
And oh how grievously I rue.  
That afterwards a little longer,  
My friends, I did not follow you !  
For strong and without pain I lay,  
My friends, when ye were gone away.



My child ! they gave thee to another,  
A woman who was not thy mother.  
When from my arms my babe they took  
On me how strangely did he look !  
Through his whole body something ran,  
A most strange working did I see ;  
—As if he strove to be a man,  
That he might pull the sledge for me.  
And then he stretched his arms, how wild !  
Oh mercy ! like a helpless child.

My little joy ! my little pride !  
In two days more I must have died.  
Then do not weep and grieve for me ;  
I feel I must have died with thee.  
Oh wind, that o'er my head art flying  
The way my friends their course did bend,  
I should not feel the pain of dying,  
Could I with thee a message send !  
Too soon, my friends, ye went away ;  
For I had many things to say.

I'll follow you across the snow :  
Ye travel heavily and slow ;  
In spite of all my weary pain,  
I'll look upon your tents again.  
—My fire is dead, and snowy white  
The water which beside it stood ;  
The wolf has come to me to-night,  
And he has stolen away my food.  
For ever left alone am I,  
Then wherefore should I fear to die ?

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*In sleep I heard the northern gleams.* This alludes to the Aurora Borealis—in English, the Morning of the North. In countries which lie far north, as Lapland, Greenland, &c., the heavens on the north side, often exhibit a brilliant white light, which is sometimes the same in lustre for many hours ; and at other times long jets of light are thrown up, which vanish and are succeeded by others. It is sometimes imagined that these *northern gleams* are accompanied by explosive sounds,—these are what the dying Indian woman fancies she heard.

## THE SOLITARY REAPER.

In the Highlands of Scotland women perform some of the lighter labours of the field. They beguile their labour by singing in the Gaelic tongue—sometimes, as Mr. Wordsworth supposes, of *battles long ago*, and sometimes *familiar matter of to-day*.

“ Behold her, single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland lass !  
Reaping and singing by herself ;  
Stop here or gently pass !  
Alone she cuts, and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain ;  
Oh listen ! for the vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt  
So sweetly to reposing bands  
Of travellers in some shady haunt  
Among Arabian sands :  
No sweeter voice was ever heard  
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago :  
Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of to-day ?  
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain  
That has been, or may be again ?

Whate’er the theme the maiden sung,  
As if her song could have no ending ;  
I saw her singing at her work  
And o’er her sickle bending ;  
I listened—motionless and still :  
And as I mounted up the hill,  
The music in my heart I bore  
Long after it was heard no more.

## ANDREW MARVELL.

*Born 1620—Died 1678.*

Andrew Marvell is little known as a poet, but the poetry which he left, according to Mr. Campbell, is worthy of higher consideration than has been bestowed upon it. He lived in the time of Oliver Cromwell, and was a sincere republican, but he held a seat in the British parliament after the restoration of the Stuarts, and is remarkable for the independence and honesty with which he avowed his sentiments. He had visited foreign countries, had studied and meditated much : thus his conversation was adorned with original thought and various knowledge ; and as his manners were simple but polished, he was in his private intercourse singularly agreeable. Charles II. once met with this respectable man, and being struck with him, thought he would be a valuable acquisition to the royalists—To gain Marvell's favour the King sent him a present of money, which was refused, and Mr. Marvell giving a rational and dignified exposition of his sentiments, preferred his poverty with integrity to the favour of princes.

This excellent man loved poetry, and vindicated Milton when his character was aspersed. Like Milton he was in favour of liberty, and he sympathized with those who were compelled to emigrate to foreign lands that they might enjoy freedom of conscience. In 1620, the famous emigration to New-England took place. One year before that time a small company of religious persons, who were not permitted to worship God in England in the manner which seemed to them right, removed to the Bermuda islands. These islands are in a healthful and pleasant climate, but they have never had many inhabitants—still the first English who went thither, anticipated much satisfaction in their retreat. Mr. Marvell wrote a song which may be supposed to express the grateful emotions of these voyagers as they entered their desired haven.

## THE EMIGRANTS.

Where the remote Bermudas ride,  
In ocean's bosom unespied ;  
From a small boat, that rowed along,  
The list'ning winds received this song.

What should we do but sing his praise,  
That led us through the watery maze,

Unto an isle so long unknown,  
And yet far kinder than our own ?

Where he the huge sea-monsters wracks,  
That lift the deep upon their backs.  
He lands us on a grassy stage,  
Safe from the storms, and prelate's rage.

He gave us this eternal spring,  
Which here enamels every thing ;  
And sends the fowls to us in care,  
On daily visits through the air.

He hangs in shades the orange bright,  
Like golden lamps in a green night.  
And does in the pomegranates close  
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.

He cast (of which we rather boast)  
The gospel's pearl upon our coast.  
And in these rocks for us did frame  
A temple where to sound his name.

Oh ! let our voice his praise exalt,  
Till it arrive at heaven's vault :  
Which, thence (perhaps) rebounding, may,  
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay.

Thus sung they, in the English boat,  
An holy and a cheerful note ;  
And all the way, to guide their chime,  
With falling oars they kept the time.

#### HENRY VAUGHAN.

" Henry Vaughan was a Welsh gentleman, born on the banks of the Uske, in Brecknockshire, who was bred to the law, but relinquished it for the profession of physic." The extraordinary beauty of Vaughan's poetry makes it desirable that the few remains of it which follow should become popular.

#### EARLY RISING AND PRAYER.

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave  
To do the like ; our bodies but forerun  
The spirit's duty ; true hearts spread and heave  
Unto their God as flowers do to the sun ;

Give him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep  
Him company all day, and in him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up ; prayer should  
Dawn with the day ; there are set awful hours  
'Twixt heaven and us ; the manna was not good  
After sun rising ; for day sullies flowers :  
Rise to prevent the sun ; sleep doth sins glut,  
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow creatures : note the hush  
And whisperings amongst them. Not a spring  
Or leaf but hath his morning hymn ; each bush  
And oak doth know I AM.—Canst thou not sing ?  
O leave thy cares and follies ! go this way,  
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world ! let him not go  
Until thou hast a blessing ; then resign  
The whole unto him, and remember who  
Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine ;  
Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,  
Then journey on, and have an eye to heaven.

Mornings are mysteries : the first, world's youth.  
Man's resurrection and the future's bud,  
Shroud in their births ; the crown of, life, light, truth,  
Is styled their star ; the stone and hidden food :  
Three blessings wait upon them, one of which  
Should move—they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,  
Keep well thy temper, mix not with each clay ;  
Dispatch necessities ; life hath a load  
Which must be carried on, and safely may ;  
Yet keep those cares without thee : let the heart  
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

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#### THE TIMBER.

Sure thou didst flourish once, and many springs,  
Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers,  
Past o'er thy head ; many light hearts and wings,  
Which now are dead, lodged in thy living towers.

And still a new succession sings and flies,  
 Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches shoot,  
 Towards the old and still enduring skies,  
 While the low violet thrives at their root.

\* \* \* \* \*

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#### THE RAINBOW.

Still young and fine, but what is still and in view  
 We slight as old and soiled, though fresh and new.  
 How bright wert thou when Shem's admiring eye  
 Thy burnished flaming arch did first descry ;  
 When Zerah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,  
 The youthful world's gray fathers, in one knot  
 Did with intentive looks watch every hour  
 For thy new light, and trembled at each shower !  
 When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair ;  
 Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air ;  
 Rain gently spends to honey-drops, and pours  
 Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.  
 Bright pledge of peace and sunshine, the sure tie  
 Of thy Lord's hand, the object of his eye !  
 When I behold thee, though my light be dim,  
 Distant and low, I can in thine see him,  
 Who looks upon thee from his glorious throne,  
 And minds the covenant 'twixt all and One.

\* \* \* \* \*

*How bright wert thou, &c.* The reader who is acquainted with Mr. Campbell's verses to the Rainbow, will perceive that he has imitated Vaughan :

“ When o'er the green undeluged earth  
 Heaven's covenant thou didst shine,  
 How came the world's gray fathers forth  
 To watch thy sacred sign.”

## THE WREATH (TO THE REDEEMER.)

Since I in storms most used to be,  
 And seldom yielded flowers,  
 How shall I get a wreath for thee  
 From those rude barren hours ?  
 The softer dressings of the spring,  
 Or summer's later store,  
 I will not for thy temples bring,  
 Which thorns, not roses, wore :  
 But a twined wreath of grief and praise,  
 Praise soiled with tears, and tears again  
 Shining with joy, like dewy days,  
 This day I bring for all thy pain,  
 Thy causeless pain ; and as sad death,  
 Which sadness breeds in the most vain,  
 O not in vain ! now beg thy breath,  
 Thy quick'ning breath, which gladly bears  
 Through saddest clouds to that glad place  
 Where cloudless quires sing without tears,  
 Sing thy just praise, and see thy face.

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JAMES THOMSON.

*Born in 1700—Died in 1748.*

This admirable poet was born in Scotland, but he removed to London while young, and devoted himself to poetry. The sweetness of Thomson's disposition, and the purity and elegance of his taste procured him patrons, and he spent his life surrounded by discerning friends and generous benefactors.

Thomson's principal, and most popular work, is the *Seasons*. A descriptive poem like the *Seasons*, was unknown in ancient literature. It was impossible under the system of paganism that the sentiment of piety could have the tender and pervading influence which sweetens and sanctifies the poetry of Thomson and Cowper. "The religion of the ancients had not taught poetry," says Mr. Campbell, "to contemplate nature as one great image of the Divine benignity, or all created beings as the objects of comprehensive human sympathy. Before popular poetry could assume this character, Christianity, Philosophy, and Freedom, must have civilized the human mind."

The Castle of Indolence is less read than Thomson's Seasons, but to the genuine and cultivated lover of poetry, the refinement and beautiful expression of this exquisite poem exalt it above all other of Thomson's. The following extract from the Castle of Indolence is especially full of instruction. The happiest use that its blameless and benevolent author could have desired might be made of it, is, that it should awaken in young minds the consciousness of their own power, and stimulate them to the natural and energetic exertion of faculties designed for all high and holy purposes.

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## INTELLECTUAL LABOUR.

"The Knight of Arts and Industry,  
And his achievements fair."

"It was not by vile loitering in ease  
That Greece obtained the brighter palm of art,  
That soft yet ardent Athens learned to please,  
To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,  
In all supreme ! complete in every part !  
It was not thence majestic Rome arose,  
And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart ;  
For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows ;  
Renown is not the child of indolent repose.

"Had unambitious mortals minded nought,  
But in loose joy their time to wear away ;  
Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,  
Pleased on her pillow their dull heads to lay ;  
Rude nature's state had been our state to-day :  
No cities e'er their towery fronts had raised,  
No arts had made us opulent and gay ;  
With brother-brutes the human race had gazed :  
None e'er had soared to fame, none honoured been, none praised.

"Great Homer's song had never fired the breast  
To thirst of glory, and heroic deeds,  
Sweet Maro's Muse, sunk in inglorious rest,  
Had silent slept mid the Mincian reeds :  
The wits of modern times had told their beads,  
And monkish legends been their only strains ;  
Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,  
Our Shakspeare strolled and laughed with Warwick swains,  
Nor had my master Spenser charmed his Mulla's plains.



" Dumb too had been the sage historic Muse,  
 And perished all the sons of ancient fame ;  
 Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse  
 Through the dark depth of time, their living flame,  
 Had all been lost with such as have no name.  
 Who then had scorned his ease for other's good ?  
 Who then had toiled rapacious men to tame ?  
 Who in the public breach devoted stood,  
 And for his country's cause been prodigal of blood ?

" Come, follow me, I will direct you right,  
 Where pleasure's roses, void of serpents, grow ;  
 Sincere as sweet ; come, follow this good knight,  
 And you will bless the day that brought him to your sight.

" Some he will lead to courts, and some to camps ;  
 To senates some, and public sage debates,  
 Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight lamps,  
 The world is poised, and managed mighty states ;  
 To high discovery some, that new creates  
 The face of earth ; some to the thriving mart ;  
 Some to the rural reign, and softer fates ;  
 To the sweet Muses some, who raise the heart ;  
 All glory shall be yours, all nature, and all art.

" There are, I see, who listen to my lay,  
 Who wretched sigh for virtue, but despair.  
 All may be done (methinks I hear them say)  
 Ev'n death despised by generous actions fair ;  
 All, but for those who to these bowers repair,  
 Their every power dissolved in luxury,  
 To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,  
 And from the powerful arms of sloth get free,  
 'Tis rising from the dead—Alas !—It cannot be !

" Would you then learn to dissipate the band  
 Of these huge threatening difficulties dire,  
 That in the weak man's way like lions stand,  
 His soul appal, and damp his rising fire !  
 Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire.  
 Exert that noblest privilege, alone,  
 Here to mankind indulged : control desire :  
 Let godlike reason, from her sovereign throne,  
 Speak the commanding word—*I will*—and it is done."

## COLLINS.

William Collins died at the age of thirty-five, 1756. The latter years of his life were clouded with melancholy. In this state Dr. Johnson describes him as having lost all relish for books—*except one*. This was the best of books, and it may be presumed that he who had lost all interest in temporal things, as his sad eye explored the pages of the gospel, enjoyed a foretaste of heavenly happiness. Collins' verses on the death of Thomson are tender and pastoral. The poet supposes the author of the Seasons to repose on the banks of the Thames, in a delightful spot suitable to a lover of nature ; and he fancies that the living will long connect the memory of *his gentle spirit* with the beauty of that quiet and charming scene.

In yonder grave a Druid lies,  
Where slowly winds the stealing wave  
The year's best sweets shall duteous rise,  
To deck their poet's sylvan grave !

In yon deep bed of whispering reeds  
His airy harp shall now be laid,  
That he, whose heart in sorrow bleeds  
May love through life the soothing shade.

Then maids and youths shall linger here,  
And, while its sounds at distance swell,  
Shall sadly seem in pity's ear  
To hear the woodland pilgrim's knell.

Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore,  
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest ;  
And oft suspend the dashing oar,  
To bid his gentle spirit rest !

And oft as ease and health retire  
To breezy lawn, or forest deep,  
The friend shall view yon whitening spire,  
And mid the varied landscape weep.

But, thou, who own'st that earthly bed,  
Ah ! what will every dirge avail ?  
Or tears, which love and pity shed,  
That mourn beneath the gliding sail !

Yet lives there one, whose heedless eye  
Shall scorn thy pale shrine glimmering near ?  
With him, sweet bard may fancy die,  
And joy desert the blooming year.

But thou, lorn stream, whose sullen tide  
No sedge-crowned sisters now attend,  
Now waft me from the green hill's side,  
Whose cold turf hides the buried friend !

And see, the fairy valleys fade,  
Dim night has veiled the solemn view !  
Yet once again, dear parted shade,  
Meek nature's child, again adieu !

The genial meads, assigned to bless  
Thy life, shall mourn thy early doom !  
There hinds and shepherd girls shall dress  
With simple hands thy rural tomb.

Long, long, thy stone, and pointed clay  
Shall melt the musing Briton's eyes.  
O ! vales, and wild woods, shall he say,  
In yonder grave a Druid lies !

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HASSAN, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

In silent horror o'er the boundless waste  
The driver Hassan with his camels passed ;  
One cruise of water on his back he bore,  
And his light scrip contained a scanty store ;  
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,  
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.  
The sultry sun had gained the middle sky,  
And not a tree and not an herb was nigh ;  
The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue,  
Shrill roared the winds, and dreary was the view  
With desperate sorrow wild, the affrighted man  
Thrice sighed, thrice struck his breast, and thus began :  
" Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
When first from Shiraz' walls I bent my way !  
" Ah ! little thought I of the blasting wind,  
The thirst or pinching hunger that I find !

Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,  
 When fails this cruise, his unrelating rage ?  
 Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign,  
 Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine ?  
 Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear  
 In all my griefs a more than equal share !  
 Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,  
 Or moss-crowned fountains mitigate the day,  
 In vain ye hope the green delights to know  
 Which plains more blest or verdant vales bestow.  
 Here rocks alone and tasteless sands are found,  
 And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.

O cease, my fears ! all frantic as I go,  
 When thought creates unnumbered scenes of wo,  
 What if the lion in his rage I meet ?  
 Oft in the dust I view his printed feet :  
 And fearful ! oft when day's declining light  
 Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,  
 By hunger roused he scours the groaning plain,  
 Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train.  
 At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,  
 If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep :  
 Or some swollen serpent twist his scales around,  
 And wake to anguish, with a burning wound.  
 Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,  
 From lust of wealth and dread of death secure !  
 They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find ;  
 Peace rules the day where reason rules the mind.  
 Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,  
 When first from Shiraz' walls I bent my way."

It is well known that in the wide region which intervenes between the Mediterranean and Persia, there are vast tracts, lonely, sandy, and parched by the absence of water and shade, which men, tempted by the love of gain, are induced to traverse ; and that some inland commerce is thus carried on between the western Asiatics and those of the interior. The merchants or their agents usually travel in caravans, or large companies, but Mr. Collins supposes his Camel-Driver to undertake a journey alone, and he describes his fears and his actual sufferings, in a manner which is intelligible and affecting.

GAY.

*Born A D. 1688—Died 1732.*

No great importance is now attached to the name of Gay, and he would not probably have been known to readers of the present age, had he not been a favourite of his contemporaries. Pope was his friend ; he survived him, and wrote an Epitaph in honour of his memory. In the Epitaph he is described as "*a safe companion, and an easy friend.*"—This faint and common-place praise seemed to Dr. Johnson, the biographer and critic of English poets, to be very insignificant, but it records the amiableness of Mr. Gay's disposition and manners. He wrote a dramatic piece called the Beggar's Opera, which was often exhibited, and extremely admired, during the author's life, but it has now fallen into oblivion. Gay's Fables have been very popular. Two only are selected for this volume.

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 THE BUTTERFLY AND SNAIL.

All upstarts, insolent in place,  
Reminds us of their vulgar race.  
As in the sunshine of the morn  
A butterfly (but newly born)  
Sat proudly perking on a rose,  
With pert conceit his bosom glows ;  
His wings (all glorious to behold)  
Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,  
Wide he displays ; the spangled dew  
Reflects his eyes and various hue.

His now-forgotten friend, a snail,  
Beneath his house, with slimy trail,  
Crawls o'er the grass ; whom when he spies  
In wrath he to the gardener cries :

"What means yon peasant's daily toil  
From choking weeds to rid the soil ?  
Why wake you to the morning's care ?  
Why with new arts correct the year ?  
Why glows the peach with crimson hue ?  
And why the plum's inviting blue ?  
Were they to feast his taste designed,  
That vermin of voracious kind.

Crush then the slow, the pilfering race,  
 So purge thy garden from disgrace."  
 "What arrogance!" the snail replied,  
 "How insolent is upstart pride!  
 Hadst thou not thus, with insult vain,  
 Provoked my patience to complain,  
 I had concealed thy meaner birth,  
 Nor traced thee to the scum of earth;  
 For scarce nine suns had waked the hours,  
 To swell the fruit, and paint the flowers,  
 Since I thy humbler life surveyed,  
 In base, in sordid guise arrayed;  
 A hideous insect, vile, unclean,  
 You dragged a slow and noisome train;  
 And from your spider bowels drew  
 Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.  
 I own my humble life, good friend;  
 Snail was I born, and snail shall end.  
 And what's a butterfly at best?  
 He's but a caterpillar drest;  
 And all thy race (a numerous seed)  
 Shall prove of caterpillar breed."

This fable is intended for a satire upon such persons as being born in humble circumstances, and forming friendships suitable to their station, are afterwards in their own estimation exalted by wealth, and disdain their early and poorer friends.

The butterfly state, is the last stage of that insect's life. She is hatched from an egg, and is at first an unsightly caterpillar; after a certain time she weaves herself a little envelope, in which she appears to sleep; in this state the insect is a chrysalis, but at length, in her last formation, she forces her way out of this case—she is then a butterfly. She "sports and flutters in the fields of air" for a few days, lays her eggs, and dies. Gay's butterfly is supposed in his caterpillar shape, to have been the friend and companion of the snail, which he afterwards despises.

#### THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

A hare who, in a civil way,  
 Complied with every thing, like Gay,  
 Was known by all the bestial train  
 Who haunt the wood or graze the plain,

Her care was never to offend ;  
 And every creature was her friend.  
 As forth she went at early dawn,  
 To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,  
 Behind she hears the hunter's cries,  
 And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies,  
 She starts, she stops, she pants for breath ;  
 She hears the near advance of death ;  
 She doubles to mislead the hound,  
 And measures back her mazy round ;  
 Till, fainting in the public way,  
 Half dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,  
 When first the horse appeared in view !

" Let me," says she, " your back ascend,  
 And owe my safety to a friend.  
 You know my feet betray my flight ;  
 To friendship every burden's light."

The horse replied, " Poor honest puss,  
 It grieves my heart to see you thus :  
 Be comforted, relief is near ;  
 For all your friends are in the rear."

She next the stately bull implored,  
 And thus replied the mighty lord :

" Since every beast alive can tell  
 That I sincerely wish you well,  
 I may, without offence, pretend  
 To take the freedom of a friend.  
 Love calls me hence ; a favourite cow  
 Expects me near yon barley-mow ;  
 And when a lady's in the case,  
 You know, all other things give place.  
 To leave you thus might seem unkind ;  
 But see the goat is just behind."

The goat remarked " her pulse was high,  
 Her languid head, her heavy eye :  
 My back, says he, may do you harm :  
 The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm."

The sheep was feeble, and complained  
 " His sides a load of wool sustained ;"  
 Said he was slow, confessed his fears ;  
 " For hounds eat sheep as well as hares."

She now the trotting calf addressed,  
 To save from death a friend distressed.

" Shall I," says he, " of tender age,  
 In this important care engage ?  
 Older and abler passed you by ;  
 How strong are those ! how weak am I !  
 Should I presume to bear you hence,  
 Those friends of mine may take offence.  
 Excuse me, then ; you know my heart ;  
 But dearest friends, alas must part.  
 How shall we all lament ! Adieu ;  
 For see the hounds are just in view."

This fable is meant to afford a lesson in what is called a *knowledge of the world*.—To show that the feeble and dependent are too often *deserted at their utmost need*. To be feeble, and to need protection is an unhappy state ; but it is necessary that some men should exist in it, that the benevolence of others may have objects to employ itself upon. We should avoid the state of dependence by all the means in our power, but we should never forsake others when we can afford them protection and favour.

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#### EXTRACT FROM THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

Oft may the spirits of the dead descend,  
 To watch the silent slumbers of a friend :  
 To hover round his evening walk unseen,  
 And hold sweet converse on the dusky green ;  
 To hail the spot where once their friendship grew,  
 And heaven and nature opened to their view !  
 Oft when he trims his cheerful hearth and sees  
 A social circle emulous to please ;  
 There may these gentle guests delight to dwell,  
 And bless the scene they loved in life so well !

Oh thou with whom my heart was wont to share  
 From reason's dawn each pleasure and each care !  
 With whom, alas ! I fondly hope to know  
 The humble walks of happiness below ;  
 If thy blest nature now unites above  
 An angel's pity with a brother's love ;  
 Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,  
 Correct my views, and elevate my soul :  
 Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,  
 Devout yet cheerful, active yet resigned ;



Grant me like thee whose heart knew no disguise,  
 Whose blameless wishes never aimed to rise,  
 To meet the changes time and chance present,  
 With modest dignity, and calm content.  
 When thy last breath, e'er nature sunk to rest,  
 Thy meek submission to thy God expressed,  
 When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled,  
 A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed ;  
 What to thy soul its glad assurance gave,  
 Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave ?  
 The sweet remembrance of unblemished youth,  
 The inspiring voice of innocence and truth.

Hail memory, hail ! in thy exhaustless mine  
 From age to age, unnumbered treasures shine !  
 Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,  
 And place and time are subject to thy sway !  
 Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone,  
 The only pleasures we can call our own.  
 Lighter than air, Hope's summer visions fly,  
 If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky ;  
 If but a beam of sober reason play,  
 Lo ! Fancy's fairy frostwork melts away !  
 But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,  
 Snatch the rich relics of a well spent hour ?  
 These when the trembling spirit takes her flight,  
 Pour round her path a stream of living light,  
 And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,  
 Where virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest.

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The Pleasures of Memory, a very agreeable poem, was written by Samuel Rogers, Esq. Mr. Rogers still lives (1842) in England, at a very advanced age ; he is a banker and a man of fortune, and is now, considered as a father of living English poets. Lord Byron, Mr. Fox, Thomas Moore, and many other eminent men, have regarded his friendship as a high privilege. The tenderness of Mr. Rogers' heart is manifest throughout the preceding lines from the Pleasures of Memory. They are principally addressed to a deceased brother—by the sentiments they express the heart is made better.

The reader well knows that memory is that faculty by which knowledge acquired at one time, is preserved, and may be brought up in the mind at all times future to that in which it was first acquired. Without memory man would be like an infant all his

days. Memory is not only of infinite use, but is a source of infinite pleasure. The memory of good actions, may be called the "testimony of a good conscience." The memory of good friends is sometimes a consolation for the loss of them. The memory, or "the remembrance of the just," who are no more, "is blest" by those who survive them. Many have believed that the good, when they are removed to another life, still remember those they loved in this, and that they are permitted to exert a watchful care over the friends they knew in this world. The author of *The Pleasures of Memory* expresses such a belief.

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#### THE ALPS AT DAY BREAK.

The sun-beams strike the azure skies,  
And line with light the mountains brow :  
With hounds and horns the hunters rise,  
And chase the roe-buck through the snow.

From rock to rock with giant bound,  
High on their iron poles they pass :  
*Mute, lest the air convulsed by sound,*  
Rend from above, a frozen mass.

The goats wind slow their wonted way,  
Up craggy steeps, and ridges rude ;  
Marked by the wild wolf for his prey,  
From desert cave or hanging wood.

And while the torrent thunders loud,  
And as the echoing cliffs reply,  
The hut peeps o'er the morning cloud,  
Perched like an eagle's nest on high.

The region of the Alps is the abode of a secluded but vigorous and adventurous race of men, whose favourite occupations are hunting, and scaling their snow covered mountains. In the ascent of these they use long poles pointed with iron, which aid them in their dangerous passages. Mr. Gray says "there are passes in the Alps, where the guides tell you to move on with speed, and *say nothing*, lest the air agitated by the voice should loosen the snows above," and the detached masses should instantly destroy the travellers.

## SIR JOHN MOORE.

General Sir John Moore was the son of Dr. John Moore, the author of *Zeluco*, and of several other excellent novels. General Moore was killed at Corunna, in Spain, January, 1808. He was sent into Spain by the British government, at the head of a large military force, in order to assist the Spaniards against the French. At that period Ferdinand II., king of Spain, was a prisoner in France, and Joseph Bonaparte, a brother of the Emperor Napoleon, was the "intrusive king" of the country. Bonaparte had resolved to establish his family in Spain, and the English government intended to defend what they call *legitimate power*—meaning by this, the continued authority of European sovereigns, whose ancestors have governed before them.

The English, upon this principle, sent an army to expel the French from Spain; but that army was forced to leave Spain without accomplishing their purpose. General Moore was a man of great courage and military skill, and his want of success in this enterprise was owing to circumstances which he could not control. When he was about to embark his troops, in order to return to England, he was overtaken by the French general, Marshal Soult, and a battle took place between them.

"The attack was made by the French on the 16th January, in heavy columns, and with their usual vivacity; but it was sustained and repelled on all hands. The gallant general was mortally wounded in the action, just as he called on the 42d Highland regiment to 'remember Egypt,' and reminded the same brave mountaineers that though ammunition was scarce, 'they had their bayonets!'"

"Thus died on the field of victory, which atoned for previous misfortunes, one of the bravest and best officers of the British army. His body was wrapped in his military cloak, instead of the usual vestments of the tomb: it was deposited in a grave hastily dug on the ramparts of Corunna; and the army completing its embarkation on the subsequent day, their late general was left 'alone with his glory.'"

Charles Wolfe, the author of the verses on the interment of Sir John Moore, was born in Dublin in 1791. His family was highly respectable, and numbers among its names the distinguished one of the conqueror of Quebec. His classical education was received in the University of Dublin. In 1817, Mr. Wolfe was ordained to the Protestant Episcopal ministry, and appointed to a remote country curacy in the north of Ireland. His last

place of residence was the Cove of Cork, where he died of consumption on the 21st of February, 1823, in the thirty-second year of his age.

Mr. Wolfe took the subject of his ode from the following passage in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*.

"Sir John Moore had often said, that if he was killed in battle, he wished to be buried where he fell. The body was removed at midnight to the citadel of Corunna. A grave was dug for him on the rampart there, by a party of the 9th regiment, the aides-du-camp attending by turns. No coffin could be procured, and the officers of his staff wrapped the body, dressed as it was, in a military cloak and blankets. The interment was hastened; for, about eight in the morning, some firing was heard, and the officers feared that if a serious attack were made, they should be ordered away, and not suffered to pay him their last duty. The officers of his family bore him to the grave; the funeral service was read by the chaplain; and the corpse was covered with earth."—*Edinburgh Annual Register*, 1808.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried;  
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,  
The sods with our bayonets turning,—  
By the struggling moon beam's misty light,  
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we bound him,  
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,  
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,  
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;  
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,  
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,  
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head  
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;  
 But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on  
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,  
 When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;  
 And we heard the distant and random gun,  
 That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sad we laid him down  
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory,  
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,  
 But we left him alone with his glory.

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COWPER.

*Born 1731—Died 1800.*

The Biographers of Cowper are fond of tracing his origin to nobles, and even to kings. "His mother was descended" says the poet's relative, the reverend Mr. Johnson, "by four different lines from Henry the Third, king of England." Cowper says of himself,

"My boast is not that I deduce my birth  
 From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth,  
 But *higher far* my proud pretension rise."

The *proud pretensions* thus asserted by this truly humble man were the merits of his excellent parents, but we shall exalt these pretensions above every other consideration should we refer them to himself alone.—To him

"Whose virtues formed the magic of his song,"

whose genius was so informed by piety and goodness, so devoted to the contemplation of God and his works, that he has left one of the most lovely examples upon record of what a high and holy gift the talent of the true poet is. The first extract from his works which shall be inserted here, is his own sketch of the poetical character, which, however, is limited to the peculiar moral character of the poet without touching upon the excursive and inventive powers of his imagination, of which Shakspeare says,

"The Poet's eye in a fine phrenzy rolling  
 Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.

And, as imagination bodies forth,  
 The forms of things unseen, the poet's pen  
 Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing  
 A local habitation and a name."

---

THE POET.

——— The mind that feels indeed the fire  
 The muse imparts, and can command the lyre,  
 Acts with a force and kindles with a zeal,  
 Whate'er the theme, that others never feel.  
 If human woes her soft attention claim,  
 A tender sympathy pervades the frame ;  
 She pours a sensibility divine  
 Along the nerve of every feeling line.  
 But if a deed not tamely to be borne  
 Fire indignation, and a sense of scorn,  
 The strings are swept with such a power, so loud  
 The storm of music shakes the astonished crowd. ,  
 So when remote futurity is brought  
 Before the keen inquiry of her thought,  
 A terrible sagacity informs  
 The Poet's heart, he looks to distant storms,  
 He hears the thunder, ere the tempest lowers,  
 And armed with strength, surpassing human powers  
 Seizes events as yet unknown to man,  
 And darts his soul into the dawning plan.  
 Hence, in a Roman mouth, the graceful name  
 Of poet, and of prophet was the same ;  
 Hence British poets in the priesthood shared  
 And every hallowed poet was a bard.

---

CRAZY KATE.

There often wanders one, whom better days  
 Saw better clad, in cloak of satin trimmed  
 With lace, and hat with splendid ribbon bound.  
 A serving maid was she, and fell in love  
 With one who left her, went to sea, and died.  
 Her fancy followed him through foaming waves  
 To distant shores ; and she would sit and weep

At what a sailor suffers ; fancy too,  
Delusive most where warmest wishes are,  
Would oft anticipate his glad return,  
And dream of transports she was not to know.  
She heard the doleful tidings of his death—  
And never smiled again ! and now she roams  
The dreary waste ; there spends the livelong day,  
And there, unless when charity forbids,  
The livelong night. A tattered apron hides,  
Worn as a cloak, and hardly hides, a gown  
More tattered still ; and both but ill conceal  
A bosom heaved with never ceasing sighs.  
She begs an idle pin of all she meets,  
And hoards them in her sleeve ; but needful food,  
Though pressed with hunger oft, or comelier clothes  
Though pinched with cold, asks never-Kate is crazed.

---

## A TALE.

In Scotland's realm forlorn and bare,  
This history chanced of late—  
The history of a wedded pair,  
A chaffinch and his mate.

The spring drew near, each felt a breast  
With genial instinct filled ;  
They paired, and would have built a nest,  
But found not where to build.

The heaths uncovered, and the moors,  
Except with snow and sleet,  
Sea-beaten rocks, and naked shores  
Could yield them no retreat.

Long time a breeding-place they sought,  
Till both grew vexed and tired ;  
At length, a ship arriving, brought  
The good so long desired.

A ship ! could such a restless thing  
Afford them place of rest ?  
Or was the merchant charged to bring  
The homeless birds a nest ?

Hush—silent hearers profit most—  
This racer of the sea  
Proved kinder to them than the coast,  
It served them with a tree.

But such a tree ! 'twas shaven deal,  
The tree they call a mast,  
And had a hollow with a wheel  
Through which the tackle passed.

Within that cavity aloft.  
Their roofless home they fixed,  
Formed with materials neat and soft,  
Bents, wool, and feathers mixed.

Four ivory eggs soon pave its floor,  
With russet specks bedight—  
The vessel weighs, forsakes the shore,  
And lessens to the sight.

The mother-bird is gone to sea,  
As she had changed her kind ;  
But goes the male ! Far wiser, he  
Is doubtless left behind ?

No—Soon as from ashore he saw  
The winged mansion move,  
He flew to reach it, by a law  
Of never-failing love.

Then perching at his consort's side,  
Was briskly borne along,  
The billows and the blast defied,  
And cheered her with a song.

The seaman with sincere delight,  
His feathered shipmates eyes.  
Scarce less exulting in the sight  
Than when he tows a prize.

For seamen much believe in signs,  
And from a chance so new,  
Each some approaching good divines,  
And may his hope be true !

Hail, honoured land ! a desert where  
Not even birds can hide,  
Yet parent of this loving pair  
Whom nothing could divide.



And ye who, rather than resign  
 Your matrimonial plan  
 Were not afraid to plough the brine  
 In company with Man.

For whose lean country much disdain  
 We English often show,  
 Yet from a richer nothing gain  
 But wantonness and wo.

Be it your fortune year by year,  
 The same resource to prove,  
 And may ye, sometimes landing here,  
 Instruct us how to love.

“The tale is faunded on an article of intelligence which the author found in the Buckinghamshire Herald, for Saturday, June 1, 1793, in the following words.

“Glasgow, May 23.

“In a block, or pulley, near the head of the mast of a gabet, now lying at the Bromeslaw, there is a chaffinch’s nest and four eggs. The nest was built while the vessel lay at Greenock, and was followed hither by both birds. Though the block is occasionally lowered for the inspection of the curious, the birds have not forsaken the nest. The cock however, visits the nest but seldom, while the hen never leaves it but when she descends to the hull for food.”

*On a Spaniel called Beau, killing a young Bird.*

A spaniel, Beau, that fares like you,  
 Well fed, and at his ease,  
 Should wiser be than to pursue  
 Each trifle that he sees.

But you have killed a tiny bird,  
 Which flew not till to day,  
 Against my orders, whom you heard—  
 Forbidding you the prey.

Nor did you kill that you might eat,  
 And ease a doggish pain,  
 For him, though chased with furious heat,  
 You left where he was slain.

Nor was he of the thievish sort,  
Or one whom blood allures,  
But innocent was all his sport,  
Whom you have torn for yours.

My dog! what remedy remains,  
Since, teach you all I can,  
I see you, after all my pains,  
So much resemble Man?

---

*Beau's Reply.*

Sir, when I flew to seize the bird  
In spite of your command,  
A louder voice than yours I heard,  
And harder to withstand.

You cried—fornear—but in my breast  
A mightier cried—proceed—  
’Twas Nature, Sir, whose strong behest  
Impelled me to the deed.

Yet much as nature I respect,  
I ventured once to break,  
(As you, perhaps, may recollect)  
Her precept for your sake;

And when your linnet on a day,  
Passing his prison door,  
Had fluttered all his strength away,  
And panting pressed the floor,

Well knowing him a sacred thing,  
Not destined to my tooth,  
I only kissed his ruffled wing,  
And licked the feathers smooth.

Let my obedience *then* excuse  
My disobedience *now*,  
Nor some reproof yourself refuse  
From your aggrieved Bow-wow;

If killing birds be such a crime,  
(Which I can hardly see,)  
What think you sir of killing Time  
With verse addressed to me?"

Beau was Mr. Cowper's favourite Dog, and often accompanied him in his walks. Those who possess Cowper's entire works, will find Beau celebrated in the verses, *The Dog and the Water Lily*.

---

The verses to Mrs. Anne Bodham, on receiving from her a net-work purse made by herself, are lively and epigrammatic, expressive of the cordiality and sportiveness with which Cowper treated the friends whom he loved.

My gentle Anne, whom heretofore,  
 When I was young, and thou no more  
 Than plaything for a nurse,  
 I danced and fondled on my knee  
 A kitten both in size and glee,  
 I thank thee for my purse.  
 Gold pays the worth of all things here ;  
 But not of love ;— That gem's too dear  
 For richest rouges to win it ;  
 I, therefore, as a proof of love,  
 Esteem thy present far above  
 The best things kept within it.

---

#### THE CASTAWAY.

The date of this piece is March 20, 1799. It is the last original effort of Cowper, and as such, a melancholy interest is attached to it. *The Castaway* is founded upon an incident recorded in Lord Anson's voyage. A sailor fell overboard, but the force of the wind and the roughness of the sea frustrated every effort which could be made to save his life, and he was drowned.

Obscurest night involved the sky,  
 The Atlantic billows roared,  
 When such a destined wretch as I,  
 Washed headlong from on board,  
 Of friends, of hope, of all bereft,  
 His floating home for ever left.  
 No braver chief could Albion boast,  
 Than he, with whom he went,  
 Nor ever ship left Albion's coast,  
 With warmer wishes sent.  
 He loved them both, but both in vain,  
 Nor him behold, nor her again.

Not long beneath the whelming brine,  
Expert to swim, he lay ;  
Nor soon he felt his strength decline,  
Or courage die away ;  
But waged with death a lasting strife,  
Supported by despair of life.

He shouted ; nor his friends had failed  
To check the vessel's course,  
But so the furious blast prevailed,  
That, pitiless, perforce,  
They left their outcast mate behind,  
And scudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford ;  
And such as storms allow,  
The cask, the coop, the floating cord,  
Delayed not to bestow,  
But he (they knew) nor ship nor shore,  
Whate'er they gave, should visit more.

Nor, cruel as it seemed, could he  
Their haste himself condemn,  
Aware that flight, in such a sea,  
Alone could rescue them ;  
Yet bitter felt it still to die  
Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour  
In ocean, self-upheld :  
And so long he, with unspent power  
His destiny repelled :  
And ever as the minutes flew,  
Entreated help, or cried—" Adieu !"

At length his transient respite past,  
His comrades, who before  
Had heard his voice in every blast,  
Could catch the sound no more.  
For then, by toil subdued, he drank  
The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him : but the page  
Of narrative sincere,  
That tells his name, his worth, his age,  
Is wet with Anson's tear.  
And tears by bards or heroes shed,  
Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, nor dream,  
    Descanting on his fate,  
To give the melancholy theme  
    A more enduring date.  
But misery stills delights to trace  
Its semblance in another's case.

---

## ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

The Royal George was a British vessel belonging to the navy. While she was in harbour, and undergoing some repair, with Admiral Kempenfelt and eight hundred persons, officers and men, on board, the vessel and all in it suddenly sunk, and every individual perished, September, 1782.

Toll for the brave !  
    The brave that are no more !  
All sunk beneath the wave,  
    Fast by their native shore.

Eight hundred of the brave,  
    Whose courage well was tried,  
Had made the vessel heel,  
    And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,  
    And she was overset ;  
Down went the Royal George,  
    With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !  
    Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;  
His last sea-fight is fought ;  
    His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;  
    No tempest gave the shock ;  
She sprang no fatal leak ;  
    She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in his sheath ;  
    His fingers held the pen,  
When Kempenfelt went down,  
    With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,  
Once dreaded by our foes !  
And mingle with our cup,  
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,  
And she may float again,  
Full charged with England's thunder,  
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,  
His victories are o'er ;  
And he and his eight hundred,  
Shall plough the wave no more.

---

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

This distinguished person is sometimes ranked among *poets*, though Mr. Wordsworth denies his claim to that character. Dr. Johnson was however, without question one of the most exalted moralists, and best writers of his time, and his writings are still read with admiration.

Samuel Johnson was born at Litchfield, England, September 7th, 1709.—He was the son of a respectable bookseller. Johnson's early years were passed almost in poverty, but not in ignorance. From his infancy his mind was cultivated, and his scholastic education was completed at the university of Oxford.

Johnson attempted the instruction of boys for a livelihood, but he was unsuccessful, and his occupation through life was that of a professional author. In his youth he was fortunate in gaining the friendship of some excellent men, and among them numbered his townsman, David Garrick—afterwards one of the most celebrated actors of any country.

In company with Garrick, Johnson arrived in London in March, 1737.—“Two such candidates for fame perhaps never, before that day, entered the metropolis together,” and both in their subsequent lives attained such success and reputation in their separate vocations as rarely falls to the lot of man.

It belongs to a larger work than this, to detail the circumstances by which Johnson passed from poverty to competency, and from obscurity to eminence. He lived to know that his works were read, and his influence felt, wherever the English language is spoken, and even that some of his writings were translated into

the other languages of Europe. Dr. Johnson died in London December, 1784, at the age of seventy-five.

The English Dictionary, the Rambler, the Lives of the Poets, and many articles of criticism, and some poetry, compose Dr. Johnson's works. From the exceeding beauty and gracefulness of its style, and the elegance of its images, the story of Anningait and Ajut, is well suited to a collection of poetry, and therefore it has been extracted from the Rambler.

#### ANNINGAIT AND AJUT.

In one of the large caves to which the families of Greenland retire together, to pass the cold months, and which may be termed their villages or cities, a youth and maid, who came from different parts of the country, were so much distinguished for their beauty, that they were called by the rest of the inhabitants Anningait and Ajut, from a supposed resemblance to their ancestors of the same names, who had been transformed of old into the sun and moon.

Anningait for some time heard the praises of Ajut with little emotion, but at last, by frequent interviews he became sensible of her charms, and first made a discovery of his affection, by inviting her with her parents to a feast, where he placed before Ajut the tail of a whale. Ajut seemed not much delighted by this gallantry; yet, however, from that time, was observed rarely to appear but in a vest made of the skin of a white deer; she used frequently to renew the black dye upon her hands and forehead, to adorn her sleeves with coral and shells, and to braid her hair with great exactness.

The elegance of her dress, and the judicious disposition of her ornaments, had such an effect upon Anningait, that he could no longer be restrained from a declaration of his love. He therefore composed a poem in her praise, in which, among other heroic and tender sentiments, he protested, that "she was beautiful as the vernal willow, and fragrant as thyme upon the mountains; that her fingers were white as the teeth of the morse, and her smile grateful as the dissolution of the ice; that he would pursue her, though she should pass the snows of the midland cliffs, or seek shelter in the caves of the eastern cannibals; that he would tear her from the embraces of the genius of the rocks, snatch her from the paws of Amarok, and rescue her from the ravine of Hafgufa." He concluded with a wish, that "whoever shall attempt to hinder his union with Ajut might be buried without his bow, and that, in the land of souls, his skull might

serve for no other use than to catch the droppings of the starry lamps."

This ode being universally applauded, it was expected that Ajut would soon yield to such fervour and accomplishments : but Ajut, with the natural haughtiness of beauty, expected all the forms of courtship ; and before she would confess herself conquered the sun returned, the ice broke, and the season of labour called all to their employments.

Anningait and Ajut for a time always went out in the same boat and divided whatever was caught. Anningait, in the sight of his mistress, lost no opportunity of signalizing his courage ; he attacked the sea-horses on the ice, pursued the seals into the water, and leaped upon the back of the whale while he was yet struggling with the remains of life. Nor was his diligence less to accumulate all that could be necessary to make winter comfortable ; he dried the roe of fishes and the flesh of seals ; he entrapped deer and foxes, and dressed their skins to adorn his bride ; he feasted her with eggs from the rocks, and strewed her tent with flowers.

It happened that a tempest drove the fish to a distant part of the coast before Anningait had completed his store ; he therefore entreated Ajut, that she would at last grant him her hand, and accompany him to that part of the country whither he was now summoned by necessity. Ajut thought him not yet entitled to such condescension, but proposed, as a trial of his constancy, that he should return at the end of summer to the cavern where their acquaintance commenced, and there expect the reward of his assiduities. " O virgin, beautiful as the sun shining on the water, consider," said Anningait, " what thou hast required.—How easily may my return be precluded by a sudden frost or unexpected fogs ! Then must the night be passed without my Ajut.—We live not, my fair, in those fabled countries which lying strangers so wantonly describe ; where the whole year is divided into short days and nights, where the same habitation serves for summer and winter, where they raise houses in rows above the ground, dwell together from year to year, with flocks of tame animals grazing in the fields about them ; can travel at any time from one place to another, through ways enclosed with trees, or over walls raised upon the inland waters ; and direct their course through wide countries by the sight of green hills or scattered buildings. Even in summer, we have no means of crossing the mountains whose snows are never dissolved ; nor can remove to any distant residence, but in our boats coasting the bays. Consider, Ajut ; a few summer-days, and a few winter-nights, and



the life of man is at an end. Night is the time of ease and festivity, of revels and gaiety ; but what will be the flaming lamp, the delicious seal, or the soft oil, without the smile of Ajut ?”

The eloquence of Anningait was vain ; the maid continued inexorable, and they parted with ardent promises to meet again before the night of winter.

Anningait, however discomposed by the dilatory coyness of Ajut, was yet resolved to omit no tokens of amorous respect ; and therefore presented her at his departure with the skins of seven white fawns, of five swans, and eleven seals, with three marble lamps, ten vessels of seal oil, and a large kettle of brass, which he had purchased from a ship, at the price of half a whale and two horns of sea unicorns.

Ajut was so much affected by the fondness of Anningait or so much overpowered by his magnificence, that she followed him to the sea-side ; and, when she saw him enter the boat, wished aloud that he might return with plenty of skins and oil ; that neither the mermaids might snatch him into the deeps, nor the spirits of the rocks confine him in their caverns.

She stood a while to gaze upon the departing vessel, and then returning to her hut, silent and dejected, laid aside, from that hour, her white deer-skin, suffered her hair to spread unbraided on her shoulders, and forbore to mix in the dances of the maidens. She endeavoured to divert her thoughts by continual application to feminine employments, gathered moss for the winter lamps, and dried grass to line the boots of Anningait. Of the skins which he had bestowed upon her, she made a fishing coat, a small boat, and tent, all of exquisite manufacture : and, while she was thus busied, solaced her labours with a song, in which she prayed, “ that her lover might have hands stronger than the paws of the bear, and feet swifter than the feet of the rein-deer ; that his dart might never err, and that his boat might never leak ; that he might never stumble on the ice, nor faint in the water ; that the seal might rush on his harpoon, and the wounded whale might dash the waves in vain.

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The large boats in which the Greenlanders transport their families, are always rowed by women ; for a man will not debase himself by work which requires neither skill nor courage. Anningait was therefore exposed by idleness to the ravages of passion. He went thrice to the stern of the boat, with an intent to leap into the water, and swim back to his mistress ; but, recollecting the misery which they must endure in the winter, without

oil for the lamp or skins for the bed, he resolved to employ the weeks of absence in provision for a night of plenty and felicity. He then composed his emotions as he could, and expressed in wild numbers and uncouth images his hopes, his sorrows and fears.

"O life!" says he, "frail and uncertain! where shall wretched man find thy resemblance but in ice floating on the ocean? It towers on high, it sparkles from afar, while the storms drive and the waters beat it, the sun melts it above, and the rocks shatter it below. What art thou, deceitful pleasure! but a sudden blaze streaming from the north, which plays a moment on the eye, mocks the traveller with the hopes of light, and then vanishes for ever? What, love, art thou, but a whirlpool, which we approach without knowledge of our danger, drawn on by imperceptible degrees, till we have lost all power of resistance and escape? Till I fixed my eyes on the graces of Ajut, while I had not yet called her to the banquet, I was careless as the sleeping morse, I was merry as the singers in the stars. Why, Ajut, did I gaze upon thy graces? why, my fair, did I call thee to the banquet? Yet, be faithful, my love, remember Anningait, and meet my return with the smile of virginity. I will chase the deer, I will subdue the whale, resistless as the frost of darkness, and unwearied as the summer sun. In a few weeks I shall return prosperous and wealthy; then shall the roefish and the porpoise feed thy kindred; the fox and hare shall cover thy couch; the tough hide of the seal shall shelter thee from cold; and the fat of the whale illuminate thy dwelling."

Anningait having with these sentiments consoled his grief, and animated his industry, found that they had now coasted the headland, and saw the whales spouting at a distance. He therefore placed himself in his fishing-boat, called his associates to their several employments, plied his oar and harpoon, with incredible courage and dexterity; and, by dividing his time between the chase and fishery suspended the miseries of absence and suspicion.

Ajut, in the mean time, notwithstanding her neglected dress, happened, as she was drying some skins in the sun, to catch the eye of Norngsuk, on his return from hunting. Norngsuk was of birth truly illustrious. His dignity was equalled by his riches; he was master of four men's and two women's boats, had ninety tubs of oil in his winter habitation, and five-and-twenty seals buried in the snow against the season of darkness. When he saw the beauty of Ajut, he immediately threw over her the skin of a deer that he had taken, and soon after presented her

with a branch of coral. Ajut refused his gifts, and determined to admit no lover in the place of Anningait.

Norngsuk, thus rejected, had recourse to stratagem. He knew that Ajut would consult an angekkok, or diviner, concerning the fate of her lover and the felicity of her future life. He therefore applied himself to the most celebrated angekkok of that part of the country, and, by a present of two seals and a marble kettle, obtained a promise that, when Ajut should consult him he would declare that her lover was in the land of souls. Ajut, in a short time brought him a coat made by herself, and inquired what events were to befall her ; with assurance of a much larger reward at the return of Anningait, if the prediction should flatter her desires. The angekkok knew the way to riches, and foretold that Anningait, having already caught two whales, would soon return home with a large boat laden with provisions.

This prognostication she was ordered to keep secret ; and Norngsuk, depending upon his artifice, renewed his addresses with greater confidence ; but, finding his suit still unsuccessful, applied himself to her parents with gifts and promises. The wealth of Greenland is too powerful for the virtue of a Greenlanders ; they forgot the merit and the presents of Anningait, and decreed Ajut to the embraces of Norngsuk. She entreated ; she remonstrated ; she wept, and raved ; but, finding riches irresistible, fled away into the uplands, and lived in a cave upon such berries as she could gather, and the birds or hares which she had the fortune to ensnare, taking care, at an hour when she was not likely to be found, to view the sea every day, that her lover might not miss her at his return.

At last she saw the great boat in which Anningait had departed, stealing slow and heavy-laden along the coast. She ran with all the impatience of affection to catch her lover in her arms, and relate her constancy and sufferings. When the company reached land, they informed her, that Anningait, after the fishery was ended, being unable to support the slow passage of the vessel of carriage, had set out before them in his fishing-boat, and they expected at their arrival to have found him on shore.

Ajut distracted at this intelligence, was about to fly into the hills, without knowing why, though she was now in the hands of her parents, who forced her back to their own hut, and endeavoured to comfort her : but when at last they retired to rest, Ajut went down to the beach ; where, finding a fishing-boat, she entered it without hesitation, and, telling those who wondered at her rashness, that she was going in search of Anningait, rowed away with great swiftness, and was seen no more.

The fate of these lovers gave occasion to various fictions and conjectures. Some are of opinion that they were changed into stars; others imagine that Anningait was seized in his passage by the genius of the rocks; and that Ajut was transformed into a mermaid, and still continues to seek her lover in the deserts of the sea. But the general persuasion is, that they are both in that part of the land of souls where the sun never sets, where oil is always fresh, and provisions always warm. The virgins sometimes throw a thimble and a needle into the bay from which the hapless maid departed; and when a Greenlander would praise any couple for virtuous affection, he declares that they love like Anningait and Ajut.

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Dr. Robert Levet was the physician, daily visiter, and intimate friend of Dr. Johnson. This gentlemen's medical practice was confined to the range of a few streets, and to the poorer class of people in London, yet he was respected for his skill and humanity. At his decease, which happened a few years before that of Dr. Johnson, the latter honoured his memory by the following verses, which, as they celebrate goodness and not greatness, and express veneration for genuine merit, are worthy to be preserved for the sentiments they record.

---

#### ON THE DEATH OF MR. ROBERT LEVET.

Condemned to hope's delusive mine,  
As on we toil from day to day,  
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,  
Our social comforts drop away.

Well tried through many a varying year,  
See Levet to the grave descend,  
Officious, innocent, sincere,  
Of every friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills Affection's eye,  
Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind;  
Nor, lettered Arrogance, deny  
Thy praise to merit unrefined.

When fainting nature called for aid,  
And hovering death prepared the blow,  
His vigorous remedy displayed  
The power of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,  
 His useful care was ever nigh,  
 Where hopeless anguish poured his groan,  
 And lonely want retired to die.

No summons mocked by chill delay,  
 No petty gain disdained by pride,  
 The modest wants of every day  
 The toil of every day supplied.

His virtues walked their narrow round,  
 Nor made a pause, nor left a void :  
 And sure the Eternal Master found  
 The single talent well employed.

Thy busy day—the peaceful night,  
 Unfelt, uncounted, glided by ;  
 His frame was firm—his powers were bright,  
 Tho' now his *eightieth* year was nigh.

Then with no fiery throbbing pain,  
 No cold gradations of decay,  
 Death broke at once the vital chain,  
 And freed his soul the nearest way.

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GRAY.

*Born in 1716—Died in 1771.*

Mr. Gray was accounted in his time, according to Dr. Johnson, the most *learned man* in Europe—doubtless he was *among* the most learned : but his learning dignifies his memory less than his genius and his taste. Gray's letters, which give short sketches of the places and curiosities which he visited as a traveller, and express the feelings of a good son, and an affectionate friend, exhibit the elegance of an accomplished mind, and the sentiments of a sincere and pure heart. The *Elegy in a Country Church Yard*, is the most popular of Gray's poems : it is not inserted here because it may be found in every miscellaneous collection.

#### ODE ON THE SPRING.

Lo ! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,  
 Fair Venus' train, appear,  
 Disclose the long-expected flowers,  
 And wake the purple year!

The attic warbler\* pours her throat,  
Responsive to the cuckoo's note.

The untaught harmony of Spring :  
While, whispering pleasures as they fly,  
Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky  
Their gathered fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch  
A broader browner shade,  
Where'er the rude or moss-grown beech  
O'er canopies the gladé.  
Beside some water's rushy brink  
With me the muse shall sit, and think  
(At ease reclined in rustic state)  
How vain the ardour of the crowd,  
How low, how little are the proud,  
How indigent the great ! —

Still is the toiling hand of Care ;  
The panting herds repose :  
Yet hark, how through the peopled air  
The busy murmur glows !  
The insect youth are on the wing,  
Eager to taste the honied spring,  
And float amid the liquid noon :  
Some lightly o'er the current skim,  
Some show their gayly-gilded trim  
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To contemplation's sober eye  
Such is the race of Man :  
And they that creep, and they that fly,  
Shall end where they began.  
Alike the busy and the gay  
But flutter through life's little day,  
In Fortune's varying colours dressed :  
Brushed by the hand of rough Mischance,  
Or chilled by Age, their airy dance  
They leave, in dust to rest.

\* The swallow.

## ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT.

*Drowned in a tub of Gold Fishes.*

Twas on the lofty vase's side,  
 Where China's gayest art had dyed  
     The azure flowers that blow ;  
 Demurest of the tabby kind,  
 The pensive Selima, reclined,  
     Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared ;  
 The fair round face, the snowy beard,  
     The velvet of her paws,  
 Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,  
 Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,  
     She saw ; and purred applause.

Still had she gazed : but midst the tide  
 Two angel forms were seen to glide,  
     The Genii of the stream :  
 Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue  
 Though richest purple, to the view  
     Betrayed a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw  
 A whisker first, and then a claw :  
     With many an ardent wish,  
 She stretched, in vain, to reach the prize :  
 What female heart can gold despise ?  
     What cat's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous Maid ! with looks intent  
 Again she stretched, again she bent,  
     Nor knew the gulf between :  
 (Malignant Fate sat by, and smiled)  
 The slippery verge her feet beguiled,  
     She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood,  
 She mewed to every watery god,  
     Some speedy aid to send.  
 No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirred :  
 No cruel Tom, nor Susan heard,  
     A favourite has no friend !

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceived,  
Know, one false step is never retrieved,  
And be with caution bold.  
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes  
And heedless heart, is lawful prize,  
Nor all that glistens gold.

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## CAMPBELL.

Thomas Campbell, the author of the *Pleasures of Hope*, of *Gertrude of Wyoming*, &c. is among the most popular of living writers. As a poet and critic, he ranks with the first of the age. *Lochiel's Warning*, one of Campbell's shorter pieces, is often read and recited in schools, but it cannot be comprehended without some acquaintance with Scottish history and character.

England and Scotland were governed by separate kings till 1603. In that year Elizabeth of England died, and named as her successor James VI. of Scotland. James was the son of Mary, Queen of Scots, and Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley. James was descended from Henry VII. of England, and among his ancestors was a long line of Scottish kings : as *their* descendants, the people of Scotland cherished an ardent affection for James and his posterity. The Scots were remarkable for their attachment to power. The heads of the Clans, and the hereditary prince, were objects of the highest enthusiasm to that people, and they esteemed it a duty, and even a privilege, to die in their service.

James was succeeded by his son Charles I., who did not know how to govern, and was beheaded by his subjects. After Charles' death, England was a commonwealth, or republic, governed for a few years by Oliver Cromwell. In 1660, Charles Stuart, the second of that name, was made king of England, as the legitimate successor of his father, Charles I. Charles II. died 1685, and his brother, James, duke of York, was immediately proclaimed king ; but by the laws of England he was incapacitated for the sovereignty.

In the reigns of Edward VI. and his sister Elizabeth, the Protestant faith became the foundation of what is called the Established Church of England ; and it was made a law that the king, and all persons holding places under the government, should acknowledge themselves to be Protestants, and worship according to the forms prescribed by the national Church. James II. was a Catholic. When the people were convinced of this fact, and



of the king's inclination to restore Popery in Britain, they sent over to Holland to William, prince of Orange, a grandson of Charles I., and to his wife, Mary, daughter of the English king, James II., to come over to England, and take the government upon themselves. William and Mary were crowned king and queen 1689. A party in Scotland, attached to the Stuarts, refused to acknowledge them, but in the same year the Scottish army was defeated at Killycrankie in Perthshire.

The banished James endeavoured to make friends in Ireland, but his adherents were defeated by king William, at the battle of the Boyne, and he was forced to retire into France. The Jacobites (the friends of James) long continued their machinations to restore the Stuarts to the throne of Britain, but all their plans were ultimately frustrated.

James Stuart died in France in 1701, and his daughter, the princess Anne, succeeded William III. She was proclaimed queen in April, 1702, and died in 1714. Anne was succeeded by George I. of the house of Brunswick. George was a German prince, descended in the female line from James I. of England. This family were destined forever to exclude the Stuarts from the throne of Britain; but one of that race, sometimes called the Pretender, and sometimes the chevalier St. George, went from France to Scotland in 1715, and there, assisted by the favourers of his unfortunate pretensions, made some attempt to recover his forfeited inheritance. These were unavailing; he was forced to return to France, and many of his adherents were executed as traitors to their king and country.

The rebellion of the Stuarts did not end here. The following narrative details its progress and termination.

"In 1745 the son of the old Pretender resolved to make an effort at gaining the British crown. Being furnished with some money, and still larger promises from France, he embarked for Scotland on board a small frigate, accompanied by the Marquis Tullibardine, and a few other desperate adventurers. For the conquest of the whole British empire, he brought with him seven officers, and arms for 2000 men. He landed on the coast of Lochabar, July 27, and was in a little time joined by some Highland chiefs and their vassals. He soon saw himself at the head of 1500 men, and invited others to join him by manifestoes, which were dispersed throughout all the Highlands. The English ministry was no sooner informed of the truth of his arrival, than Sir John Cope was ordered to oppose his progress.

"In the mean time, the young adventurer marched to Perth, where his father, the chevalier de St. George, had been pro-

claimed king of Great Britain. The rebel army advanced towards Edinburgh, which they entered without opposition. - Here, too, the pageantry of proclamation was performed. But though the Pretender was master of the capital, yet the castle, with a good garrison, under the command of General Guest, braved all his attempts. Sir John Cope, who was now reinforced by two regiments of dragoons, resolved to march towards Edinburgh, and give him battle, but Prince Charles Edward attacked him near Preston Pans, and in a few minutes totally routed him and his troops. In this victory the king lost about 500 men, and the rebel not above 80.

"The Pretender went immediately forward with vigour; and having advanced to Penrith, continued his irruption till he came to Manchester, where he established his head-quarters; from thence he prosecuted his route to Derby; but he determined once more to return to Scotland. He effected his retreat to Carlisle without any loss, and having reinforced the garrison of the place crossed the rivers Eden and Solway into Scotland.

"After many attacks and skirmishes, the duke of Cumberland, son of George II., the reigning king, put himself at the head of the troops of Edinburgh, which consisted of about 14,000 men. He resolved to come to a battle as soon as possible, and marched forward while the rebel army retired at his approach.—The duke advanced to Aberdeen, where he was joined by the duke of Gordon, and some other lords. The Highlanders were drawn up in order of battle, on the plain of Culloden, to the number of 8000 men. The duke marched thither, and the battle began about one o'clock in the afternoon, April 16. In less than thirty minutes, the rebels were totally routed, and the field was covered with their dead bodies. The duke immediately after the battle, ordered thirty-six deserters to be executed."

The misfortunes of Prince Charles Edward in his perilous undertaking, and his escape out of the British dominions, form a most extraordinary romance of real life. The novel of *Waverly* gives some interesting sketches of this Prince's enterprize, and particularly of the generosity and devotedness of his adherents. The British government made a most severe example of the misguided men, who sacrificed themselves to their principles of loyalty, but so elevated were their motives that it is impossible not to deplore their fate. The principal chiefs engaged in this rebellion were executed at Carlisle, Culloden, and other places, and thousands of inferior condition were transported to foreign countries.

Lochiel, the chief of the warlike clan of the Camerons, en-

gaged in this unhappy cause. "His memory is still cherished among the Highlanders, by the appellation of the gentle Lochiel, for he was famed for his social virtues as much as for his martial and magnanimous (though mistaken) loyalty."

Before Lochiel had led his followers to the standard of the Pretender, it is related that a *Seer* forewarned him of the catastrophe which awaited the rebels. This remonstrance is the foundation of Lochiel's Warning. The less informed of the Scots, from time immemorial, have cherished a belief in the gift of *second sight*—or gift of prophecy. The second sight, say those who believe in it, is an actual perception which the gifted person has of things absent and future, which he can afterwards describe to others, and which usually intimates some important event. Ellen, in the *Lady of the Lake*, tells the stranger Knight,

"Old Allan-bane foretold your plight,—  
A gray-haired sire, whose eye intent,  
Was on the visioned future bent."

#### LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

*Wizard.* Lochiel! Lochiel, beware of the day  
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!  
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,  
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight:  
They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown;  
Wo, wo to the riders that trample them down!  
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,  
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.  
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,  
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?  
'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall await,  
Like a love-lighted watchfire, all night at the gate.  
A steed comes at morning; no rider is there;  
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.  
*Weep Albin!* to death and captivity led!  
Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:  
For a merciless sword on Culloden shall wave,  
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.  
*Lochiel.* Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling  
seer!  
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,

Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight  
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

*Wizard.* Ha ! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn ?  
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn !  
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,  
From his home, in the dark-rolling clouds of the north ?  
Lo ! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode  
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad ;  
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high !  
Ah ! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.  
Why flames the far summit ? Why shoot to the blast  
Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast ?  
'Tis the fire-shower of ruin all dreadfully driven  
From his eyrie, that beacons the darkness of heaven.  
Oh, crested Lochiel ! the peerless in might,  
Whose banners arise on the battlement's height,  
Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn ;  
Return to thy dwelling ! all lonely return !  
For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,  
And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

*Lochiel.* False Wizard avaunt ! I have marshalled my clan :  
Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one !  
They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,  
And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.  
Then welcome is Cumberland's steed to the shock !  
Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock !  
But wo to his kindred, and wo to his cause,  
When Albin her claymore indignantly draws ;  
When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,  
Clanmanald the dauntless, and Moray the proud ;  
All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

*Wizard.*—Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day !  
For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,  
But man cannot cover what God would reveal :  
'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
And coming events cast their shadows before.  
I tell thee, Culloeden's dread echoes shall ring  
With the bloodhounds, that bark for thy fugitive king.  
Lo ! anointed by heaven with vials of wrath,  
Behold, where he flies on his desolate path !  
Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight :  
Rise ! rise ! ye wild tempests and cover his flight  
'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors  
Culloeden is lost, and my country deplores ;

But where is the iron-bound prisoner ? Where ?  
 For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.  
 Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn ?  
 Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn ?  
 Ah no ! *for a darker departure is near,*  
 The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier !  
 His death-bell is tolling ; oh ! mercy dispel  
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell !  
 Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,  
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.  
 Accursed be the fagots, that blaze at his feet,  
 Where his heart shall be thrown ere it ceases to beat,  
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale——

*Lochiel.*——Down, soothless insulter ! I trust not the tale :  
 Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,  
 Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,  
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,  
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,  
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,  
 With his back to the field and his feet to the foe !  
 And leaving in battle no blot on his name,  
 Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

*Weep Albin*—Scotland, or literally, people of Scotland.

*Proud bird of the mountain.* The Wizard here addresses Lochiel figuratively, and speaks of the ruin which is impending over his house, as a *fire shower* destined to consume the *eyrie* or eagle's nest—that signifies the chief's home and his family.

*A darker departure is near.* The agonizing description given in the lines which follow to the end of the passage refer to a fact. "The brother of Lochiel returned to England ten years after the rebellion, though he acted only as a surgeon in the rebel army, suffered the dreadful fate here predicted, by a sentence which happily has no parallel for needless severity in the modern history of state trials in this humane age."

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#### THE LAST MAN,

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,  
 The Sun himself must die,  
 Before this mortal shall assume  
 Its Immortality !

I saw a vision in my sleep,  
 That gave my spirit strength to sweep  
     Adown the gulf of Time ?  
 I saw the last of human mould,  
 That shall Creation's death behold,  
     As Adam saw her prime !

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,  
 The Earth with age was wan ;  
 ▲ The skeletons of nations were  
     Around that lonely man !  
 Some had expired in fight,—the brands\*  
 Still rusted in their bony hands ;  
     In plague and famine some !  
 Earth's cities had no sound nor tread ;  
 And ships were drifting with the dead,  
     To shores where all was dumb !

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,  
     With dauntless words and high,  
 That shook the sere† leaves from the wood,  
     As if a storm passed by,  
 Saying, We are twins in death, proud Sun ;  
 Thy face is cold, thy race is run,  
     'Tis Mercy bids thee go ;  
 For thou ten thousand thousand years  
 Hast seen the tide of human tears,  
     That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth  
     His pomp, his pride, his skill ;  
 And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,  
     The vassals of his will ;—  
 Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,  
 Thou dim, discrowned king of day ;  
     For all those trophied arts  
 And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,  
 Healed not a passion or a pang  
     Entailed on human hearts.

Go,—let oblivion's curtain fall  
     Upon the stage of men,  
 Nor with thy rising beams recall  
     Life's tragedy again.

\* Swords.

† Withered.

Its piteous pageants bring not back,  
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack  
    Of pain anew to writhe ;  
Stretched in disease's shapes abhorred,  
Or mown in battle by the sword,  
    Like grass beneath the scythe.

E'en I am weary in yon skies  
    To watch thy fading fire ;  
Test of all sumless agonies,  
    Behold not me expire.  
My lips that speak thy dirge of death,—  
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath  
    To see, thou shalt not boast.  
The Eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—  
The majesty of Darkness shall  
    Receive my parting ghost !

This spirit shall return to Him  
    That gave its heavenly spark ;  
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim  
    When thou thyself art dark !  
No ! it shall live again, and shine  
In bliss unknown to beams of thine :  
    By Him recalled to breath,  
Who captive led Captivity,  
Who robbed the grave of Victory,—  
    And took the sting from Death !

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up  
    On Nature's awful waste,  
To drink this last and bitter cup  
    Of grief that man shall taste ;  
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,  
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,  
    On Earth's sepulchral clod,  
The darkening universe defy  
To quench his Immortality,  
    Or shake his trust in God !

## THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce—for the night cloud had lowered,  
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;  
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,  
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,  
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain ;  
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,  
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,  
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track ;  
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way  
To the home of my father's, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so soft  
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;  
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,  
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore  
From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;  
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,  
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of heart.

Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn :  
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;  
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,  
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.



## AMERICAN POETRY.

The five articles next in course, are from the pen of Mr. Bryant. Of living poets of our native country, it is unnecessary to give information—the public regards them with curiosity which is generally gratified, and when they deserve it, they are objects of favour that is freely expressed. The individual whose name is attached to *Autumn Woods*, to the *Song of the Stars*, and to *Rizpah*, enjoys a reputation never attached to mediocrity ; and it becomes his countrymen, and his contemporaries, to furnish a pledge of the sure honours which late posterity will pay to his genius, by the manner in which they cherish and requite that genius.

## AUTUMN WOODS.

Ere, in the northern gale,  
The summer tresses of the trees are gone,  
The woods of Autumn all around our vale,  
Have put their glory on.

The mountains that infold  
In their wide sweep, the coloured landscape round,  
Seem groups of giant kings in purple and gold,  
That guard the enchanted ground.

I roam the woods that crown  
The upland, where the mingled splendours glow,  
Where the gay company of trees look down  
On the green fields below.

My steps are not alone  
In these bright walks ; the sweet southwest, at play,  
Flies, rustling, where the painted leaves are strown  
Along the winding way.

And far in heaven, the while,  
The sun that sends that gale to wander here,  
Pours out on the fair earth his quiet smile,—  
The sweetest of the year.

Where now the solemn shade,  
 Verdure and gloom, where many branches meet ;  
 So grateful, when the noon of summer made  
 The valleys sick with heat ?

Let in through all the trees  
 Come the strange rays ; the forest depths are bright ;  
 Their sunny-coloured foliage, in the breeze,  
 Twinkles, like beams of light.

The rivulet, late unseen,  
 Where bickering through the shrubs its waters run,  
 Shines with the image of its golden screen,  
 And glimmerings of the sun.

Beneath yon crimson tree,  
 Lover to listening maid might breathe his flame,  
 Nor mark within its roseate canopy,  
 Her blush of maiden shame.

Oh, Autumn ! why so soon  
 Depart the hues that make thy forest glad ;  
 Thy gentle wind and thy fair sunny noon,  
 And leave thee wild and sad !

Ah ! 'twere a lot too blest  
 For ever in thy coloured shades to stray ;  
 Amidst the kisses of the soft southwest  
 To rove and dream for aye ;

And leave the vain low strife  
 That makes men mad—the tug for wealth and power,  
 The passions and the cares that wither life,  
 And waste its little hour.

The variable climate of the eastern states, affords grounds of complaint to sensitive people, but the beautiful Autumn of that region is congenial to every constitution and taste. The aspect of nature at that season in New-England, inspires the most tranquil and happy emotions ; and the peace of its scenes disposes every heart to sympathize with the sentiments which the preceding verses express. The appearance of the American woods in autumn is peculiar to this country. Mr. Tudor, in his *Letters on the Eastern States*, gives this description of it :

“The rich and mellow tints of the forest at that season of the year, have often furnished subjects for the painter and the poet in Europe ; but the woods of Europe never exhibit the appearance of ours. Besides all the shades of brown and green, which

the forests of Europe display in the decay of their foliage, the American woods in the same stage of vegetation put on 'the most glaring and brilliant colours—bright yellow, scarlet, orange and purple—not merely on single leaves, but masses of whole trees have their foliage thus tinged.' ”

“ I do not know that it has ever been accounted for ; but it may perhaps be owing to the frosts coming earlier here than in Europe, and falling on the leaves while the sap is yet copious, before they have begun to dry and fall off. However this may be, the colouring is wonderful ;—the walnut is turned to the brightest yellow, the maple to scarlet, &c. Our trees put on this dress about the first of October.” At this time of the year the effect of the atmosphere upon our scenery and upon the sensations of the beholder, induces sentiments of sober cheerfulness, and a pure enjoyment of this breathing life and this beautiful world, such as we never feel at other seasons.

Mr. Tudor observes that “ the reader who has any relic of veneration for Pomona and the Hamadryads,” (I hope my young readers are acquainted with Pomona and the Hamadryads,) will take an interest in the history of certain celebrated trees of New-England, and he proceeds to enumerate the more remarkable of these.

“ In Salem, (Mass.) there is a pear tree still producing fruit, that was planted by Governor Endicott in his garden in 1630, and which is now owned by his descendants. At Sagadahoc, in Maine, when the French had a footing in 1689, there is an apple tree with some remains of life, amidst the ruins of their dwellings. The trunk is nearly the size of a hogshead, and entirely hollow. It was almost a century after before any apple trees were planted in the neighbouring country. In Hartford, (Connecticut,) the oak yet stands, in which the Connecticut charter was secreted, during the disastrous administration of Andross, when all the New-England charters were taken away. Governor Andross went to Hartford to obtain the charter of Connecticut ; when the Council were assembled with Andross in the evening, while the destined victim was lying on the table, the lights were suddenly extinguished, Captain Wadsworth seized the Charter and hid, it in this tree, which even then, in 1692, was hollow with age.—This tree forms an appropriate counterpart to the “ royal oak” of England. The most celebrated of all our trees, however, was the *Liberty tree* in Boston, which fell a sacrifice to party vengeance, and was cut down when the British troops got possession of the town. It was an elm of vast size, of which only the stump remains. Many transactions leading to the revolution

took place beneath it. Trees in various places in this country and Europe, were named after it : in France at one time every municipality had one ; but in that country they never flourished, and finally perished root and branch under Napoleon."

## SONG OF THE STARS.

When the radiant morn of creation broke,  
And the world in the smile of God awoke,  
And the empty realms of darkness and death  
Were moved through their depths by His mighty breath ;  
And orbs of beauty, and spheres of flame,  
From the void abyss by myriads came,  
In the joy of youth, as they darted away,  
Through the widening wastes of space to play,  
Their silver voices in chorus rung,  
And this was the song the bright ones sung :

Away, away, through the wide, wide sky,  
The fair blue fields that before us lie :  
Each sun with the worlds that round us roll,  
Each planet poised on her turning pole,  
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,  
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

For the Source of Glory uncovers his face,  
And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space ;  
And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides  
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides ;  
Lo ! yonder the living splendours play !  
Away, on your joyous path away !

Look, look, through our glittering ranks afar,  
In the infinite azure, star after star,  
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass !  
How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass ;  
And the path of the gentle winds are seen,  
When the small waves dance, and the young woods lean.

And see, where the brighter day-beams pour,  
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower !  
And the morn and the eve, with their pomp of hues,  
Shift o'er the bright planets and shed their dews !  
And, 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,  
With her shadowy cone, the night goes round.

Away, away!—in our blossoming bowers,  
 In the soft air wrapping these spheres of ours,  
 In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,  
 See, love is brooding, and life is born,  
 And breathing myriads are breaking from night,  
 To rejoice, like us, in motion and light.

Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres !  
 To weave the dance that measures the years.  
 Glide on in the glory and gladness sent  
 To the farthest wall of the firmament,  
 The boundless, visible smile of Him,  
 To the veil of whose brow our lamps are dim.

RIZPAH.

*And he delivered them into the hands of the Gibeonites, and they hanged them in the hill before the Lord; and they fell all seven together, and were put to death in the days of the harvest, in the first days, in the beginning of barley-harvest.*

*And Rizpah, the daughter of Aiah, took sackcloth and spread it for her upon the rock, from the beginning of harvest until the water dropped upon them out of heaven, and suffered neither the birds of the air to rest upon them by day, nor the beasts of the field by night.—2 Samuel, xxi, 9, 10.*

Hear what the desolate Rizpah said,  
 As on Gibeah's rocks she watched the dead.  
 The sons of Michal before her lay,  
 And her own fair children, dearer than they ;  
 By a death of shame they all had died,  
 And were stretched on the bare rock, side by side.  
 And Rizpah, once the loveliest of all  
 That bloomed and smiled in the court of Saul,  
 All wasted with watching and famine now,  
 And scorched by the sun her haggard brow,  
 Sat, mournfully guarding their corpses there,  
 And murmured a strange and solemn air ;  
 The low, heart-broken, and wailing strain  
 Of a mother that mourns her children slain.

I have made the crags my home, and spread  
 On their desert backs my sackcloth bed ;  
 I have eaten the bitter herb of the rocks,  
 And drank the midnight dew in my locks ;

I have wept till I could not weep, and the pain  
Of my burning eyeballs went to my brain.  
Seven blackened corpses before me lie,  
In the blaze of the sun and the winds of the sky.  
I have watched them through the burning day,  
And driven the vulture and raven away ;  
And the cormorant wheeled in circles round,  
Yet feared to alight on the guarded ground.  
And, when the shadows of twilight came,  
I have seen the hyena's eyes of flame,  
And heard at my side his stealthy tread,  
But aye at my shout the savage fled !  
And I threw the lighted brand, to fright  
The jackal and wolf that yelled in the night.

Ye were foully murdered, my hapless sons,  
By the hands of wicked and cruel ones ;  
Yet fell in your fresh and blooming prime,  
All innocent, for your father's crime.  
He sinned—but he paid the price of his guilt,  
When his blood by a nameless hand was spilt ;  
When he strove with the heathen host in vain,  
And fell with the flower of his people slain,  
And the sceptre his children's hands should sway,  
From his injured lineage passed away.

But I hoped that the cottage roof would be  
A safe retreat for my sons and me ;  
And that while they ripened to manhood fast,  
They should wean my thoughts from woes of the past :  
And my bosom swelled with a mother's pride,  
As they stood in their beauty and strength by my side,  
Tall like their sire, with the princely grace  
Of his stately form, and the bloom of his face.

Oh, what an hour for a mother's heart,  
When the pitiless ruffians tore us apart !  
When I clasped their knees and wept and prayed,  
And struggled and shrieked to heaven for aid,  
And clung to my sons with desperate strength,  
Till the murderers loosed my hold at length,  
And bore me breathless and faint aside,  
In their iron arms, while my children died.  
They died—and the mother that gave them birth  
Is forbid to cover their bones with earth.

The barley harvest was nodding white,  
 When my children died on the rocky height,  
 And the reapers were singing on hill and plain,  
 When I came to my task of sorrow and pain.  
 But now the season of rain is nigh,  
 The sun is dim in the thickening sky,  
 And the clouds in sullen darkness rest.  
 When he hides his light at the doors of the west,  
 I hear the howl of the wind that brings  
 The long drear storm on its heavy wings;  
 But the howling wind, and the driving rain  
 Will beat on my houseless head in vain :  
 I shall stay, from my murdered sons to scare  
 The beasts of the desert, and fowls of the air.

When the Israelites took possession of the land of Canaan, they were commanded to extirpate the occupants of the country. This was but imperfectly fulfilled : in Israel and its borders there always remained some of the descendants of the primitive inhabitants. About a thousand years before Christ, Saul, king of Israel, slew some of the Gibeonites, a remnant of the Amorites.—A few years after, the Gibeonites, like other savages, demanded of David, as a satisfaction for the injury they had sustained from his predecessor, *life for life*. They required that seven men of the posterity of Saul should be delivered to them to be hanged, and David consented to this cruel proposition. The king took two sons of Saul and Rizpah, and five sons of Michal, Saul's daughter, and delivered them to the Gibeonites. The fearful vengeance executed upon these men, and the constant heart-rending fondness of Rizpah, are already known from the words of the scripture and the pathetic verses of the poet.

#### AGRICULTURAL ODE.

Far back in the ages,  
 The plough with wreaths was crowned,  
 The hands of kings and sages  
 Entwined the chaplet round ;  
 Till men of spoil  
 Disdained the toil  
 By which the world was nourished,  
 And blood and pillage were the soil  
 In which their laurels flourished.

—Now the world her fault repairs—  
 The guilt that stains her story,  
 And weeps her crimes amid the cares  
 That formed her earliest glory.

The proud throne shall crumble,  
 The diadem shall wane,  
 The tribes of earth shall humble  
 The pride of these who reign ;  
 And war shall lay  
 His pomp away ;—  
 The fame that heroes cherish,  
 The glory earned in deadly fray  
 Shall fade, decay and perish.  
 —Honour waits o'er all the earth,  
 Through endless generations,  
 The art that calls the harvest forth,  
 And feeds the expectant nations.

#### THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,  
 Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and  
 sere.  
 Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the withered leaves lie  
 dead ;  
 They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.  
 The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub the jay,  
 And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy  
 day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately  
 sprung and stood  
 In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood ?  
 Alas ! they all are in their graves : the gentle race of flowers  
 Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.  
 The rain is falling where they lie ; but the cold November rain  
 Calls not from out the gloomy earth, the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,  
 And the wild-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow ;  
 But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,  
 And the yellow sunflower by the brook, in autumn beauty stood,



Till fell the frost from the clear, cold heaven, as falls the plague  
on men,  
And the brightness of their smile was gone from upland, glade,  
and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild day, as still such days  
will come,

To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home,  
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the trees  
are still,

And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,  
The south-wind searches for the flowers whose fragrance late  
he bore,

And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one, who in her youthful beauty died,  
The fair, meek blossom that grew up and faded by my side :  
In the cold, moist earth we laid her when the forest cast the  
leaf,

And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief :  
Yet not unmeet it was, that one, like that young friend of ours,  
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

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FITZ-GREENE HALLECK,

An American poet of rare merit. He has not written much ; but what he has written is nearly faultless. He possesses warm feeling, rich, yet playful, fancy, a copious flow of words, and very melodious versification.

*Marco Bozzaris* was a leader of the Greeks in the late revolutionary war : he was killed in the assault of a Turkish camp. Wounded by a shot in the side, he concealed the accident, and continued to fight, until a ball struck him in the face ; he fell, and instantly expired. Their leader's death becoming known, the Souliotes whom Bozzaris commanded, retreated, carrying off with them their general's body.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,  
The Turk was dreaming of the hour  
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,  
Should tremble at his power ;

In dreams, through camp and court, he bore  
The trophies of a conqueror ;

In dreams his song of triumph heard ;  
There wore his monarch's signet-ring,—  
Then pressed that monarch's throne,—a king ;  
As wild his thoughts and gay of wing,  
As Eden's garden-bird.

An hour passed on ;—the Turk awoke ;  
That bright dream was his last ;  
He woke to hear his sentry's shriek,  
" To arms ! they come ! the Greek ! the Greek !"  
He woke to die 'midst flame and smoke,  
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,  
And death-shots falling thick and fast  
As lightnings from the mountain cloud ;  
And heard with voice as trumpet loud,  
Bozzaris cheer his band !—  
" Strike—till the last armed foe expires ;  
Strike—for your altars and your fires,  
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,  
God, and your native land !"

They fought like brave men long and well,  
They piled the ground with Moslem slain,  
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,  
Bleeding at every vein.  
His few surviving comrades saw  
His smile when rung the proud hurrah,  
And the red field was won ;  
Then saw in death his eyelids close  
Calmly, as to a night's repose,  
Like flowers at set of sun.

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#### THE FALLS OF THE PASSAIC.

In a wild, tranquil vale, fringed with forests of green,  
Where nature had fashioned a soft, sylvan scene,  
The retreat of the ringdove, the haunt of the deer,  
Passaic in silence rolled gentle and clear.

No grandeur of prospect astonished the sight,  
No abruptness sublime mingled awe with delight ;  
Here the wild flow'ret blossomed, the elm proudly waved,  
And pure was the current the green bank that laved.

But the spirit that ruled o'er the thick tangled wood,  
 And deep in its gloom fixed his murky abode,  
 Who loved the wild scene that the whirlwinds deform,  
 And gloried in thunder, and lightning, and storm ;

All flushed from the tumult of battle he came,  
 Where the red men encountered the children of flame,  
 While the noise of the war-whoop still rang in his ears,  
 And the fresh bleeding scalp as a trophy he bears :

With a glance of disgust he the landscape surveyed,  
 With its fragrant wild flowers, its wide waving shade :—  
 Where Passaic meanders through margins of green,  
 So transparent its waters, its surface serene.

He rived the green hills, the wild woods he laid low ;  
 He taught the pure streams in rough channels to flow ;  
 He rent the rude rock, the steep precipice gave,  
 And hurled down the chasm the thundering wave.

Countless moons have since rolled in the long lapse of time,—  
 Cultivation has softened those features sublime ;  
 The axe of the white man has lightened the shade,  
 And dispelled the deep gloom of the thicketed glade.

But the stranger still gazes, with wondering eye,  
 On the rocks rudely torn, and groves mounted on high ;  
 Still loves on the cliff's dizzy borders to roam,  
 Where the torrent leaps headlong embosomed in foam.

*Washington Irving.*

### WHAT IS THAT, MOTHER ?

What is that, mother ?—

The lark, my child,—  
 The morn has but just looked out, and smiled,  
 When he starts from his humble, grassy nest,  
 And is up and away with the dew on his breast  
 And a hymn in his heart, to yon pure bright sphere,  
 To warble it out in his Maker's ear.  
 Ever, my child, be thy morn's first lays  
 Tuned, like the lark's, to thy Maker's praise.

What is that, mother?—

The dove, my son.—

And that low, sweet voice, like a widow's moan,  
Is flowing out from her gentle breast,  
Constant and pure by that lonely nest,  
As the wave is poured from some crystal urn,  
For her distant dear one's quick return,  
Ever, my son, be thou like the dove,—  
In friendship as faithful, as constant in love.

What is that, mother?—

The eagle, boy,

Proudly careering his course of joy,  
Firm in his own mountain vigour relying,  
Breasting the dark storm, the red bolt defying;  
His wing on the wind, and his eye on the sun,  
He swerves not a hair, but bears onward, right on.  
Boy, may the eagle's flight ever be thine,  
Onward and upward, true to the line.

What is that, mother?—

The swan, my love.—

He is floating down from his native grove,  
No loved one now, no nestling nigh;  
He is floating down by himself to die;  
Death darkens his eye, and unplumes his wings,  
Yet the sweetest song is the last he sings,  
Live so, my love, that when death shall come,  
Swan-like and sweet, it may waft thee home.—*Doane.*

#### THE CORAL INSECT.

Toil on! toil on! ye ephemeral\* train,  
Who build in the tossing and treacherous main;  
Toil on,—for the wisdom of man ye mock,  
With your sand-based structures and domes of rock;  
Your columns the fathomless fountains lave,  
And your arches spring up to the crested wave;  
Ye're a puny race, thus boldly to rear  
A fabric so vast in a realm so drear.

Ye bind the deep with your secret zone,  
The ocean is sealed and the surge a stone;  
Fresh wreaths from the coral pavement spring,  
Like the terraced pride of Assyria's king†;

\* Living only a day.

† Nebuchadnezzar.

The turf looks green where the breakers rolled ;  
 O'er the whirlpool ripens the rind of gold ;  
 The sea-snatched isle is the home of men,  
 And mountains exult where the wave hath been.

But why do ye plant, 'neath the billows dark,  
 The wrecking reef for the gallant bark ?  
 There are snares enough on the tented field,  
 'Mid the blossomed sweets that the valleys yield ;  
 There are serpents to coil, ere the flowers are up ;  
 There's a poison-drop in man's purest cup,  
 There are foes that watch for his cradle-breath,  
 And why need ye sow the floods with death ?

With mouldering bones the deeps are white,  
 From the ice-clad pole to the tropics bright ;—  
 The mermaid hath twisted her fingers cold  
 With the mesh of the sea-boy's curls of gold,  
 And the gods of ocean have frowned to see  
 The mariner's bed in their halls of glee ;  
 Hath earth no graves, that ye thus must spread  
 The boundless sea for the thronging dead ?

Ye build,—ye build,—but ye enter not in,  
 Like the tribes whom the desert devoured in their sin ;  
 From the land of promise ye fade and die,  
 Ere its verdure gleams forth on your weary eye ;  
 As the kings of the cloud-crowned pyramid  
 Their noteless bones in oblivion hid ;  
 Ye slumber unmarked 'mid the desolate main,  
 While the wonder and pride of your works remain.

*Lydia H. Sigourney.*

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FRISBIE.

The author of the two hymns inserted below, was a professor of Moral Philosophy in Harvard University, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Professor Frisbie died in 1821. He was almost entirely deprived of sight, but it happened to him, as to Homer, Milton, and many other highly gifted men, that Providence made him amends for the imperfection of external vision by a more profound insight of holy and heavenly things. Human happiness and virtue, were the subjects of Professor Frisbie's habit-

ual and anxious inquiries ; “ but all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven ”—Piety was the constant frame of his mind, and his conversation and example afforded uniform illustrations of the Christian temper and faith. His death was a loss to the young particularly, and his worth as a man, a scholar, and a Christian, was duly appreciated and felt by those of his college who looked up to him for the exposition of duty and of truth. Perhaps the good seed which he scattered in many minds, is now expanded to fruit, and it may be that the devotional pieces here annexed will yet serve to awaken gratitude to God, and to strengthen resolutions of virtue.

## MORNING HYMN.

While nature welcomes in the day,  
My heart its earliest vows would pay  
To him whose care has kindly kept  
My life from danger while I slept.

His genial rays the sun renews ;  
How bright the scene with glittering dews !  
The blushing flowers more beauteous bloom,  
And breathe more sweet their rich perfume.

So may the sun of righteousness,  
With kindest beams my bosom bless  
Warm into life each heavenly seed,  
To bud and bear some generous deed.

So may the dews of grace distil,  
And gently soften all my will ;  
So may my morning sacrifice  
To heaven like grateful incense rise.

Wilt thou this day my footsteps guide,  
And kindly all I need provide ;  
With strength divine my bosom arm,  
Against temptation's powerful charm ?

Where'er I am, oh, may I feel  
That God is all around me still ;  
That all I say, or do, or mean,  
By his all-searching eye is seen.

Oh may each day my heart improve !  
Increase my faith, my hope, my love ;  
And thus its shades around me close  
More wise and holy than I rose.

## EVENING HYMN.

My soul, a hymn of evening praise  
To God, thy kind preserver, raise,  
Whose hand this day hath guarded, fed,  
And thousand blessings round thee shed.

Forgive my sins this day, O Lord,  
In thought or feeling, deed or word ;  
And if in aught thy law I've kept,  
My feeble efforts, Lord, accept.

While nature round is hushed to rest,  
Let no vain thought disturb my breast ;  
Shed o'er my soul religion's power,  
Serenely solemn as the hour.

Oh, bid thy angels o'er me keep  
Their watch, to shield me while I sleep !  
Till the fresh morn shall round me break,  
Then with new vigour may I wake !

Yet think, my soul, another day  
Of thy short course has rolled away :  
Ah, think how soon in deepening shade  
The day of life itself shall fade !

How soon death's sleep my eyes must close,  
Lock every sense in dread repose,  
And lay me mid the awful gloom  
And solemn silence of the tomb !

This very night, Lord, should it be,  
Oh may my soul repose on thee,  
Till the glad morn in heaven shall rise,  
Then wake to triumph in the skies !

---

JERUSALEM.

— Like a queen,  
Armed with a helm in virgin loveliness,  
Her heaving bosom in a bossy cuirass,  
She sits aloft, begirt with battlements  
And bulwarks swelling from the rock, to guard

The sacred courts, pavillions, palaces,  
 Soft gleaming through the umbrage of the woods  
 Which tuft the summit, and like raven tresses,  
 Wave their dark beauty round the tower of David  
 Resplendent with a thousand golden bucklers,  
 The embrasures of alabaster shine ;  
 Haïled by the pilgrims of the desert, bound  
 To Judah's mart with orient merchandise.

*Hillhouse.*

Jerusalem, a city of modern Palestine, and the capital of Judea, was more anciently Jebus, and was taken by David, incorporated into his dominions, and consecrated to the worship of the God of Israel. David fortified and embellished Jerusalem, and his son Solomon erected the temple, whither the Jews repaired annually to celebrate the feast of the Passover. Jerusalem was ever an object of attachment and veneration to the Jews, and in the time of Christ was the resort and residence of many foreigners. Jerusalem was at that time subject to the Romans, but a spirit of revolt against their foreign masters exposed the Jews to their vengeance.—Christ foretold the destruction of this city, and his prophecy was accomplished by Titus, A. D. 70.

Modern Jerusalem is included in the Turkish dominions—none of the splendour which Mr. Hillhouse describes now remains, but there are many monuments of Christianity, and it is interesting to the traveller as the scene of the greatest splendour and dignity of that extraordinary nation, the Jews ; and more particularly as the place where Christ performed many of his miracles, where he promulgated the doctrines of our religion, and where he was crucified and buried.

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MILMAN.

Mr. Milman is a British poet. He takes his subjects principally from scripture history.

The following verses are a song of some Jews, who deplore the captivity of their nation, which they represent under the scripture figure that describes the Hebrew people as a vine, trodden down by the devastation of their enemies. The remembrance of God's mercies and promises always animated this unfortunate people, and in the deepest affliction they celebrate their deliverance from their Egyptian bondage.



## SONG OF THE JEWS.

*Chorus.*

King of Kings ! and Lord of Lords !  
 Thus we move, our sad steps timing  
 To our cymbals' feeblest chiming,  
 Where thy house its rest accords.  
 Chased and wounded birds are we,  
 Through the dark air fled to thee ;  
 To the shadow of thy wings,  
 Lord of Lords ! and King of Kings !

Behold, oh Lord ! the Heathen tread  
 The branches of thy fruitful vine,  
 That its luxurious tendrils spread  
 O'er all the hills of Palestine.

And now the wild boar comes to waste  
 Even us, the greenest boughs, and last,  
 That, drinking of thy choicest dew,  
 On Zion's hill, in beauty grew.

No ! by the marvels of thine hand,  
 Thou wilt save thy chosen land !  
 By all thine ancient mercies shown,  
 By all our fathers' foes o'erthrown ;  
 By the Egyptian's car-borne host,  
 Scattered on the Red Sea coast ;  
 By that wide and bloodless slaughter  
 Underneath the drowning water.

Like us in utter helplessness,  
 In their last and worst distress—  
 On the sand and sea-weed lying,  
 Israel poured her doleful sighing ;  
 While before the deep sea flowed,  
 And behind fierce Egypt rode—  
 To their fathers' God they prayed,  
 To the Lord of Hosts for aid.

On the margin of the flood  
 With lifted rod the Prophet stood ;  
 And the summoned east wind blew,  
 And aside it sternly threw

The gathered waves, that took their stand  
Like crystal rocks, on either hand,  
Or walls of sea-green marble piled  
Round some irregular city wild.

Then the light of morning lay  
On the wonder-paved way,  
Where the treasures of the deep  
In their caves of coral sleep.  
The profound abysses, where  
Was never sound from upper air,  
Rang with Israel's chanted words,  
King of Kings ! and Lord of Lords !

Then with bow and banner glancing,  
On exulting Egypt came,  
With her chosen horsemen prancing,  
And her cars on wheels of flame,  
In a rich and boastful ring,  
All around her furious king.

But the Lord from out his cloud,  
The Lord looked down upon the proud ;  
And the host drave heavily  
Down the deep bosom of the sea.

With a quick and sudden swell  
Prone the liquid ramparts fell ;  
Over horse, and over car,  
Over every man of war,  
Over Pharaoh's crown of gold  
The loud thundering billows rolled.

As the level waters spread  
Down they sank, they sank like lead,  
Down sank without a cry or groan,  
And the morning sun, that shone  
On myriads of bright-armed men,  
Its meridian radiance then  
Cast on a wide sea, heaving as of yore,  
Against a silent, solitary shore.

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The preceding article is made intelligible by the XIV chapter of Exodus :

“ And they took their journey from Succoth, and encamped in Etham, in the edge of the wilderness.” And the Lord went

before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way ; and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light, to go by day and night. He took not away the pillar of the cloud by day, nor the pillar of fire by night, from before the people.

“ And it was told the king of Egypt that the people fled : and the heart of Pharaoh and of his servants was turned against the people, and they said, Why have we done this, that we have let Israel go from serving us ? And he made ready his chariot, and took his people with him ; and he took six hundred chosen chariots, and all the chariots of Egypt, and captains over every one of them. And the Lord hardened the heart of Pharaoh king of Egypt, and he pursued after the children of Israel : and the children of Israel went out with an high hand. But the Egyptians pursued after them, all the horses and chariots of Pharaoh, and his horsemen, and his army, and overtook them encamping by the sea, beside Pi-hahiroth, before Baal-zephon.

“ And when Pharaoh drew nigh, the children of Israel lifted up their eyes, and, behold, the Egyptians marched after them ; and they were sore afraid : and the children of Israel cried out unto the Lord.

“ And Moses said unto the people, Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord, which he will show to you to-day : for the Egyptians whom ye have seen to-day, ye shall see them again no more for ever. The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace.

“ And the Lord said unto Moses, Wherefore criest thou unto me ? speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward : but lift up thy rod, and stretch out thine hand over the sea, and divide it ; and the children of Israel shall go on dry ground through the midst of the sea. And I, behold, I will harden the hearts of the Egyptians, and they shall follow them : and I will get me honour upon Pharaoh, and upon all his host, upon his chariots, and upon his horsemen. And the Egyptians shall know that I am the Lord, when I have gotten me honour upon Pharaoh, upon his chariots, and upon his horsemen.

“ And the angel of God, which went before the camp of Israel, removed, and went behind them ; and the pillar of the cloud went from before their face, and stood behind them : and it came between the camp of the Egyptians and the camp of Israel ; and it was a cloud and darkness to them, but it gave light by night to these : so that the one came not near the other all the night. And Moses stretched out his hand over the sea : and the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind all that night, and made the sea dry land, and the waters were divided.

And the children of Israel went into the midst of the sea upon the dry ground : and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left.

“ And the Egyptians pursued, and went in after them to the midst of the sea, even all Pharaoh’s horses, his chariots, and his horsemen. And it came to pass, that in the morning watch the Lord looked unto the host of the Egyptians through the pillar of fire and of the cloud, and troubled the host of the Egyptians, and took off their chariot wheels, that they drave them heavily : so that the Egyptians said, Let us flee from the face of Israel ; for the Lord fighteth for them against the Egyptians.

“ And the Lord said unto Moses, Stretch out thine hand over the sea, that the waters may come again upon the Egyptians, upon their chariots, and upon their horsemen. And Moses stretched forth his hand over the sea, and the sea returned to his strength when the morning appeared ; and the Egyptians fled against it ; and the Lord overthrew the Egyptians in the midst of the sea. And the waters returned, and covered the chariots, and the horsemen, and all the host of Pharaoh that came into the sea after them : there remained not so much as one of them. But the children of Israel walked upon dry land in the midst of the sea ; and the waters were a wall unto them on their right hand, and on their left. Thus the Lord saved Israel that day out of the hand of the Egyptians ; and Israel saw the Egyptians dead upon the sea-shore. And Israel saw that great work which the Lord did upon the Egyptians ; and the people feared the Lord, and believed the Lord, and his servant Moses.”

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#### TITUS BEFORE JERUSALEM.

Christ, when he was upon earth, admonished his countrymen to submit to the political circumstances in which they were placed. “ Render,” said he, “ to Cæsar, the things that are Cæsar’s.” The Roman Emperor’s title was Cæsar. Our Saviour’s exhortation amounted to this :—Pay the taxes imposed upon you, and conform patiently to oppressions which you cannot remove.—But he knew that to them his preaching was vain. They knew not what belonged to their peace, and Jesus foresaw that they would at last provoke the severest punishment which the Roman power could inflict. He wept over Jerusalem, and as he fixed his eyes upon the great temple of the Jews, declared that of it not one stone should remain upon another.

During forty years which succeeded this prophecy, the Roman Emperor and the provincials of Judea kept up mutual ill-will, and frequent hostility, till the Emperor Vespasian sent a powerful army under his son Titus against this devoted city. Titus lamented the *necessity* he was under to destroy Jerusalem, for he acted under the Emperor's orders ; which were, if the Jews would not peaceably submit to the Roman arms, to take possession of their city at any price of severity and destruction.

Mr. Milman fancies Titus, while his forces were in a state of preparation for the attack of Jerusalem, to survey the city, and to express at once his admiration of her beauty and splendour, and his deep regret that his painful duty was to destroy all the art and majesty of so fair a scene.

“ ————— It must be !  
 And yet it moves me, Romans ! it confounds  
 'The counsel of my firm philosophy,  
 'That ruin's merciless ploughshare must pass o'er,  
 And barren salt be sowed on yon proud city.  
 As on our olive-crowned hill we stand,  
 Where Kedron at our feet its scanty waters  
 Distils from stone to stone with gentle motion.  
 As through a valley sacred to sweet peace,  
 How boldly doth it front us ! how majestically !  
 Like a luxurious vineyard, the hill side  
 Is hung with marble fabrics, line o'er line,  
 Terrace o'er terrace, nearer still, and nearer  
 To the blue heavens.

Here bright and sumptuous palaces,  
 With cool and verdant gardens interspersed ;  
 Here towers of war, that frown in massy strength ;  
 While over all hangs the rich purple eve,  
 As conscious of its being her last farewell  
 Of light and glory to that faded city.  
 And, as our clouds of battle dust, and smoke  
 Are melted into air, behold the temple,  
 In undisturbed and lone serenity,  
 Finding itself a solemn sanctuary  
 In the profound of heaven !

It stands before us  
 A mount of snow fretted with golden pinnacles !  
 'The very sun as though he worshipped there,  
 Lingers upon the gilded cedar roofs :  
 And down the long and branching porticoes,

On every flower sculptured capital,  
Glitters the homage of his parting beams.  
By Hercules ! the sight might almost win  
The offended majesty of Rome to mercy."

Jerusalem was built upon two hills opposite to each other, and divided by a valley ; the valley terminated at the fountain of Siloam. This fountain was celebrated for the sweetness and abundance of its waters, which flowed near the temple—Hence, Milton says,

——— Siloa's brook which flowed  
Fast by the oracle of God.

The brook Kedron, or Cedron, separated Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives, on which was Gethsemane, and the garden where Jesus prayed and suffered so bitterly.

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#### JAVAN'S LAMENTATION.

Javan, a Christian soldier, after the siege of Jerusalem, thus deplores its destruction :

Oh ! fair and favoured city, where of old  
The balmy airs were rich with melody,  
That led her pomp beneath the cloudless sky  
In vestments flaming with the orient gold ;  
Her gold is dim, and mute her music's voice,  
The Heathen o'er her perished pomp rejoice.

How stately then was every palm-decked street,  
Down which the maidens danced with tinkling feet !

How proud the elders in the lofty gate !  
How crowded all her nation's solemn feasts !  
With white-robed Levites and high-mitred Priests ;  
How gorgeous all her Temple's sacred state !

Her street's are razed, her maidens sold for slaves ;  
Her gates thrown down, her elders in their graves ;  
Her feasts are holden 'mid the Gentile's scorn ;  
By stealth her Priesthood's holy garments worn ;  
And where her Temple crowned the glittering rock,  
The wandering shepherd folds his evening flock.

## ODE TO THE SAVIOUR.

—For thou wert born of woman ! thou didst come,  
Oh Holiest ! to this world of sin and gloom,  
Not in thy dread omnipotent array,  
And not by thunders strewed  
Was thy tempestuous road ;  
Nor indignation burnt before thee on thy way.  
But thee, a soft and naked child,  
Thy mother undefiled  
In the rude manger laid to rest  
From off her virgin breast.

The heavens were not commanded to prepare  
A gorgeous canopy of golden air ;  
Nor stooped their lamps the enthroned fires on high :  
A single silent star  
Came wandering from afar,  
Gliding unchecked and calm along the liquid sky ;  
The Eastern sages leading on  
As at a kingly throne,  
To lay their gold and odours sweet  
Before thy infant feet.

The Earth and Ocean were not hushed to hear  
Bright harmony from every starry sphere ;  
Nor at thy presence broke the voice of song  
From all the cherub choirs,  
And seraph's burning lyres,  
Poured thro' the host of heaven the charmed clouds along.  
One angel-troop the strain began,  
Of all the race of man  
By simple shepherds heard alone,  
That soft Hosanna's tone.

And when thou didst depart, no car of flame  
To bear thee hence in lambent radiance came ;  
Nor visible angels mourned with drooping plumes :  
Nor didst thou mount on high  
From fatal Calvary  
With all thy own redeemed out bursting from their tombs.  
For thou didst bear away from earth  
But one of human birth,  
The dying felon by thy side, to be  
In Paradise with thee.

Nor o'er thy cross the clouds of vengeance brake ;  
A little while the conscious earth did shake  
At that foul deed by her fierce children done ;  
    A few dim hours of day  
    The world in darkness lay ;  
Then basked in bright repose beneath the cloudless sun.  
    While thou didst sleep within the tomb,  
    Consenting to thy doom ;  
Ere yet the white-robed angel shone  
    Upon the sealed stone.  
And when thou didst arise, thou didst not stand  
With Devastation in thy red right hand,  
Plaguing the guilty city's murderous crew ;  
    But thou didst haste to meet  
    Thy mother's coming feet,  
And bear the words of peace unto the faithful few.  
    Then calmly, slowly didst thou rise  
    Into thy native skies,  
Thy human form dissolved on high  
    In its own radiancy.

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## SAMUEL.

The first chapter of the first book of Samuel relates the domestic history of that venerable man's childhood. It describes his father's and mother's mutual affection, and the piety of Hannah. —Hannah prayed to God for this son, and promised that from his birth he should be set apart for the services of religion ; and when God had answered her prayer, and given her the child, as soon as the young Samuel was old enough for the temple service, his mother accompanied him to the Lord's house, and presented him to Eli the high priest, saying, as she offered him, " Oh my lord, as thy soul liveth, my lord, I am the woman that stood by thee here, praying unto the Lord. For this child I prayed ; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of him ; therefore also I have lent him to the Lord ; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord. And he worshipped the Lord there." Mrs. Hemans has made an interesting picture of this affecting transaction.



## THE-HEBREW MOTHER.

The rose was in rich bloom on Sharon's plain,  
When a young mother with her first-born thence  
Went up to Zion, for the boy was vowed  
Unto the Temple-service ;—by the hand  
She led him, and her silent soul, the while,  
Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye  
Met her sweet serious glance, rejoiced to think  
That aught so pure, so beautiful was hers,  
To bring before her God. So passed they on,  
O'er Judah's hills : and wheresoe'er the leaves  
Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,  
Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive-boughs,  
With their cool dimness, crossed the sultry blue  
Of Syria's heaven, she paused, that he might rest ;  
Yet from her own meek eyelids chased the sleep  
That weighed their dark fringe down, to sit and watch  
The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's repose,  
As at a red flower's heart.

And where a fount  
Lay like a twilight-star 'midst palmy shades,  
Making its banks green gems along the wild,  
There too she lingered, from the diamond wave  
Drawing bright water for his rosy lips,  
And softly parting clusters of jet curls  
To bathe his brow. At last the Fane was reach'd.  
*The Earth's One Sanctuary*—and rapture hushed  
Her bosom, as before her, through the day,  
It rose, a mountain of white marble, steeped  
In light, like floating gold.

But when that hour  
Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy  
Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his eye  
Beseechingly to hers, and half in fear  
Turned from the white-robed priest, and round her arm  
Clung as the ivy clings—the deep spring-tide  
Of Nature then swelled high, and o'er her child  
Bending, her soul broke forth, in mingled sound  
Of weeping and sad song.—“ Alas,” she cried,  
“ Alas ! my boy, thy gentle grasp is on me,  
The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes,  
And now fond thoughts arise,

And silver cords again to earth have won me ;  
And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—  
How shall I hence depart ?

How the lone paths retrace where thou wert playing  
So late, along the mountains, at my side ?

And I, in joyous pride,  
By every place of flowers my course delaying  
Wove, e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,  
Beholding thee so fair !

And oh ! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted,  
Will it not seem as if the sunny day

Turned from its door away ?  
While through its chambers wandering, weary-hearted,  
I languish for thy voice, which past me still  
Went like a singing rill ?

Under the palm-trees thou no more shalt meet me,  
When from the fount at evening I return,  
With the full water-urn ;  
Nor will thy sleep's low dove-like breathings greet me,  
As 'midst the silence of the stars I wake,  
And watch for thy dear sake.

And thou, will slumber's dewy cloud fall round thee,  
Without thy mother's hand to smooth thy bed ?  
Wilt thou not vainly spread  
Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound thee,  
To fold my neck, and lift up in thy fear,  
A cry which none shall hear ?

What have I said, my child ?—Will He not hear thee,  
Who the young ravens heareth from their nest ?  
Shall He not guard thy rest,  
And, in the hush of holy midnight near thee,  
Breathe o'er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy ?  
Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy !

I give thee to thy God—the God that gave thee,  
A wellspring of deep gladness to my heart !  
And precious as thou art,  
And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,  
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled !  
And thou shalt be His child.

Therefore, farewell!—I go, my soul may fail me,  
 As the hart panteth for the water-brooks,  
     Yearning for thy sweet looks—  
 But thou, my first-born, droop not, nor bewail me;  
 Thou in the shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,  
     The Rock of Strength.—Farewell.”

————— *At last the Fane was reached.*

*Fane* means a place of worship. Hence *ye profane*, is a poetic expression. The word *profane*, thus used, means the *unholy*—those who are not instructed in religion, or not capable of understanding and feeling any thing beautiful.

*The earth's one sanctuary.* Other nations besides the Hebrews observed religious worship, and had splendid temples in honour of their gods—but those were false gods, and Mrs. Hemans supposes that the “house of the Lord in Shiloh,” was the only temple then upon earth where the Lord had set his name, and where he was worshipped in the spirit and purity which he had revealed to a chosen people.

Mrs. Hemans has given a brief but delightful sketch of the climate and scenery of Judea. The “olive boughs,” the “palm-shades,” and the fountain by the way side, according to Dr. Clarke, are still features of a country where, though names, rulers, and religions are changed, nature is still the same, and where the pastoral simplicity of ancient manners yet remains—where Rachel still tends the flocks, and Rebecca bears her pitcher to the well.

Thomas Moore in one of his poems describes the delicious climate of Syria and Palestine, with their productions,

#### SYRIA.

Now, upon Syria's land of roses  
 Softly the light of eve reposes,  
 And, like a glory, the broad sun  
 Hangs over sainted Lebanon;  
 Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,  
     And whitens with eternal sleet,  
 While summer, in a vale of flowers,  
 Is sleeping rosy at his feet.  
 To one, who looked from upper air  
 O'er all the enchanted regions there,  
 How beauteous must have been the glow,  
 The life, the sparkling from below!

Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks  
 Of golden melons on their banks,  
 More golden where the sun light falls ;—  
 Gay lizards, glittering on the walls  
 Of ruined shrines, busy and bright  
 As they were all alive with light ;—

And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks  
 Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,  
 With their rich restless wings, that gleam  
 Various in the crimson beam  
 Of the warm west,—as if inlaid  
 With brilliants from the mine, or made  
 Of tearless rainbows, such as span  
 The unclouded skies of Peristan !  
 And then, the mingling sounds that come,  
 Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum  
 Of the wild bees of Palestine,  
     Banqueting through the flowery vales ;  
 And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,  
     And woods, so full of nightingales !

THOMAS MOORE.

Mr. Moore is a native of Ireland, only a small portion of his writings are of a serious character ; but two of his hymns are selected as illustrative of his sacred poetry.

THE UNIVERSE IS GOD'S TEMPLE.

To thee whose temple is all space,  
 Whose altar earth, sea, skies,  
 One chorus let all beings raise,  
     All nature's incense rise. *Pope.*

The turf shall be my fragrant shrine,  
 My temple, Lord ! that arch of thine ;  
 My censer's breath the mountain airs,  
 And silent thoughts my only prayers.\*

\* *Pii orant tacite.*

My choir shall be the moonlight waves,  
When murmuring homeward to their caves,  
Or when the stillness of the sea,  
Even more than music, breathes of thee !

I'll seek, by day, some glade unknown,  
All light and silence, like thy throne !  
And the pale stars shall be, at night,  
The only eyes that watch my rite.

Thy heaven, on which 'tis bliss to look,  
Shall be my pure and shining book,  
Where I shall read, in words of flame,  
The glories of thy wondrous name.

I'll read thy anger in the rack  
That clouds awhile the day-beam's track ;  
Thy mercy in the azure hue  
Of sunny brightness, breaking through !

There's nothing bright, above, below,  
From flowers that bloom to stars that glow  
But in its light my soul can see  
Some feature of thy Deity.

There's nothing dark, below, above,  
But in its gloom I trace thy love,  
And meekly wait that moment, when  
Thy touch shall turn all bright again !

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#### THE KINGDOM COME.

These verses repeat the figures by which the Hebrew Prophets Isaiah, and others indicate the *reign of Christ*. The Jews believed he would be their political ruler, and the splendid oriental imagery by which the circumstances of his power were illustrated in the prophetic writings, led them to presume that he would be arrayed in all the magnificence of eastern monarchs.

Those who know the history of the Christian religion, know, that though the life of Jesus was humble, and his death ignominious, yet *kings and princes*, "from every nook of earth" have acknowledged the truth of this religion, and that every nation of civilized men is subject in some measure to the blessed influence of Christianity.

Awake, arise !\* thy light is come !  
The nations that before outshone thee,  
Now at thy feet lie dark and dumb—  
The glory of the Lord is on thee !

Arise—the Gentiles to thy ray,  
From every nook of earth shall cluster ;  
And kings and princes haste to pay  
Their homage to thy rising lustre.

Lift up thine eyes around, and see,  
O'er foreign fields, o'er farthest waters  
Thy exiled sons returned to thee  
To thee return thy home-sick daughters.

And camels rich, from Midian's tents  
Shall lay their treasures down before thee,  
And Saba bring her gold and scents,  
To fill thy air and sparkle o'er thee.

See who are these, that like a cloud,  
Are gathering from all earth's dominions,  
Like doves long absent, when allowed  
Homeward to shoot their trembling pinions !

Surely the isles shall wait for thee,—  
The ships of Tarshish round shall hover,  
To bring thy sons across the sea,  
And waft their gold and silver over :

And Lebanon thy pomp shall grace—  
The fire, the pine, the palm victorious  
Shall beautify thy holy place,  
And make the ground we tread on glorious.

No more shall discord haunt thy ways  
Nor ruin waste thy cheerless nation ;  
But thou shall call the portals *praise*,  
And thou shall name thy walls *salvation*.

The sun no more shall make thee bright,  
Nor moon shall lend her lustre to thee—  
But God himself shall be thy light,  
And flash eternal glory through thee.

\* People of God

Thy sun shall never more go down ;  
 A ray from heaven itself descended,  
 Shall light thy everlasting crown—  
 Thy days of mourning all are ended.  
 My own elect and righteous land !  
 Thy branch, for ever green and vernal,  
 Which I have planted with this hand,  
 Live thou shalt, in life eternal.

This piece, throughout, is an address to a people chosen by God for his own.—The Jews believe that they were this people, and that their city, Jerusalem, is the metropolis of this happy nation ; but they, whose God is the Lord, form this people every where.—“ He that worketh righteousness” of all nations, belongs to the great family of the just, and the places where he abides is holy, for he dwelleth in God, and God in him.

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MRS. BARBAULD.

Anna Lætitia Barbauld was the daughter of Dr. Aikin : she is memorable for her happy talent in instructing the young, for her accomplishments, her elegant criticisms, her excellent moral writings in poetry and prose, and above all, for her sincere piety and exemplary conduct through life. This lady died at the age of eighty-one, near London, March, 1825.

In the third chapter of Habakkuk the prophet gives a sublime description of God's power, and of his displeasure against the wicked. The whole passage is highly *figurative*, only a small part of it can be literally understood. But the “ terrors of the Lord” did not alarm the prophet : he knew that the meek, and they who seek righteousness, are safe in the day of God's anger ; and though he trembled at the indignation of God against the transgressor, he trusted in the mercy which endureth for ever ; and he says,

“ Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines ; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat ; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls : Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.” Mrs. Barbauld has paraphrased this passage thus :

Praise to God, immortal praise,  
For the love that crowns our days ;  
Bounteous source of every joy !  
Let thy praise our tongues employ.

For the blessings of the field ;  
For the stores the gardens yield ;  
For the vine's exalted juice ;  
For the generous olive's use.

Flocks that whiten all the plain ;  
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain ;  
Clouds that drop their fattening dews ;  
Suns that temperate warmth diffuse :

All that spring with bounteous hand,  
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;  
All that liberal autumn pours  
From her rich o'erflowing stores :

These to thee, our God ! we owe,  
Source whence all our blessings flow  
And for these our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear  
From its stem the ripening ear ;  
Should the fig tree's blasted shoot  
Drop her green untimely fruit :

Should the vine put forth no more,  
Nor the olive yield her store :  
Though the sickening flocks should fall,  
And the herds desert the stall ;

Should thine altered hand restrain  
Vernal showers and latter rain ;  
Blast each opening bud of joy,  
And the rising year destroy :

Still to thee our souls shall raise  
Grateful vows and solemn praise ;  
And, when every blessing's flown,  
Love thee—for thyself alone !



## MISS WILLIAMS.

Helen Maria Williams was an English Lady, long resident in France. She subsisted by the exertion of her talents, as a writer and translator, and was considered an ornament to society from the elegance of her conversation, and the liberality of her sentiments. Miss Williams died in Paris in 1829. A single specimen of her poetry will serve to inspire reverence for her piety.

## GOD SEEN IN ALL.

My God ! all nature owns thy sway ;  
Thou giv'st the night and thou the day :  
When all thy loved creation wakes,  
When morning, rich in lustre, breaks,  
And bathes in dew the opening flower,  
To thee we owe her fragrant hour ;  
And when she pours her choral song,  
Her melodies to thee belong.

Or, when in paler tints arrayed,  
The evening slowly spreads her shades ;  
That soothing shade, that grateful gloom,  
Can more than day's enlivening bloom,  
Still every fond and vain desire,  
And calmer, purer thoughts inspire ;  
From earth the pensive spirit free,  
And lead the softened heart to thee.

In every scene thy hands have dressed,  
In every form by thee impressed,  
Upon the mountain's awful head,  
Or where the sheltering woods are spread ;  
In every note that swells the gale,  
Or tuneful stream that cheers the vale,  
The cavern's depth, or echoing grove,  
A voice is heard of praise and love.

As o'er thy works the seasons roll,  
And soothe with change of bliss the soul,  
O never may their smiling train  
Pass o'er the human sense in vain !

But oft as on their charms we gaze,  
Attune the wondering soul to praise ;  
And be the joys that most we prize,  
The joys that from thy favour rise.

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BABYLON.

And now from out the watery floor  
A city rose, and well she wore  
Her beauty, and stupendous walls,  
And towers that touched the stars, and halls  
Pillared with whitest marble, whence  
Palace on lofty palace sprung ;  
Where, amongst silver waterfalls,  
Cedars and spice-trees and green bowers,  
And sweet winds playing with all the flowers  
Of Persia and Araby,  
Walked princely shapes : some with an air  
Like warriors, some like ladies fair  
Listening, and, amidst all, the king  
Nebuchadnezzar rioting  
In supreme magnificence.  
—— This was famous Babylon.

*Barry Cornwall.*

Babylon was the capital of Chaldea or Babylonia. The exact site of Babylon is disputed, and it is equally doubtful who was its founder ; but Nebuchadnezzar, about six centuries before Christ, repaired, extended, and adorned it, so that its magnificence was the boast of this vain-glorious monarch.—“ Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom, by the might of my power, and for the honour of my majesty ? ”

In scripture this magnificence is extolled in many places—The “ great Babylon ; ” the “ glory of kingdoms ; ” the “ beauty of Chaldea’s excellency ; ” and “ the praise of the whole earth,” besides many other laudatory expressions, are applied to this ancient city. Babylon was a square enclosed by walls, and each of its sides measured, according to some writers, fifteen miles. The Assyrian monarchs dwelt there in all the splendour of oriental luxury. This city was embellished by gardens supported by arches, in terraces raised one above another on which the soil was sufficiently deep to permit the growth of large trees ;

and luxuriant shrubs and splendid flowers were disposed to produce the most brilliant effect. These are usually called *hanging gardens*.

Cyrus, king of Persia conquered Babylon, B. C. 538 ; and Xerxes, on his return from his Grecian expedition, laid it in ruins. Alexander of Macedon proposed to rebuild Babylon, but he did not live to effect that intention. Soon after the death of Alexander, B. C. 332, 500,000 of the inhabitants of Babylon were withdrawn to Seleucia, and after that time Babylon became the desolate place described by the prophet Isaiah.

Isaiah's prophecies are dated from 760, to 798, B. C. and though this was nearly two centuries before the captivity of his countrymen, and more than four previous to the ruin of Babylon, the prophet foretels the restoration of the Jews, and the desolation of their oppressors.

The 14th chapter of Isaiah contains a gracious promise of God's mercy to his people, and a sublime and highly poetical denunciation of Divine vengeance against the proud power which enslaved them.

" For the Lord will have mercy on Jacob, and will yet choose Israel, and set them in their own land : and the strangers shall be joined with them, and they shall cleave to the house of Jacob. And the people shall take them, and bring them to their place ; and the house of Israel shall possess them in the land of the Lord for servants and handmaids : and they shall take them captives, whose captives they were ; and they shall rule over their oppressors. And it shall come to pass in the day that the Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow, and from thy fear, and from the hard bondage wherein thou wast made to serve.

" That thou shalt take up this proverb against the king of Babylon, and say, How hath the oppressor ceased ! the golden city ceased ! The Lord hath broken the staff of the wicked, and the sceptre of the rulers. He who smote the people in wrath with a continual stroke, he that ruled the nations in anger, is persecuted, and none hindereth. The whole earth is at rest, and is quiet ; they break forth into singing. Yea, the fir trees rejoice at thee, and the cedars of Lebanon, saying, Since thou art laid down, no feller is come up against us. Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy coming : it stirrith up the dead for thee, even all the chief ones of the earth ; it hath raised up from their thrones all the kings of the nations. All they shall speak and say unto thee, Art thou also become weak as we ? art thou become like unto us ? Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and

the noise of thy viols : the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee.

"How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning ! how art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations ! For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God ; I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north : I will ascend above the heights of the clouds : I will be like the Most High. Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit. They that see thee shall narrowly look upon thee, and consider thee, saying, Is this the man that made the earth to tremble, that did shake kingdoms ; that made the world as a wilderness, and destroyed the cities thereof ; that opened not the house of his prisoners ? All the kings of the nations, even all of them, lie in glory, every one in his own house.

"But thou art cast out of thy grave like an abominable branch, and as the raiment of those that are slain, thrust through with a sword, that go down to the stones of the pit ; as a carcass trodden under feet. Thou shalt not be joined with them in burial, because thou hast destroyed thy land, and slain thy people : the seed of evil doers shall never be renowned. Prepare slaughter for his children for the iniquity of their fathers ; that they do not rise, nor possess the land, nor fill the face of the world with cities. For I will rise up against them, saith the Lord of hosts, and cut off from Babylon the name, and remnant, and son, and nephew, saith the Lord. I will also make it a possession for the bitter, and pools of water ; and I will sweep it with the besom of destruction, saith the Lord of hosts.

"The Lord of hosts hath sworn, saying, Surely as I have thought, so shall it come to pass ; and as I have purposed so shall it stand ; that I will break the Assyrian in my land, and upon my mountains tread him under foot : then shall his yoke depart from off them, and his burden depart from off their shoulders."

The consummateness of the destruction which was foreshown by Isaiah, is yet more expressively described in the Apocalypse of St. John.

"That great city, Babylon, shall be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all. And the voice of harpers, and musicians, and of pipers, and trumpeters, shall be heard no more at all in thee : and no craftsman, of whatsoever craft he be, shall be found any more in thee ; and the sound of a millstone shall be heard no more at all in thee ; and the light of a candle shall shine no more at all in thee ; and the voice of the bridegroom and the bride shall be heard no more at all in thee." *Rev. c. 18, v. 21—23.*

It is proper to remark that St. John, who wrote this passage, lived long after the destruction of Babylon, and it is supposed he did not intend to represent the ruin of Babylon herself, but of *Rome*. Rome, from her magnitude and splendour, was sometimes called a second Babylon; she was at the summit of her glory when the apostle wrote the prophetic book of the Revelations, and he foresaw that her fate nearly resembled that of the Chaldean Babylon.

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FAIRIES.

Belief in Fairies was once a popular superstition all over Europe, and it still exists in some countries. The peasantry of Ireland and of Devonshire yet regard these imaginary beings as taking an important part in human affairs; and the children of France, Germany, and England, take delight in reading Fairy Tales.

Fairies are represented in these tales to be either benevolent or malignant, and to resemble men and women in their love and hate. Those who have read Shakspeare's *Midsummer Night Dream*, know that Oberon was the king, and Titania the queen of the fairies. The fairies were rural spirits in human figure, and so diminutive that they could pass through a key-hole. They were also regarded as interesting themselves in household matters. Shakspeare describes them thus.

FAIRIES' VAGARIES.

Singing and dancing being all their pleasure,  
 They'll please you most nicely, if you'll be at leisure  
 To hear their sweet chaunting; it will you delight,  
 And cure melancholy at morning and night.

Come follow, follow me,  
 You Fairie elves that be :  
 And circle round this green,  
 Come follow me your queen,  
 Hand and hand let's dance around,  
 For this place is Fairie ground.

When mortals are at rest,  
 And snoring in their nest,  
 Unheard or unespied,  
 Through key-hole we do glide :  
 Over tables, stools, and shelves,  
 We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul,  
Of platter, dish, or bowl,  
Up stairs we nimbly creep,  
And find the sluts asleep ;  
Then we pinch their armes and eyes,  
None escapes, none espies.

But if the house be swept,  
And from uncleannesse kept,  
We praise the house and maid,  
And surely she is paid :  
For we do use before we go  
To drop a tester\* in her shoe.

Upon the mushroom's head,  
Our table-cloth we spread,  
A grain o' the finest wheat  
Is manchet that we eat ;  
The pearly drops of dew we drink,  
In acorne-cups filled to the brink.

The tongues of nightingales  
With unctuous juice of snails,  
Betwixt two nut-shells strewed,  
Is meat that's easily chewed :  
The brains of rennes, the beards of mice,  
Will make a feast of wondrous price.

Over the tender grass  
So lightly we can pass,  
The young and tender stalk  
Ne'er bows whereon we walk ;  
Nor in the morning dew is seen,  
Over-night where we have been,

The grasshopper, gnat, and flie,  
Serve for our minstrels three,  
And sweetly dance awhile  
'Till we the time beguile :  
And when the Moon-calf hides her head,  
The glow-worm lights us unto bed.

\* A small piece of money.

## THE FAIRIES' GROTTO.

Here, in cool grot and mossy cell,  
 We rural fays and fairies dwell ;  
 Though rarely seen by mortal eye,  
 When the pale moon ascending high,  
 Darts through yon limes her quivering beams,  
 We frisk it near these crystal streams.

Her beams reflected from the wave,  
 Afford the light our revels crave ;  
 This turf, with daisies broidered o'er,  
 Exceeds, we think, the marble floor ;  
 Nor yet for artful strains we call,  
 But listen to the waterfall.

Would you then taste our tranquil scene,  
 Be sure your bosoms are serene ;  
 Devoid of hate, devoid of strife,  
 Devoid of all that poisons life ;  
 And much it 'vails you, in their place,  
 To graft the love of human race.

And tread with awe these favoured bowers,  
 Nor wound the shrubs, nor bruise the flowers ;  
 So may your path with sweets abound,  
 So may your couch with rest be crowned !  
 But harm betide the wayward swain  
 Who dares our sacred haunts profane !

*Shenstone.*

## WHAT IS HOME ?

That is not home, where day by day  
 I wear the busy hours away ;  
 That is not home, where lonely night  
 Prepares me for the toils of light ;  
 'Tis hope, and joy, and memory, give  
 A home in which the heart can live :  
 These walls no lingering hopes endear,  
 No fond remembrance chains me here.  
 Cheerless I heave the lonely sigh—  
 Eliza, canst thou tell me why ?  
 'Tis where thou art, is home to me,  
 And home without thee cannot be.

There are who strangely love to roam,  
And find in wildest haunts their home ;  
And some in halls of lordly state,  
Who yet are homeless, desolate.  
The sailor's home is on the main,  
The warrior's, on the tented plain,  
The maiden's, in her bower of rest,  
The infant's, on his mother's breast ;  
But where thou art, is home to me,  
And home without thee cannot be.

There is no home in halls of pride,  
They are too high, and cold, and wide.  
No home is by the wanderer found ;  
'Tis not in place ; it hath no bound,  
It is a circling atmosphere  
Investing all the heart holds dear ;  
A law of strange attractive force,  
That holds the feelings in their course.

It is a presence undefined,  
O'ershadowing the conscious mind,  
Where love and duty sweetly blend  
To consecrate the name of friend ;  
Where'er thou art, is home to me,  
And home without thee cannot be.

*Conder.*

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#### INSTRUCTION.

The heart has tendrils, like the vine,  
Which round another's bosom twine,  
Outspringing from the parent tree  
Of deeply-planted sympathy,  
Whose flowers are hope, its fruits are bliss ;  
Beneficence its harvest is.—

There are some bosoms, dark and drear,  
Which an unwatered desert are :  
Yet there a curious eye may trace  
Some smiling spot, some verdant place,  
Where little flowers, the weeds between,  
Spend their soft fragrance all unseen.



Despise them not—for wisdom's toil  
 Has ne'er disturbed that stubborn soil ;  
 Yet care and culture might have brought  
 The ore of truth from mines of thought ;  
 And fancy's fairest flowers had bloomed  
 Where truth and fancy lie entombed.—

Insult him not—his blackest crime  
 May, in his Maker's eye sublime,  
 In spite of all thy pride, be less  
 Than e'en thy daily waywardness :  
 Than many a sin, and many a stain,  
 Forgotten, and impressed again.—

There is, in every human heart,  
 Some not completely barren part,  
 Where seeds of love and truth might grow,  
 And flowers of generous virtue blow ;  
 To plant, to watch, to water there,—  
 This be our duty—be our care !

And sweet it is the growth to trace  
 Of worth, of intellect, of grace,  
 In bosoms where our labours first  
 Bid the young seed of spring-time burst ;  
 And lead it on, from hour to hour,  
 To ripen into perfect flower.

Flow, on, pure knowledge ! ever flow !  
 Change nature's face to man below ;  
 A paradise once more disclose—  
 Make deserts bloom with Sharon's rose ;  
 And, through a Saviour's blood, once shed,  
 Raise his forlorn and drooping head.

*Bowring.*

#### DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

These fine moral stanzas were originally intended for a solemn funeral song in a play of James Shirley's, entitled, *The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses*. Shirley flourished, as a dramatic writer, early in the reign of Charles I., but he outlived the Restoration. His death happened Oct. 23, 1666, æt. 72. It is said to have been a favourite song with King Charles II.

The glories of our birth and state  
 Are shadows, not substantial things ;  
 There is no armor against fate :  
 Death lays his icy hands on kings :  
     Sceptre and crown  
     Must tumble down,  
 And in the dust be equal made  
 With the poor crooked sithe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,  
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;  
 But their strong nerves at last must yield ;  
 They tame but one another still.  
     Early or late  
     They stoop to fate,  
 And must give up their murmuring breath,  
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow ;  
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds :  
 Upon death's purple altar now  
     See where the victor victim bleeds.  
     All heads must come  
     To the cold tomb :  
 Only the actions of the just  
 Smell sweet, and blossom, in the dust.

#### THE GENIUS OF DEATH.

What is death ? 'Tis to be free !  
 No more to love, or hope, or fear ;  
 To join the great equality :  
     All, all alike are humbled there !  
     The mighty grave  
     Wraps lord and slave ;  
 Nor pride nor poverty dares come  
 Within that refuge-house—the tomb !

Spirit with the drooping wing,  
 And the ever-weeping eye,  
 Thou of all earth's kings art King !  
 Empires at thy footstool lie !

Beneath thee strew'd  
 Their multitude  
 Sink like waves upon the shore ;  
 Storms shall never rouse them more !

What's the grandeur of the earth  
 To the grandeur round thy throne !  
 Riches, glory, beauty, birth,  
 To thy kingdom all have gone.  
 Before thee stand  
 The wondrous band,  
 Bards, heroes, sages, side by side,  
 Who darken'd nations when they died !

Earth has hosts, but thou canst show  
 Many a million for her one :  
 Through thy gates the mortal flow  
 Has for countless years rolled on :  
 Back from the tomb  
 No step has come :  
 There fixed till the last thunder's sound  
 Shall bid thy pris'ners be unbound !

*Croly.*

TO A FRIEND ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

Sudden to cease, or gently to decline,  
 Oh, power of Mercy ! may the lot be mine :  
 Let me not linger on the verge of fate,  
 Nor weary duty to its utmost date ;  
 Losing, in pain's impatient gloom confined,  
 Freedom of thought and dignity of mind ;  
 Till pity views, untouched, the parting breath,  
 And cold indifference adds a pang to death.  
 Yet if to suffer long my doom is cast,  
 Let me preserve this temper to the last.  
 Oh let me still from self my feelings bear,  
 To sympathize with sorrow's starting tear :  
 Nor sadden at the smile which joy bestows,  
 Though far from me her beam ethereal glows.  
 Let me remember in the gloom of age,  
 To smile at follies happier youth engage ;

See them fallacious, but indulgent spare  
The fairy dreams experience cannot share ;  
Nor view the rising morn with jaundiced eye,  
Because *for me*, no more the sparkling moments fly.

The amiable and sensible writer of the preceding verses, was  
Mrs. John Hunter, the wife of the celebrated anatomist.

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A RIDDLE.

From rosy lips we issue forth,  
From east to west, from north to south,  
Unseen, unfelt, by night, by day,  
Abroad we take our airy way.  
We fasten love, we kindle strife  
The bitter and the sweet of life.  
Piercing and sharp, we wound like steel,  
Now smooth as oil, those wounds we heal.  
Nor strings of pearl are valued more,  
Nor gems enchased in golden ore ;  
Yet thousands of us every day  
Worthless and vile are thrown away.  
Ye wise ! secure with gates of brass  
The double doors through which we pass,—  
For once escaped, back to our cell  
Nor art of man can us compel.

*Barbault.*

“Riddles are of high antiquity, and were the employment of grave men formerly. The first riddle that we have on record was proposed by Sampson at a wedding feast to the young men of the Philistines, who were invited upon the occasion. The feast lasted seven days ; and if they found it out within seven days, Sampson was to give them thirty suits of clothes and thirty sheets ; and if they could not guess it, they were to forfeit the same to him. The riddle was : ‘ Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.’ He had killed a lion, and left its carcass ; on returning soon after, he found a swarm of bees had made use of the skeleton as a hive, and it was full of honey-comb. Struck with the oddness of the circumstance, he made a riddle of it.”

## LUCY AIKIN.

Miss Aikin is a niece of the late Mrs. Barbauld. She is known as the historian of the British queen, Elizabeth, and her successor, James I. ; but she has not confined her attention to such high themes, she has composed books for the young, and her little work, *Poetry for Children*, is among the best *initiatory* collections. The three subsequent pieces are extracted from it.

## THE BEGGAR MAN.

Around the fire one wintry night  
The farmer's rosy children sat ;  
The faggot lent its blazing light,  
And jokes went round and careless chat.

When, hark ! a gentle hand they hear  
Low tapping at the bolted door,  
And thus, to gain their willing ear,  
A feeble voice was heard to implore.

" Cold blows the blast across the moor,  
The fleet drives hissing in the wind ;  
Yon toilsome mountain lies before,  
A dreary treeless waste behind.

My eyes are weak, and dim with age,  
No road, no path, can I descry,  
And these poor rags ill stand the rage  
Of such a keen inclement sky.

So faint I am—these tottering feet  
No more my palsied frame can bear ;  
My freezing heart forgets to beat,  
And drifting snows my tomb prepare.

Open your hospitable door,  
And shield me from the biting blast :  
Cold, cold it blows across the moor,  
The weary moor that I have passed !"

With hasty step the farmer ran,  
And close beside the fire they place  
The poor half frozen wand'ring man,  
With shaking limbs and blue-pale face.

The little children flocking came  
And chafed his frozen hands in theirs,  
And busily the good old dame  
A comfortable mess prepares.

Their kindness cheered his drooping soul,  
And slowly down his wrinkled cheek  
The big round tears were seen to roll,  
And told the thanks he could not speak.

The children too began to sigh,  
And all their merry chat was o'er ;  
And yet they felt, they knew not why,  
More glad than they had done before.

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INDIA.

Where sacred Ganges pours along the plain,  
And Indus rolls to swell the eastern main,  
What awful scenes the curious mind delight,  
What wonders burst upon the dazzled sight !  
There giant palms lift high their tufted heads,  
The plantain wide his graceful foliage spreads ;  
Wild in the woods the active monkey springs,  
The chattering parrot claps his painted wings ;  
'Mid tall bamboos lies hid the deadly snake,  
The tiger couches in the tangled brake ;  
The spotted axis bounds in fear away,  
The leopard darts on his defenceless prey,  
'Mid reedy pools and ancient forests rude,  
Cool, peaceful haunts of awful solitude !  
The huge rhinoceros rends the crashing boughs,  
And stately elephants untroubled browse.

Two tyrant seasons rule the wide domain,  
Scorch with dry heat, or drench with floods of rain.  
Now feverish herds rush madding o'er the plains,  
And cool in shady streams their throbbing veins,  
The birds drop lifeless from the silent spray,  
And nature faints beneath the fiery day ;  
Then burst the deluge on the sinking shore,  
And teeming Plenty empties all her store.

## THE SWALLOW.

Swallow ! that on rapid wing  
Sweepst along in sportive ring,  
Now here, now there, now low, now high,  
Chasing keen the painted fly.—  
Could I skim away with thee  
Over land and over sea,  
What streams would flow, what cities rise,  
What landscapes dance before mine eyes !  
First from England's southern shore  
'Cross the channel we would soar,  
And our vent'rous course advance  
To the lively plains of France ;  
Sport among the feather'd choir  
On the verdant banks of Loire,  
Skim Garonne's majestic tide,  
Where Bordeaux adorns his side ;  
Cross the towering Pyrenees,  
'Mid orange groves and myrtle trees ;  
Entering then the wild domain  
Where wolves prowl round the flocks of Spain,  
Where silk-worms spin, and olives grow,  
And mules plod surely on and slow.  
Steering then for many a day  
For to south our course away,  
From Gibraltar's rocky steep,  
Dashing o'er the foaming deep,  
On sultry Afric's fruitful shore  
We'd rest at length, our journey o'er,  
Till vernal gales should gently play  
To waft us on our homeward way.

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THE TRAVELLER'S RETURN.

Sweet to the morning traveller  
The sky-lark's earliest song,  
Whose twinkling wings are seen at fits  
The dewy lights among.

And cheering to the traveller  
The gales that round him play,  
When faint and wearily he drags  
Along his noontide way.

And when beneath the unclouded sun  
Full wearily toils he,  
The flowing water makes to him  
Most pleasant melody.

And when the evening light decays,  
And all is calm around,  
There is sweet music to his ear  
In the distant sheep-bell's sound.

And sweet the neighbouring church's bell  
That marks his journey's bourn ;  
But sweeter is the voice of love  
That welcomes his return !

*Anthology.*

**FINIS.**









